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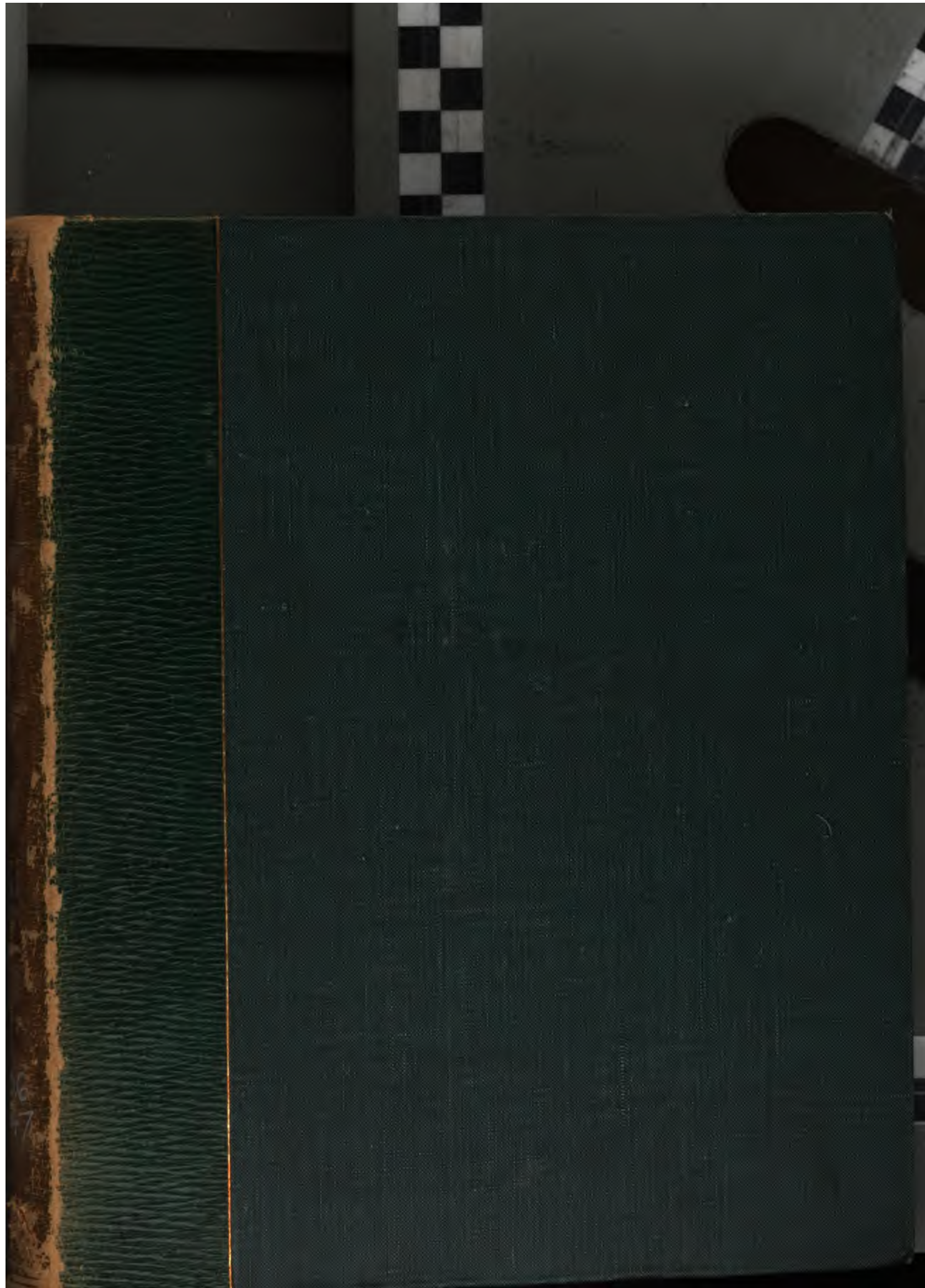
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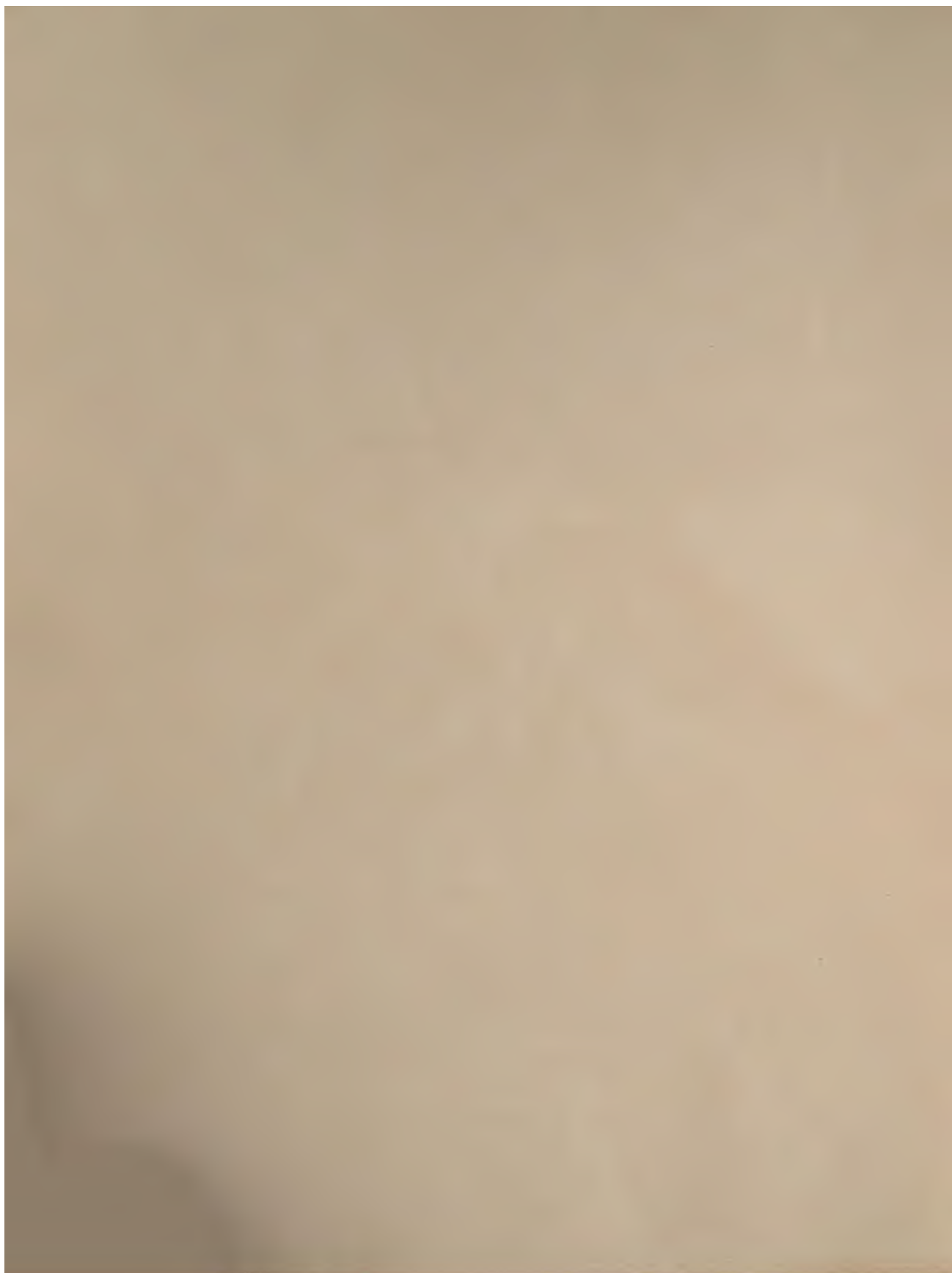






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## THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT





*Hunterian Club, Glasgow*

THE  
BANNATYNE  
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY  
GEORGE BANNATYNE  
1568

VOL IV

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CCLXIV.

[*Langour to leive, allace.*]

LANGOUR to leive, allace,  
My labour is in vane,  
Sen thair is nowthir grace,  
Nor yit rewaird agane.

Fol. 251.a. = *Langour to*

Quhat fall I do or fay,  
I am with forrow flane,  
And dyis nicht and day,  
Withowt hir luv agane.

5

Was nevir man in erd  
Moir faithfull and moir plane,  
Suppois it be my werd  
To luv vnluvit agane.

10 *known as  
a C. 16. 17.*

I do luv best allane  
My lady fouerane  
Thir yeiris mony ane,  
Withowt hir luv agane.

15

For nowdir wald schew rew,  
Nor beir me at difdane,  
Bot lute me ay perfew,  
Withowt hir luv agane.

20

Hir fenyeit wordis fals  
Of richtnot maid me fane,  
And held me in the hals,  
To luv vnluvit agane.

And als the luik vnleill  
Of hir bricht fair ene twane

25

Gart me beleif alhaill,  
To haif hir luve agane.

Bot fen I se hir hairt,  
And mynd is uncertane,  
I fall in tyme rewairt  
My luve frome hir agane.

30

Sen scho hes nowthir rewth,  
Nor mercy futh to fane,  
Lat falfet to vntrewth,  
And trest to trow agane.

35

And fen my hairt is fre,  
I bid not for to lane,  
I fall awyfit be,  
Or I hir luve agane.

Fol. 251. b

40

Thairfoir, my hairt tak heid  
Quhomefor thow suffer pane,  
And luik weill for remeid,  
Or that thow luve agane.

Scho that the lift to luve,  
Se thow with hir remane,  
And nevir moir remuve,<sup>1</sup>  
Bot luve hir best agane.

45

*Finis quod Scott.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *remoue*.

## CCLXV.

[*Favour is fair, in Luvis lair.*]

FAVOUR is fair, in luvis lair,  
 Yit freindschip mair bene to commend,  
 Bot quhair despair bene adwerfare,  
 Nothing is thair, bot wofull end.

Off men I mene, in fcheruice bene,  
 Of Venus quene, but conforting,  
 Be thame I wene, that mon sustene  
 The kairis kene of Cupeid king,

5

Continwance, in Cupeidis dance,  
 But difcrepance, withowt remeid,  
 Sic was my chance, in obervance,  
 But recompace, my lyfe to leid.

10

Hir court he jo, quhair evir thay go,  
 The lyfe is fo, fcho dois thame len,  
 Quhair his hes wo, withowttin ho,  
 He is sic fo, till faythfull men.

15

I speik expart, suppois I smart,  
 That fcho hes gart me thus lament,  
 Bot this fame darte may caufs hir harte  
 Heir eftirwart also repent.

20

Sen fo I fe, to leif in le,  
 At libbertie, is weill but wo,  
 Happie is he, I fay for me,  
 Quhen he is fre, can hald him fo.

Fol. 252. a.

*Finis quod* Scott.



## CCLXVI.

[*Thir lenterne Dayis ar lovely lang.*]

**T**HIR lenterne dayis ar lovely lang,  
 And I will mvrne ne mair,  
 Nor for no mirthles may me mang,  
 That will not for me cair.  
 I wilbe glaid and latt hir gang, 5  
 With falsat in hir fair;  
 I fynd ane frefchar feir to fang,  
 Baith of hyd, hew and hair.

The wintter nycht is lang but weir,  
 I may mvrne gif I will, 10  
 Scho will not mvrne for me, that cleir,  
 Thairfoir I wilbe still.  
 O, king of luve, that is fo cleir,  
 I me acquyt yow till,  
 Sa fcho fra me and I fra hir, 15  
 And not bot it be skill.

O, lord of luve, how lykis the,  
 My lemmens laitiss vnleill?  
 Scho luviss ane vthir bettir than me,  
 I haiff caufs to appeill. 20  
 I pray to Him that deit on tre,  
 That for ws all thold baill,  
 Mot fend my lemmene twa or thre,  
 Sen fcho can not be leill.

Vthir hes hir hairt, fowld fcho haiff myne? 25  
 Trewly that war grit wrang;  
 Quhen thay haiff play, gif I haiff pyne,  
 On gallows mot I hang.

Or for hir luv gif I declyne,  
Thocht fcho ewill nevir fo lang,  
Quhen I think on hir foirheid fyne,  
Than mon I fing ane fang.

30

Off all the houris of the nycht  
I can not tell yow ane,  
So mvrne I for my lady bricht,  
Fro fleip haif me ourtane.  
Fro fcho be paf t owt of my ficht  
The cafting of ane ftane,  
I haif no langour, be this licht,  
I love God of his lane.

Fol. 252. b.

35 -

40

Allace, that evir fader me gat,  
Or moder me wend in clais,  
Gif I fowld for ane womans faik  
My lyfe thus leid in lais.  
For ye faw nevir fo fair a caik  
Of meill that millar mais,  
Bot yit ane man wald get the maik;  
As gud luv cumis as gais.

45

[*Finis*] *quod* Stewart.

---

CCLXVII.

[*Returne the, Hairt, hamewart agane.*]

RETURNE the, hairt, hamewart agane,  
And byd quhair thow was wont to be;  
Thow art ane fule to fuffer pane,  
For luv of hir that luv is not the.

My hairt, lat be sic fantesie, 5  
 Luve nane bot as thay mak the caufs,  
 And lat hir feik ane hairt for the,  
 For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

To quhat effect fowld thow be thrall? 10  
 But thank, sen thow hes thy fre will;  
 My hairt, be not sa bestiall,  
 Bot know quho dois the guid or ill.  
 Remane with me and tary ftill,  
 And se quha playis best thair pawis;  
 And lat fillok ga fling hir fill, 15  
 For feind accrum of the scho fawis.

Thocht scho be fair I will not fenyie,  
 Scho is the kynd of vthiris ma;  
 For quhy? thair is a fellone menyie, Fol. 253.a.  
 That semis gud and ar not fa. 20  
 My hairt, tak nowdir pane nor wa  
 For Meg, for Meriory or yit Mawis;  
 Bot be thow glaid and latt hir ga,  
 For feind accrum of the scho fawis.

Becaus I find scho tuik in ill, 25  
 At hir depairting thow mak na cair,  
 Bot all begyld, go quhair scho will,  
 Schrew the hairt that mane makis mair.  
 My hert, be mirry lait and air,  
 This is the fynall end and clauis, 30  
 And latt hir fallow ane filly fair,  
 For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

*Finis quod Alexander Scott to his Hert.*

CCLXVIII.

*[Quhen ye wer plesit to pleifs me hertfully.]*

QUHEN ye wer plesit to pleifs me hertfully,  
I was applesit to pleifs yow fickerly;  
Sen ye ar plesit to pleifs ane vthir wy,  
Be nocht displeit to pleifs, quhair plesit am I.

*[Finis.]*

---

CCLXIX.

*[Quhy fowld I luvve, bot gif I war luvvit?]*

QUHY fowld I luvve, bot gif I war luvvit?  
Quhy fowld I sett myne hert in variance?  
Quhy fowld I do the thing to be reprovit?  
Vnto my spreit it war richt grit grevance.  
Quhy fowld I schamefully thus me avance,  
To lovin[g] on and scho not loving me?  
Than war I gydit with misgovernance,  
That I fowld luvve and I not lovit be.

5

*[Finis.]*

---

CCLXX.

*[Irkit I am with langum luvis Lair.]*

IRKIT I am with langum luvis lair,  
Ourfett with inwart ficing fair,



5

**Fol. 253.b.**

15

20

25

30

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *thy*.



The quent confaitis of wemenkynd,  
 Or half thair havingis to reherfs;  
 I fynd thair haill affectioun 5  
 So contrair thair complexioun.

For quhy? no leid vnleill thay leit,  
 Vntrewth expresly thay expell,  
 Yit thay ar planeift and repleit 10  
 Of falsset and diffait thair fell;  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay favour no wayis fuliche men,  
 And verry few of thame are wyifs,  
 All gredy personis thay misken, 15  
 And thay ar full of covetyifs;  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair complexioun.

I can thame call bot kittie vnfellis,  
 That takkis sic maneris at thair motheris, 20  
 To bid men keip thair secreit counfais,  
 Syne schaw the same agane till vthiris;  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thar awin complexioun.

Thay lawch with thame that thay dispyt, 25  
 And with thair lykingis thay lament;  
 Of thair wanhap thay ley the wyt  
 On thair leill luvaris innocent;  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thar awin complexioun. 30

Thay wald be rewit, and hes no rewth,  
 Thay wald be menit, and no man menis,  
 Thay wald be trowit, and hes no trewth,

Thay wifs thair will that skant weill wenys;  
So find I thair affectioun  
Contrair thair awin complexioun.

35

Thay forge the freindfchip of the fremmit,  
And fleis the favour of ther freindis,  
Thay wald with nobill men be memmit,  
Syne laittandly to lawar leindis;  
So find I thair affectioun  
Contrair thair complexioun.

Fol. 254. b.

40

Thay lichtly sone and covettis quickly,  
Thay blame ilk body and thay blekit;  
Thay eindill fast and dois ill lickly,  
Thay sklander faikles and thay suspectit;  
So find I thair affectioun  
Contrair thair complexioun.

45

Thay wald haif all men bund and thrall  
To thame, and thay for to be fre;  
Thay covet ilkman at thair call,  
And thay to leif at libirtie;  
So fynd I thair affectioun  
Contrair thair complexioun.

50

Thay tak delyt in mertiall deidis,  
And ar of nature tremebund;  
Thay wald men nvreift all thair neidis,  
Syne confortles lattis thame confound;  
So fynd I thair affectioun  
Contrair thair complexioun.

55

60

Thay wald haif wating on alway,  
But gwerdoun, genyeild or rewaird,  
Thay wald haif reddy fcherwandis ay,  
But reconpans, thank or rewaird;

So find I thair affectioun 65  
 Contrair thair complexioun.

The vertew of this writ and vigour  
 Maid in comparifone it is,  
 That famenene ar of this figour,  
 Quhilk clippit is antiphrasis; 70  
 For quhy? thair haill affectioun  
 Is contrair thair complexioun.

I wat gud wemen will not wyt me,  
 Nor of this sedull be eschamit;  
 For be thay courtas, thay will quyt me, 75  
 And gif thay crab, heir I quyt clame it;  
 Confessand thair affection  
 Conforme to thair complexioun.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

---

CCLXXII.

[*Fane wald I luve, bot quhair abowt?*]

**F**ANE wald I luve, bot quhair abowt? Fol. 255. a.  
 Thair is so mony luvaris thairrowt,  
 That thair is left no place to me;  
 Quhairof I hovit now in dowl,  
 Gif I fowld luve, or lat it be. 5

Sa mony ar thair ladeis treitis,  
 With trivmphand amowres balleitis,  
 And dois thair bewteis pryis so he,  
 That I find not bot daft consaitis  
 To say of luve; bot lat it be. 10

Sum thinkis his lady lustiest,  
 Sum haldis his lady for the best,  
 Sum sayis [h]is luv is a per fe;  
 Bot sum, forfwth, ar so opprest  
 With luv, wer bettir lat it be. 15

Sum for his ladyis luv lyis feik,  
 Suppois scho comptis it not a leik,  
 And sum drowpis down as he wold die;  
 Sum strykis down a threid bair cheik  
 For luv, war bettir lat it be. 20

Sum luv is lang and lyis behind,  
 Sum luv is and freindschip can not fynd,  
 Sum festnit is and ma not fle;  
 Sum led is lyk the belly blynd  
 With luv, wer bettir lat it be. 25

Thocht luv be grene in gud curage,  
 And be difficill till affwage,  
 The end of it is miferie;  
 Misgovernit yowth makis gowfity age;  
 Forbeir ye not and lat it be. 30

Bot quha perfytly wald imprent,  
 Sowld fynd his luv moift permanent;  
 Luv God, thy prince, and freind, all thre;  
 Treit weill thy felf, and stand content,  
 And latt all vthir luv is be. 35

*Finis quod Clerk.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Clerk is in a different hand.

## CCLXXIII.

*[In June the Jem of Joy and Geme.]*

<p><b>I</b>N June the jem of joy and geme,  This present to compyle exprefs,  But hurt, but wem, or wind to stem,  Inarmit I am with havinefs.  Wantone in weill but wo,  Glaid withowt greif alfo,  And fre of every fo,                      That I confefs.</p> <p>I maik it plane, for luv agane  Thair fall no sorrow in me fynk,  Nor yit in vane, to fuffer pane,  To ftop frome fleip, frome meit or drink.  Thair is no lady fre,  That and fcho favour me,  Scho will nocht thoill to fe                      Me pyne, I think.</p> <p>Be fcho content of corfs and rent,  All falbe hirfs that I may get hir;  Will fcho abfent, hyne fall I went,  And at als littill valor fet hir.  Quhair power ma not plaifs,  Adew withowt difeifs,  Als gud luv cumis as gais,                      Or rathir bettir.</p> <p>Quhen fcho growis heich, I draw on dreich,  To vefy and behald the end,  Quhen fcho growis fkeich, I byd on beich,  To lat hir in the brydill bend.</p>	<p>Fol. 255. b.</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p>
--	--

Quhen schow growis meik and tame,  
Scho falbe wylcome hame, 30  
Gif scho my luve quyt clame,  
I fall not kend.

Pleifs scho to rew, I fall persew,  
With subiect scherwyce every fessone,  
Be scho vntrew, fairweill, adew, 35  
For as scho chaingis I fall cheifs one.  
Bot gif scho steidfast stand,  
And be not wariand,  
I am at hir command,  
Conforme to reffone. 40

*Finis quod Scott.*

---

CCLXXIV.

[*Thair is nocht ane Winche that I se.*]

THAIR is nocht ane winche that I se Fol. 256. a.  
Sall win ane wantage of me;  
Be scho fals, I falbe fle,  
And say to dispyt hir;  
Be scho trew, I will confyd, 5  
Will scho remane, I fall abyd;  
Will scho flip, I will bot flyd,  
And so fall I quyt hir.  
  
Be scho constant and trew,  
I fall evir hir persew; 10  
Be scho fals, than adew,  
No langer I tary.



Be scho fathfull in mynd,  
 I falbe to hir inclynd;  
 Be scho strange and vnkynd, 15  
     I gif hir to fary.

Be scho haltand and he,  
 Rycht swa fall scho fynd me;  
 Be scho lawly and fre,  
     The suth I fall fay hir. 20  
 Be scho secreit and wyifs,  
 I fall await on hir scherwyifs;  
 Will scho glaik and go nyifs,  
     I leif hir to play hir.

And I magyn my mailis, 25  
 I fall feid hir with caillis;  
 Thocht my sawis haif no seillis,  
     I fall leir hir to fan.  
 Be scho wylie as ane tod,  
 Quhen scho winkis I fall nod; 30  
 Scho fall nocht begyle me, be God,  
     For ocht that scho can.

*Finis.*

---

CCLXXV.

[*To luve vnluvit it is ane Pane.*]

**T**O luve vnluvit it is ane pane;  
 For scho that is my fouerane,  
 Sum wantoun man so he hes set hir,  
 That I can get no lufe agane,  
 Bot brekis my hairt, and nocht the bettir. 5

Quhen that I went with that fweyt may,  
To dance, to fng, to sport and pley,  
And oft tymes in my armis plet hir;  
I do now mvrne both nycht and day,  
And brekis my hart, and nocht the bettir. 10

Quhair I wes wont to fe hir go, Fol. 256. b.  
Richt trymly paffand to and fro,  
With cumly fmylis quhen that I met hir;  
And now I leif in pane and wo,  
And brekis my hart, and nocht the bettir. 15

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,  
To flay my self with malancoly?  
Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir,  
Or quhat fuld be the caus, and quhy,  
To brek my hart, and nocht the bettir. 20

My hairt, fen thow may nocht hir pleifs,  
Adew, as gud lufe cumis as gaifs,  
Go chufs ane vdir and foryet hir;  
God, gif him dolour and difeifs,  
That brekis thair hairt, and nocht the bettir. 25

*Finis quod Scott quhen his Wyfe left him.*

---

CCLXXVI.

[*My Hart is quhyt, and no delyte I haif of Ladeis fair.*]

MY hart is quhyt, and no delyte I haif of ladeis fair,  
I wyte, I flyte, all in dispyte, that evir I leird that lair,  
Yit<sup>1</sup> but respyte, I clene the quyte, for now and evir mair;

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Tit.*

Thairfoir I dyte this writt perfyte. Fairweill, now feildis fair;  
 The futh is so, be God, my jo, I will senye na mair; 5  
 Thocht vmquhile grit wes appetite, thair is wan tyme of wair.

Stopping in aige, he on staige, and yowtheid went and done,  
 And my curege hes tane to fwaige, rycht lait eftir none;  
 Quhen I wes pege, I did vaslege, and sped my erand sone,  
 Now is that rege turnd in dotage, it is auld of the mone. 10  
 The futh is so, be God, my jo, quyt turnit is that tone,  
 Gud aile and fege falbe my waige; away ligging alone.

The flescche is fawin wes vmquhile brawin, I lift nocht for to pley,  
 The medowfs mawin, the claith is drawin, the grace is said away,  
 The feid wes fawin, full quyt hes blawin the joly wind of May, 15  
 I mak it knawin, for all your lawin, I haif done as I may.  
 The futh is so, be God, my jo, it is to yow I fay,  
 Thocht ye wer gawin, ye bourd but hawin, the tyd is past away.

Ane proclamatioun vnto all natioun, I mak heir be this bill,  
 Aneficker stratioun, God hes laid one, thay fructishestane himtill; 20  
 Stufe is thair none but questioun, remanis bot gud will,  
 Now fair on, with my benysone, on forfs I mon ly still.  
 The futh is so, be God, my jo, off Jynny nor of Jill,  
 I pleifs collatioun, and recreatioun; latt thame go fling thair fill.

The man I call vnnaturall, that stewarts all him fell, 25  
 That hes but small stufe corporall, fyne schutis at that schell;  
 Quhen principall, and materiall, and natur is expell,  
 Than be the wall, he lyis our thrall, gar bring him the hand bell.  
 The futh is so, quhen dry, my jo, of natur growis the well,  
 To seik our all, na stufe thow fall for no gold get to fell. 30

*Finis.*

## CCLXXVII.

*[In all this World no Man may wit.]*

IN all this world no man may wit, Thair no power nor knowlege may; The counsale, craft nor kyndnes keip it, Na treft in it that wemen will fay. The knot that I wend had bene knit Of lue and faithfulness for ay, I fe it lowifd and lue is flit; Quhat hand may had that will away?	Fol. 257.a    5
To yow, madame, this I indyte, That lang your trew lufe haif I bene, Commending me, greiting I wryt, For your fremmit quentance vncleue. Ye wait your self quhat that I mene, I neid nocht mair planely to fay; God, wald I had yow nevir fene; Quhat hand may had that will away?	10    15
Befoir I womit and now I wait, Be evidence the fowth I fe, Allace, quhat alit me be so blait, For to lufe hir that luvit not me? I haif hard fay, and fa haif ye, This proverb oft in sport and play, God wait the blind eitis mony a fle; Quhat hand may had that will away?	20
Your gudly wordis maid me to treft, That all your talking had bene trew, I was diffaut fone in haift, The cleth was of ane vthir hew.	25

That I wend had bene reid was blew,  
 That semit ane fyifs was bot ane tray;  
 Bot perrellis may no man eschew;  
 Quhat hand may had that will away? 30

Oft tymes hes it bene red and told,  
 Be vitty men that vndirstude,  
 All glittrand thing is not of gold,  
 And ilk fair apill is nocht gude. 35  
*Fol. 257. b.*  
 Ane feik heid in a skarlet huid,  
 Oft haifs it bene, this we heirfay;  
 Your fenyeit lue is lyk the flud;  
 Quhat hand may hald that will away? 40

Forfwth I am infortunate,  
 To ladeis lue that rew I foir,  
 And had I wift was me to latt,  
 Keipand the reirgaird evirmoir.  
 He was richt wyis that knew befoir 45  
 The cairfull end of every fray;  
 Quhat fall I wryt? I can no moir;  
 Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Now quho fo evir hewis to hie,  
 I heir men fay, and fwth it is, 50  
 The spailis will fall and hurtis ee,  
 And swa it fairis be me, I wifs.  
 I was full lewd to love ladeis,  
 With riches dar not poverty play,  
 I dar not fay, thair is a mis; 55  
 Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Was nene in all the warld I drest  
 To thame fa weill my hairtis disclois,  
 As to yow, lady, for lue and trest,  
 Bot all that haif I to ferlois. 60

Fast by the nettill growis the rois,  
And eftir dark nycht cumis the day;  
Men sayis als gud lue cumis as gois;  
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

Fra this tyme furth knaw ye richt weill,  
And vndirstand quhat is my parte,  
The thing that ye fett at your heill,  
I will no moir fett at my harte.

65

Fra wo to joy I will rewairt,  
No man may ganecall yiftirday;  
Your vnkyndnes now garris me smairt;  
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

70 Fol. 258. a.

The laft lettir I to yow sent,  
I wret it as a man steidfast,  
With all my hairt in guid entent,  
Owt of your mynd now is it past.  
And thairfoir this falbe the laft,  
I leif wrytting and thus I say,  
Furth of my mynd ye falbe cast;  
Quhat hand may hald that will away?

75

80

*Finis.*

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CCLXXVIII.

*Schort Epegrammis aganis Women.*

**M**Y lawtie garris me be lichtleit, allaik,  
Your lue leftis not I had it bot of lane;  
All youre unkyndnes compt I not a kaik,  
For I fall get als gud quhen ye ar gane.

Will God I fall not weir the ficing bene, 5  
 Nor walk on nichttis, thocht ye haif wrocht me wrangis ;  
 I lyk richt weill I latt your luve allane,  
 God be your gyd, als gud luve cumis as gangis.

[*Finis.*]

*Ane vthir.*

I luve and I fay not,  
 I wald and I may not, 10  
 Ocula si tibi det.  
 Bewar with wemens wrinkis,  
 Mony wylis hir vmbethinkis,  
 Me te discipiet.

[*Finis.*]

Ane of the warft that evir was in erd 15  
 Was Gezabell, as storyis makis mentioun,  
 For in the Bybill ye may baith see and heird ;  
 Full mony haly profit<sup>1</sup> scho pote down,  
 And wrocht the pepill grit confusioun ;  
 Syne filly Nabot for his wyneyard scho flew, 20  
 Vit drank the doggis hir blude and banis gnew.

*Finis.*

Thocht all the wod vnder the hevin that growis Fol. 258. b.  
 Wat crafty pennis convenient to wryte,  
 And all the fie vnder the lift that flowis  
 Wat changeit in ynk and that wer infynyt. 25  
 And the ord maist pleiand paper quhyt:  
 All the men wer wryttaris that evir tuik lyfe

[MS. has 258.]

Cowld not wryt the fals diffaitfull dispyt,  
And wicketnes contenit in a wyfe.

[*Finis.*]

*Ane vthir.*

Gif all the erth war perchmene scribable, 30  
Maid to the hand and all maner of wud  
Wer hewit, and proportionat pennis able,  
All watter ynk in dame or in flude,  
And every man a perfyt scryb and guid,  
The curfitnes and diffet of wemen 35  
Cowld not be schawin be the mene of pen.

[*Finis*] *quod* Chawcer.

The diuill is not to daly stryf  
Comparefone to a wicket wyfe;  
A womanis malice is fo fell  
Exceiddis all the devillis in hell; 40  
Thair wordis, thair workis and thair ill tungis  
Hes cawfit full mony brokin rungis.

[*Finis.*]

CCLXXIX.

[*This Work quha sa fall sie or reid.*]

THIS work quha sa fall sie or reid,  
Of ony incongruitie do me not impeche,  
Ordourly behuvis me first to proceid  
In deductioun thairof, in maner of a leche<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the left margin is written *Chaufeir*.



His patientis feiknes awchtis first to feiche,  
The quhilk knawin, medecyne he fowld apply,  
And fehortly as he<sup>1</sup> can schappin a remedy.

5

Right to by counsaile willing the to exhort,  
O yung man prosperus quhilk dois abound  
In thy flouris of luf belongith on this fort.  
Me nrit to consider quhat is rut and ground  
Of thy mitchell, quhilk is planely found.  
Woman wuld with frawid and diffair,  
To thy constantoun a most affective hair.

10

For the mynwoman kend like the diffair,  
This was Salomon quhilk taught was fully  
The gylth of woman in his dayis to confair,  
The typpis of a froward hert better than hury.  
For that he was couplid with wyl of flattery:  
He kend the end and effect of al  
To schew that he was wylful of gal.

15 Fol. 259a.

For the mynwoman being the wyl  
Was the froward hert occupys  
Nought but in that is right the wyl  
Of the wylful hert occupys  
The constantoun wylful hert occupys  
Now he is wylful of the wylful hert  
Now he is wylful of the wylful hert

20

For the mynwoman being the wyl  
Was the froward hert occupys  
Nought but in that is right the wyl  
Of the wylful hert occupys  
The constantoun wylful hert occupys  
Now he is wylful of the wylful hert  
Now he is wylful of the wylful hert

25

30

At findre fessonis as fortoun requyrith,  
 Seueraly thay come to se hir weifair,  
 Bot onis it appinit that lue thame fo fyrith,  
 To fe thair lady thay all wald nocht spair;  
 Off vthiris cuming non of thame wes wair, 40  
 Till all thay met, quhair as thay in place  
 Off thair lady saw the defyrit face.

To supper fett, full smally thay eit,  
 Full fobir and demure in contenance,  
 For thair tareid non of thame for ony meit, 45  
 Bot on his lady to gife attendance,  
 And in secreit wayfe to gife signyfians  
 Off lufe to haif, quhiche perfaving sche,  
 Fetly executit thus hir propirtie.

In dew fessone as scho all wayis espyid, 50  
 Every thing to execut conveniently,  
 Hir on luer first freyndly scho eyid,  
 The secound scho offerit the cup courtefly,  
 The thrid scho gaif takin secreitly,  
 Vndirneith the burde scho tred on his fute, 55  
 Thruich his entrellis taklid the hart rute.

By your leif, mycht I heir ask a questioun  
 Off yow, my maisteris, that few luvis trace? Fol. 259. b.  
 To yow lykly belongith the solutioun.  
 Quichich of theis thre stoid now in grace? 60  
 Cleirly to anschueir ye wald ask long space;  
 The matir is dowlfull and opinable,  
 To accertane yow I will my self vnable.

Off the foirfaid thre my self wes on,  
 No man can anfueir it bettir than I; 65  
 Hertly of ws luvit wes thair non,  
 Bot Wattis pak we bur all by and by;

Quhilk at laft I my felf can efpy,  
 And as I thocht tyme than I left the dance;  
 O, thochtfull hairt, grit is thy grievance. 70

Quhairfoir the wyfeman dois the adwyfe,  
 In quhois wordis can be fund no leſing,  
 With the ſtranger to fit in no wayis;  
 Quhilk is nocht thy wyfe fall nocht in clepping  
 With hir, bot be war eik of hir kiſſing; 75  
 Keip with hir at wyn no alteratioun,  
 Left than thyn hart fall by inclinatioun.

*Finis quod Chauſeir.*<sup>1</sup>

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CCLXXX.

[*Bruthir, be wyifs, I reid yow now.*

BRUTHIR, be wyifs, I reid yow now,  
 With ladeis, gif it happynis yow,  
 That welth no way your wit mak blind;  
 Obey and for the bettir bow;  
 Remembir quhatt ma cum behind. 5

Thocht ye be flowand in the rege  
 Off freſche yowtheid and grene curage,  
 And lycht as ony leif on lynd,  
 And he extold in Venus ſtege,  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind. 10

Suppoifs that lufe be naturall,  
 And in yowtheid moſt principall,  
 Ryn nocht our far in to the wind,  
 At thy fute thocht thow haif the ball;  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind. 15

<sup>1</sup> *Chauſeir* has been afterwards written in.

Thocht thow be sterk as Herculefs,  
 Sampfone, Hector or Achillefs,  
 Be forfs thocht thow may lowfs and bynd  
 Pentagora to preif in prefs,  
 Remember quhat ma cum behind. 20

Ane vthir thing I do the fay;  
 Preif nevir thy pith fo far in play,  
 That thow forthink that thow come ind,  
 And mvrn quhen thow no mendis may;  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind. 25

Thocht thow be wyifs as Salamone,  
 Or fair of feir as Abfolone,  
 Or riche as Cryfes out of kynd,  
 Or princis peir Ipomedone,  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind. 30

Gif thow be wyifs fo is thair mo,  
 Gif thow be stark thair is alfo,  
 Gife thow be gude gud fall thow fynd,  
 Gif thow be ill thow fyndis thy fo;  
 Remember quhat ma cum behind. 35

Thus fall thow ftand in no degre  
 Sover ferout perplexitie;  
 Thocht thow be nevir fo noble of kynd,  
 Nor gre fo grit of dignitie,  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind. 40

In all thy doingis haif gud skill,  
 Continew in gude, reforme the ill,  
 Do fo that dolour ma be dynd;  
 Thus may thow think, gif that thow will,  
 Off gud and ill quhat cumis behind. 45

[*Finis*] *quod* Sir Johine Moffett.

APPENDIX

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

M  
The first thing I did was to  
write the first thing I did was to  
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15

Virgill, quhilk was prudent, graif and faige,  
Wafs lichtleit be his luve without remeid, 30  
And for difpyt fcho hang him in ane caige;  
And Arristotill quhilk diuerfs doctrynis maid,  
His lady patt ane brydill in his heid;  
Bot all thay fkornis can nocht comparit be,  
Till half the fchame that my luve gart me dre. 35

Siclyk fcho wald, be grit subtiltie,  
Reffaif fra me luve drwreifs belt and ring,  
And than with thay fame giftis offir wald fche  
Hir paramour, and lait him want no thing;  
Vpoun the morne the fame ringis he wald bring, 40  
And weir thame for difpyt befor my face,  
To gar me ken he was mair in hir grace.

God wait quhat wo had Troyelus in deid,  
Quhen he beheld the belt, the broch and ring,  
Hingand vpoun the fpeir of Diomeid, 45  
Quhilk Troyellus gaif to Crefeid in luve taikning;  
On that fame fort fcho did to me maling,  
For tha gifts that I gafe till hir all hour,  
With thame fcho did poffes hir paramour.

Bot quhan fcho was in to neceffitie, 50  
Than flattir me fcho wald with woirdis fair;  
Ane fenyeit teir fcho wald thrift fra hir e,  
Lyk as for luve of me fcho wald forfair;  
Hir fenyeit wo did fop my hart with cair,  
Than pety gart me grant till hir defyre, 55  
Becaufs the luve brunt me lyk the bald<sup>1</sup> fyre.

So day be day fcho plaid with me buk hud,  
With mony fkornis and morkis behind my bak,  
Hir subtill wylis gart me fpend all my gud,

<sup>1</sup> The first letter of this word can only be conjectured.

Quhill that my clayis grew threidbair on my back ; 60  
 My vane perfut gart me vin schame and lak,  
 Quhill fra sic foly my hart dois now refrane;  
 The devill reffaue me and I doid agane.

*Finis quod Weddirburne.*

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CCLXXXII.

*[Thir Ladyis fair, that makis Repair.]*

<p> <b>T</b>HIR ladyis fair, that makis repair,            And in the court ar kend,            Thre dayis thair, thay will do mair,            Ane mater for till end,            Than thair gud men will do in ten,            For ony craft thay can,            So weill thay ken, quhat tyme and quhen,            Thair menes thay fowld mak than.         </p>	<p>Fol. 261. a.</p> <p>5</p>
<p>           With littill noy, thay can convoy            Ane mater fynaly,            Richt myld and moy, and keip it coy,            On evyns quyetly.            Thay do no mifs, bot gif thay kifs,            And keipis collatioun,            Quhat rek of this? thair mater is            Brocht to conclusioun.         </p>	<p>10</p> <p>15</p>

Wit ye weill, thay haif grit feill,  
 Ane mater to folist,

Trest as the steill, fyne nevir a deill  
 Quhen thay cum hame ar mist. 20  
 Thir lairdis ar, methink, richt far  
 Sic ladeis behaldin to,  
 That fa weill dar go to the bar,  
 Quhen thair is ocht ado.

Thairfoir I reid, gif ye haif pleid, 25  
 Or mater in to pley,  
 To mak remeid, fend in your steid,  
 Your ladeis grathit vpgay.  
 Thay can defend, evin to the end,  
 Ane mater furth exprefs; 30  
 Suppois thay spend, it is vnkend,  
 Thair geir is nocht the les.

In quyet place, thocht thay haif space,  
 Within lefs nor twa howris,  
 Thay can, percaice, purchefs sum grace, 35  
 At the compofitouris.  
 Thair compofitioun, with full remiffioun,  
 Thair fynaly is endit,  
 With expeditioun and full conditioun,  
 Thair feilis ar to pendit. 40

Alhaill almoift, thay mak the coift, Fol. 261. b.  
 With fobir recompens,  
 Richt littill loift, thay get indoift,  
 Alhaill thair evidens.  
 Sic ladyis wyifs, thay ar to prays, 45  
 To fay the veretie,  
 Swa can devyifs, and not fuppryifs  
 Thame, nor thair honestie.

*Finis quod Dumbar.*



## CCLXXXIII.

[*The Vse of Court richt weill I knaw.*]

THE vse of court richt weill I knaw,  
 That ladeis ar folifteris of the law;  
 At hame remanis the filly lairdis,  
 And fendis thair wyvis behind the yerdis,  
 Weill stuffit with mony and rewairdis, 5  
 To forder thair eirandis fra nicht faw.

In cloikis thay cum full quyet cled,  
 And rownis to haif thair mater sped;  
 Thay gif no buddis,  
 Bot on thair luddis, 10  
 Thay get grit skuddis,  
 In nakit bed.

Bot neuirtheles the laird mon fyne,  
 For all hir menis, ane tun of wyne;  
 His wyfe cumis hame baith wyd and vfit, 15  
 Bot yit mon hald hir excusit,  
 And fynaly the folkis that duiffit,  
 Denyis and lachis thame to hethinge fyne.

The laird mvrnis quhen he ma not mendit,  
 His wyfe jaippit, his silver spendit, 20  
 And all hir labor turnit in vane,  
 Bot ay the ledy sayis full plane,  
 That scho mon to the court agane,  
 Or ellis the ply will not be endit.

Hir buclar bord and all<sup>1</sup> backward borne, 25  
 And all hir cauifs is quyt forlorne;

<sup>1</sup>The *all* is perhaps deleted.

Vp gettis hir wame,  
Scho thinkis no schame,  
For to bring hame,  
The laird a horne.

30

*Finis.*

---

*Ballatis aganis Evill Wemen.*

Fol. 262. a.

CCLXXXIV.

[*The beistly Lust, the furius Appetyt.*]

THE beistly lust, the furius appetyt,  
The haifty wo, the verry grit defame,  
The blind discretioun, the hatrent and dispyte  
Of wemen kynd that dreidis for no schame,  
That fettis at nocht God nor manis blame,  
Thair lustis so hes nvreift thame but dreid,  
That all thair trest is thair god Cupeid.

5

The lustyest lady that natur can devyis,  
Thocht scho haif mony semely servitour,  
Yit fall ye fe hir suddanly inclyne,  
To tak ane crukit cripill criateur,  
Quhilk formit is ane owill be nateur;  
Sic is thair werd, thairfoir quha fowld thame wyte,  
Thair beistly lust and furius appetyte.

10

And sen thir clerkis awld wret in to thair stylis,  
To yungar folk and thair successioun,

15

For to eschew the malice and the wylis,  
 Of wemen quhilk ar our oppressioun,  
 Thir folkis wyifs of gud discretioun  
 Hes teichit ws quhat skaithis and offens, 20  
 That wemen dois be cullourit eloquens.

And possible war in till ane cumly corfs,  
 Wyifs Salamons wit and his hie fapience,  
 Arristotillis clergy, Sampsonis strenth and forfs,  
 Hectoris proves and Achillis excellence; 25  
 Yit wemen fowld with wylie influence  
 Cawifs all thir vertewis to be of non availl,  
 With thair fle serpent wrinkis and fals taill.

So dengerus, deir, diffavable, full of difdane,  
 So fenyeit, fals and with so littill feir, 30  
 And quhair thay go thay beir the slaik stane;  
 Go follow thame, quha list vnlawty leir,  
 Secreit invy and of dispyt the speir;  
 With wemen evill it gois all quyt for evir,  
 Quhilk fowld ws lerne fra subteill huris dissevir. 35

*Finis.*

---

CCLXXXV.

[*Devyce, Proves and eik Humilitie.*]

**D**EVYCE, proves and eik humilitie,  
 That madyns had in everilk wyifs  
 Transformit is in serpentis crewaltie;

Fol. 262. b.

Fra thay in warld be weddit trewth so tryis,  
 No manis wit to wounder ma suffyis; 5  
 Quhair ar becum thir madynis myld as mvde;  
 Of thir wyvis ar non now fundin gude?

O, madinheid, of vertew nobillest,  
 Flurriffing in joy and perfyte lawlinefs,  
 O, wyfheid, wareit all vthiris wickettest, 10  
 The moder of vice and hairtis hie distres,  
 Distroyaris of realmis and cuntreis, as I ges,  
 That all this warld hes brocht to confusioun  
 Begunnyn was thruche thy perfwasioun.

Exampillis ar how thyne iniquitie 15  
 Quircum hes wifdome and strenth of hand:  
 By Salamone the first may provit be,  
 Wyseft but weir in warld that evir was levand;  
 His grit wifdome nicht not aganis the stand;  
 Thow gart him ar in his lattir eild, 20  
 Declyne fra God and to thi mandments yeild.

Sampfone the ferfs, strangeft that evir was borne  
 Of manly [forse<sup>1</sup>], throw the distroyit was,  
 Boith his ene blindit and eik forlorne;  
 Daud that slew the gyand Golias; 25  
 And mony mo quhilk heir over pafs,  
 Now to reherfs for laik of tyme and wit,  
 And labour grit quhilk will me nocht permit.

Thow diuillis member, thow cursid homecyd,  
 Thow tegir tene, fulfillit of birnyng fyre, 30  
 Thow vnsteidfast, gevin ay to lust and pryd,  
 Thow cokatrice that, with sicht of thyne yre,  
 Effrayit hes full mony gudly fyir,  
 Quhilk estirwart in warld ha[d] no plesance;  
 Grit God, I pray the tak on thame vengeance. 35

<sup>1</sup> This word, evidently wanting, is taken from David Laing's reprint of  
*Chepman & Myllar's Collection*, Edin. 1508.

Grit was the lust that thow had for to fang Fol. 263. a.  
 The fruct vetite, throw thi ill counfaling  
 Thow gart mankynd consent to do that wrang,  
 Displeifs his God and brek his hie bidding,  
 As Haly Writ beiris suthfast witnessing; 40  
 Thairfoir thow frome the joy of paradyce,  
 And thy offspring, was baneist for that vyce.

Bot than in madinheid was our first remeid,  
 And frome the hevin our Haly Fader fent 45  
 The Second Persone syne in a godheid,  
 To tak mankynd than of the Virgin gent,  
 Cleir of corfs and clenar of intent,  
 Quhilk buir the Barne that coverit ws frome cair,  
 Scho beand virgin clenar than scho war.

*Finis quod Chawfeir.*

---

CCLXXXVI.

[O wicket Women, wilfull and variable.]

O wicket women, wilfull and variable,  
 Richt fals, feckle, fell and frivolus,  
 Dowgit, dispytfull, dour and disfavable,  
 Vnkynd, crewall, curst and covettus,  
 Ouirlicht of laitiss, vnleill and licherus, 5  
 Turnit fra trewth and taiclit with treichery,  
 Vnferme of faith, fulfillit of felony.

O stowt, stif, standfra and vnstable,  
 Vnmeik but mesur and malitius,

Angry, awftern, and till all evillis able, 10  
Skornand, skaithfull, skald and most sklandrus,  
Gredy, not gude, grym, gray and vngratius,  
Noyus but neid and full of iniquitie,  
Vngentill, ingeit and full of jolesie.

Als terne as tygir, of tung vntollerable, 15  
O thow violent virago vennemoufs,  
Blasterand, bald, brym and abhominable,  
Ourperte, reprevable,<sup>1</sup> peirles and perrellous,  
Evill cristiane vnknawin, crafty and cawtelus, 20  
Vnchest, evill chofin and all but cheretic,  
Mellit with misdeid and all menfworne ar ye.

*Finis quod* Chauceir.

CCLXXXVII.

*Aganis Mariage of evill Wyvis.*

Fol. 263. b.

THANKIT be God and his appostillis twelf,  
I haif bene fo weill fortunat in my lyfe,  
In to this warld in plesance be my self,  
To leif at eifs but sorrow of ane wyfe.  
No woundir thocht thair husbandis hairtis ryfe, 5  
For all the day he neidis no ill to borrow;  
Disseifs, chyding, fo haldis scho fast the knyfe,  
Meit at his cheik ay forgit scherp with forrow.

For be scho riche ony thing at eifs,  
Than will scho fay that scho and throw hir kin, 10  
So fane scho wald hald him in to diseifs,  
He wynnys richt nocht bot scho hes brocht it in.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *repruvable*.

Than is scho blyith quhen he is in his skin,  
 Bowdin for baill, lyik to a beift wald birst;  
 Now is it nocht a foly to begin, 15  
 To cheifs a lyif of all the warld the werft?

And bring he in ane hundreth pund of guid,  
 Scho and hir yung wenchis two or thre,  
 Ane stane of woll thay mak with coiftis ruid,  
 And God wait how forfett<sup>1</sup> thay all wilbe. 20  
 Fals churle, quod scho, my quheil vphaldis the,  
 Cherryis my wemen and pay thame weill thair hyre;  
 Than dummy standis with teir in to his ee,  
 Wald scho and quheill war all in till a fyre.

I can not tell the torment and the pyne 25  
 Of thame that puttis thair nek this yok to draw;  
 Full oft he feilis the brod and dar not quhryne,  
 With anger smart than gan his hairt ouirthraw.  
 Lyk to ane quhelp to cowche will beir him law,  
 Than is he baith hir schervand and hir knaif; 30  
 Now is it not a wicket feid to faw,  
 Of quhilk no grace nor frucht a man fall haif? .

Quhen I was yung I luvit parramouris,  
 Ane lusty maid fulfillit of all plesance,  
 And luv me sett fa far in aventour, 35 Fol. 264. a.  
 All maist fra grace and gudly govirnance.  
 Bot God provydit bettir for my chance,  
 Quhairfoir, ye ladyis, be not with me wreth,  
 For sickerly thair is no differance  
 Betuix the gallowis and the spowfing claith. 40

Off weddit men as now I fay na mair,  
 I leif in eifs and latt thame leif in forrow;  
 Thair observance is angir, pyne and cair,  
 So fall thay feill I find thame God to borrow.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *forfet*.

*COMMONYNG BETUIX THE MESTER AND THE HEURE.* 771

O, blisfull God, how mony lusty morrow 45  
Thow hes me granttit in Appryll, June and May;  
Ane hard weird was laid the man a forrow,  
That all his tyme had nevir a mirry day.

*Finis.*

CCLXXXVIII.

*Commonyng betuix the Mester and the Heure.*

L ORD God, my hairt is in distres,  
And wrappit full of havines,  
And I, as wofull presoneir,  
Gois walking vp and down in weir.  
My lady will not on me blent, 5  
That movis me maist in myne entent,  
Daly in point to fall in fwoun,  
Ay sen the court come to the toun.

I said to hir, My darling deir,  
My luv, my hairt and all my cheir, 10  
The conforting of all my cair,  
Quhen pleis yow I mak repair.  
Tell me your mynd and nothing lane,  
My hairt with yow fall ay remane;  
In to myne eir than cowlde scho roun, 15  
Byd quhill the court be of the toun.

I said to hir, My speciall luv,  
My mynd fra yow fall nevir rem[u]ve;  
Scho anschuerit me, bot not displeit,  
At this tyme ye ma not be eisit. 20



I fichet than and said, Allace, Fol. 264. b.  
 Can ye not fynd na tyme or place,  
 Quhair I may quitly lay yow down?  
 Na not quhill court be of the toun.

Quhy fa ye so, my awin sweit thing? 25  
 Knaw ye not weill and I war king,  
 That I wald evir yow plesour do,  
 And daly reddy thairvnto,  
 Evir with<sup>1</sup> yow for to remane,  
 Sowld ye not play the counter pane? 30  
 Scho said to me, Ga glaik yow, loun,  
 The court is new cum to the toun.

Than said I, with ane dolerus mone,  
 Ye brek my hairt, my bony one;  
 My travell I may think ill sett, 35  
 Gif I no mair kyndnes yit gett.  
 Ye gart me trow, or thay war gane,  
 Ye lovit me best of any ane;  
 Quhat ailis yow now for to luik down,  
 Becaufs the court is in the toun? 40

I said, My hairt, not yow to greve,  
 Sa fone I will not taik my leve;  
 To me ye fowld not be vnkynd,  
 My hony, my joy, remord your mynd.  
 I hald me speciall for your man, 45  
 With all the scherwice that I can;  
 Now grant me this, my birdy broun,  
 Na byd quhill court be of the toun.

Ga hyne, quod scho, methink ye vary.  
 Ourlang with tratlingis me ye tary; 50  
 Now yit my langour for to lefs,  
 My gentill jo, gif me a kifs.

<sup>1</sup> A *With* begins the line, but should evidently have been deleted when the second *with* was written in.

OFF LUVE.

773

It is ourlait to schute me owte,  
Thane byd and tak your fait abowt;  
Ye falbe servit for a croun,  
Howbeit the court be in the toun.

55

Thus I ouirdraif fra day to day,  
To spy quhen court fowld gone away,  
Quhill of hir luve my langour was gane,  
I had provydit ane bonyar ane:  
Syne met hir I spak with befor,  
Weill plestert vp in the glengoir,  
Quha had bene flamet and new laid doun,  
Lang or the court yeid of the toun.

Fol. 265. a.

60

*Finis.*

CCLXXXIX.

*Off Luve.*

LUVE that is het can no skill,  
Luve that is cald can be still,  
Luve that is peure wat mekle pyne,  
Luve that is riche is eich to tyne,  
Luve with denger is deir bocht,  
Luve that chaingis dow richt nocht,  
Luve that is trew leftis ay,  
Luve that is fals wenttis away.

5

[*Finis.*]

*Ane vthir.*

Sum man luvis for leill luve and delyte,  
And vthir fum for rentis and renoun;

10

Sum man luvis for gold and siluer quhyt,  
 And vthir sum in way of saluatioun;  
 And sum manis luvis be wey of destructioun,  
 Oure all the laive that is the werst I wene.  
 Luve God our all, thy nichbour nixt esteme. 15

[*Finis.*]

---

CCXC.

[*Furth ouer the Mold at Morrow as I ment.*]

**F**URTH ouer the mold at morrow as I ment,  
 Withowttin feir, to tak the helfum air,  
 I saw ane berne abbydyng on the bent,  
 Toward the place quhair I past to repair;  
 His freche effeir maid all the feildis fair. 5  
 I was agast to pafs in his presence,  
 Nocht knawing how to do till him reverence.

Bot neuirtheles I had so hett defyre, Fol. 265. b.  
 For to haif knawin quhat perfone it fowld be,  
 I went annone to him for till inquyre, 10  
 With cap in hand, first kneland on my kne.  
 On guid maner agane he salute me,  
 And said, My freind, cum set yow down me by,  
 Wylcome ye bene to beir me cumpany.

To mak reherfall of his riche array, 15  
 Or for to blasone his abilyement,  
 Sowld tyne the tyme and dryve away the day,  
 Thairfoir I think it not expedient;  
 For I wald schaw yow schortly myne entent;

I sperit his name and he said, Panderus, 20  
That sumtyme servit the gud knycht Troyelus.

I said to him, Schir, gife ye be Pandarus,  
Glaibly of yow I wald haif commonyng,  
Questionis of lue that can ye weill discus,  
Thairfoir wald I inquyre of yow a thing; 25  
To speik of lue suppois I be not ding,  
I pray yow, schir, fra me ye nocht conceill,  
Quhen ladeis to thair luvaris falbe leill.

*Pandarius.*

He said, My fone, your questioun is obscure,  
Bot gif I can, I fall it fone declair. 30  
In all Egipt quhen non is fundin peure,  
And in to Rome ar fund no wrangus air,  
Quhen that no woman defyris to be fair,  
And quhen the law leiffis no man to appeill,  
Than ladyis to thair luvaris falbe leill. 35

Quhen that no fische is fundin in the flude,  
And malt and meill ar maid withottin millis,  
And quhen the bak aboundis in to blude,  
Moir than the hair that rynnis to the hillis, Fol. 266. a. 40  
And quhen that wemen yarnis not thair willis,  
And mvffill schellis gevis moir money than meill,  
Than ladeis to thair luvaris falbe leill.

Quhen firn flurichis and beiris gude frute,  
And gud reid wyne growis on the roddyne treis,  
And on the hadder growis the hassill nvtte, 45  
Hony and walx ar maid but werk of beis,  
And the falcoun can fang no fowle bot fleis,  
And quhen the theivis thinkis schame to steill,  
Than ladyis to thair luvaris falbe leill.

I said [to] him, Sir, that tyme may nevir cum, 50  
 That thir foirspokkin thingis may be trew;  
 And he said, Nay, thay falbe all and sum;  
 Seurlly afoir the questioun thow me schew;  
 Heirfoir, my freind, as for this tyme, adew,  
 Heir to remane na langer is me lent; 55  
 Furth ouir the mold at morrow thus I went.

*Finis quod Stewart.*

---

CCXCI.

*Ane vthir Ballat of Vnposibilitateis compaird to the  
 Treuth of Wemen in Luve.*

QUHEN that the mone hes dominatioun  
 Aboif the sone in mydis of someris day,  
 Quhen Abirdene and Air ar baith a toun,  
 And Tweid fall turne and rynnis in to Tay,  
 And quhen the Bafs fleittis to the Yle of May, 5  
 Quhen parradyce is quyt of hevinly hew,  
 Scho quhome I luve fall steidfast be and trew.

Quhen that in June in seffone is the oifter,  
 Till all mennis meit and fische ar nocht in fee,  
 And quhen invy is flemit owt of cloister, 10  
 And fische with fynnis can in the firmament fle;  
 Quhen lichtleit ar leifingis and luvit is lawtie,  
 And Inglishe tungis translaitit ar in grew,  
 Scho quhome I luve fall steidfast be and trew.

At midfyumer quhen froffin is the feild, 15  
 And Februar flwreift with all flowris,  
 And quhen the hound levis the hairis feild,

Quhen fynall end is maid of all labowris;  
 Quhen tyme is recknit withowttin ony houris,  
 And quhen the taid eitis nothing bot the rew, 20  
 Scho quhome I luv fall steidfast be and trew.

Quhen evirilk cuntry, land and regioun,  
 At ane accord ar fett but varience,  
 Quhen wrangus deidis neidis no reformatioun;  
 Quhen yre but mesure and also grit constance 25  
 In a perfone ar jonit with temperance,  
 Quhen the reid rose of natur becumis blew,  
 Scho quhome I luv fall steidfast be and trew.

Quhen that the schip may sicker fail but steir,  
 Quhen men beis borne to byid heir immortall, 30  
 Quhen glafs and gold allyk ar fundin deir,  
 And every lord settis land but ferme or male,  
 And quhen als swyft as swallow beis the snale,  
 Quhen Troy agane is biggit fair and new,  
 Scho quhome I luv fall steidfast be and trew. 35

*Finis.*

---

CCXCII.

*Ane vthir Ballat of Vmpossibiliteis.*

QUHEN Phebus in to the west ryfis at morrow,  
 And in the eist gois down befor the nicht,  
 And quhen the mirk mone misteris nocht to borrow  
 At the bricht sone nowder hait nor licht;  
 Quhen Saturne is warme and Venus wicht, 5  
 And quhen all gilt is of this warld ago,  
 Than fall my lady luv me and no mo.

5 E

Quhen that I may governe Appryll fra showris, Fol. 267.a.  
 And Fabruar fra frost and fellone flawis,  
 And May to burgeoun herbis fair and flowris, 10  
 And stay wyfemen to study on the lawis,  
 And vane janglaris to be but dowbill sawis,  
 And jelofy to be no luvaris fo,  
 Than fall my lady luv me and no mo.

Quhen the Ochellis ar flittit over the ferry, 15  
 And Loch Levin rynniss over the eist Lowmond,  
 And gud wyne growis on the brwmill berry,  
 And Tay and Tweid ar temit to the grund,  
 And bellis quhen thay ar rungin hes no found,  
 And quhen the wind is stable, and still standis fo, 20  
 Than fall my lady luv me and no mo.

Quhen that Forth turnis and rynniss to the hill,  
 And everilk mofs ar maid in gude domane,  
 And quhen the sie will nathir eb nor fill,  
 And all montanis ar turnit in to plane, 25  
 Quhen forssy fluiddis ryfis for no rane,  
 And quhen gud corne growis ryp withowttin stro,  
 Than fall my lady luv me and no mo.

Quhen bairnis and birdis thair willis yairnis no deill,  
 And wemen ar fett to fay no man a mifs, 30  
 And quhen fals fortoun movis not hir quheill,  
 And men may conquaifs kindomis with a wifs,  
 Quhen Hevin is tome and Hell is full of blifs,  
 And quhen the riche for sufficiencye sayis ho,  
 Than fall my lady luv me and no mo. 35

*Finis.*

CCXCIII.

[*My Hairt is gone, Confort is none.*]

**M**Y hairt is gone, confort is none,  
To lue I may complene,  
That to haif luit and be refuit,  
And na trewth fund agane.

My lue quhilk I hes fcheruit trewly,  
With hairt and all my micht,  
So hecht fcho me trew for to be,  
Tharto hir faith fcho plicht.

5 Fol. 267. b.

Sen trewth is nocht in wemen wrocht,  
Bot fals vnstabilnes,  
I fall thame ay difpyt alway,  
And thame fet by the les.

10

My lady fair, quhilk that this cair  
Into my hairt hes wrocht;  
Promittit me trew for to be,  
In word, in deid and thocht.

15

Credence I gaif aboif the laif,  
Vnto that frely fair,  
Bot now I may dispone alway,  
At hir falsheid to lair.

20

Eftir that fre I fay for me,  
Quhill that I leif on lyfe;  
Ful fals of fay, both nicht and day,  
I fall hald maid and wyfe.

Ye men that ar in lusty fare,  
And thinkis luvaris to be,

25



Behald and heir, ellis at thame leir,  
For to be fals and fle.

Sett not your luv on thame abuve,  
Bot as ye fynd cawfs is,  
For and thay sie that trew ar yie,  
Thay will grow wyld I wifs.

30

And fickilnes war tynt, I gefs,  
And all distroyit trow I,  
In to this grund it fowld be fund,  
In wemen by and by.

35

I tak my leif all in a greif  
At hir that is vntrew,  
Both nicht and day I sing and say,  
Adew, fals luv, adew.

40

*Finis.*

---

CCXCIV.

[*Ane aigit Man twyfs fourty Yeiris.*]

ANE aigit man twyfs fourty yeiris,  
Estir the halydayis of Yule,  
I hard him say, amangis the freiris  
Of ordour gray, makand grit dule,  
Rycht as he wer a fowrius fule;  
Oft syis he sicht, and said, Allace,  
Be Chryft, my cair ma nevir culè,  
That evir I scherwit mowth thankless.

Fol. 268. a.

5

Throcht ignorance and foly yowth,  
My preterit tyme I wald nevir spair, 10  
Plefans to put in to that mowth,  
Quhill eild said, Fule, latt be thy fair.  
And now my heid is quhyt and hair,  
For feding of that fowmart face,  
Quhairfoir I mvrn bayth laitt and air, 15  
That evir I scherwit mowth thanklefs.

Gold and filuer that I nicht gett,  
Brochis, beifandis, robbis and ringis,  
Frely to gife I wald nocht lett, 20  
To pleifs tha mullis, attour all thingis.  
Rycht as the swan for sorrow fingis  
Befoir hir deid ane littill space,  
Rycht so do I, and my handis wringis,  
That evir I scheruit mowth thanklefs.

Bettir it war ane man to ferf, 25  
With wirchep and honour vndir a scheild,  
Nor hir to pleifs, thocht thow fowld sterf,  
That will nocht luke on the in eild.  
Fra that thow haif no hair to heild  
Thy heid fra harmyng that it hefs, 30  
Quhen pen and purfs and all is peild,  
Tak thair a meis of mowth thanklefs.

And in example it may be sene,  
The grund of trewth quha vndirtude,  
Fra in thy bag thow beir thyne ene, 35  
Thow gettis no grace bott for thy gud.  
At Venus closet for to conclude,  
Call ye nocht thiis ane kankert caifs?  
Now God help, and the Haly Rude,  
And keip all man fra mowth thanklefs. 40

O, brukill yowth, in tyme behald,  
 And in thyne hairt thir wirdis graif,  
 Or thy complexioun gadder cald,  
 Amend thy mis the self to faif,  
 The hevynis blifs gif thou wilt haif, 45  
 And of thy gilt remit and grace.  
 All this I hard ane auld man raif,  
 Eftir the Yule, of mowth thanklefs.

[*Finis*] quod Kennedy.

---

*Follows Ballatis of the Prayifs of Wemen, and  
 to the Reproche of vicious Men.*

*The Thrid Pairt of Luve, to the Reproche of  
 fals, vicious Men, and Prayifs of guid Wemen.*

CCXCV.

[*Allace, so sobir is the Nicht.*]

ALLACE, so sobir is the nicht 45  
 Of wemen for to mak debait, Fol. 269. a.  
 Incontrair menis subtell slicht,  
 Quhilk ar fulfillit with diffait.  
 With tressone so intoxicait 5  
 Ar mennis mowthis at all houris,  
 Quhome in to treft no woman wait;  
 Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.  
 Sum fueris that he luvis so weill,  
 That he will de without remeid, 10  
 Bot gife that he hir freindschip feill,

That garris him sic langour leid.  
 And thocht he haif no doubt of speid,  
 Yit will he sich and schaw grit schouris,  
 As he wald sterfe in to that steid; 15  
 Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Athis to fueir and giftis to hecht,  
 Moir than he hes thretty fold,  
 And for hir honour for to fecht,  
 Quhill that his blude be cumin cold, 20  
 Bot fra scho to his willis yold;  
 Adew, fair weill, thir somer flouris,  
 All growfs in glafs that semit gold;  
 Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Than turnis he his faill annone, 25  
 And passis to ane vthir port,  
 Thocht scho be nevir so wo begone,  
 Hir cairis cauld ar his confort.  
 Heirfoir, I pray, in termys schort,  
 Chryft<sup>1</sup> keip thir birdis bricht in bowris 30  
 Fra fals luvaris and thair resort;<sup>2</sup>  
 Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

*Finis quod Merfar.*

---

CCXCVI.

*Followis the Lettre of Cupeid.*

CUPEID, vnto quhois commandiment  
 The gentill kinreid of the goddis fa hye,  
 And peple infernall bene obedient,  
 And all mortall folk servin bufelye,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Crkyft*. <sup>2</sup> MS has *refort*.

Off the goddis fone Sythera onlye; 5  
 To all thame that to our deitie  
 Bene subiectis, hairtty greting fend we.

In generall we will that ye knaw, Fol. 269.b.  
 That ladyis of honour and of reuerens,  
 And vthir gentill wemen, having saw 10  
 Sic feid of complaynt in our audiens,  
 Of men that done thame outrage and offenses,  
 That it our eiris grevith for to heir,  
 So peteus is the effect of this mateir.

Passing all landis, on the littill yle 15  
 That clepid is Albione thay most complane;  
 Thay say that thair is crop and rute of gyle,  
 Sa can the men diffymmill and fayne,  
 With standing droppis in thair ene twayne,  
 Quhen that thair hairtis feilis no distrefs, 20  
 To blindyn wemen with thair dowbilnefs.

Thair wordis spokin be so sicinglye,  
 With so peteus cheir and countenance,  
 That every wicht that menith trewlye  
 Demyfs that thay in hart haif sic grevance; 25  
 Thay say so importable is thair pennance,  
 Bot, gif thair lady list to schaw thame grace,  
 Thay will annone stervin in that place.

Ah, lady myne, say thay, I yow infure,  
 As I haif grace so fall I evir be, 30  
 Quhill that my lyfe may left and indure,  
 To yow als hummill and law in ilk degre  
 As possible is, and keip all thingis as secre;  
 Rycht as your self list that I do,  
 Or ells my hart I wald it brift in two. 35

Full hard it is to knaw a manis hairt,  
 For outward may no man the trewth deme,  
 Quhen word out of mowth may none stert,  
 Bot it by refone femyd ilk wicht to queme,  
 So is it said of hairt, as it wald feme, 40  
 O, faythfull woman, full of innocens,  
 Thow art diffaid be fals apparens.

By proces movith oft womanis pete,  
 Wenying all thingis wer thair men fay, -  
 Thay grant thame grace of thair benignite, 45  
 For that men suld nocht for thair faik dey,  
 And with gud hairt dois sett thame in the wey  
 Of bliffull lufe, keip it gife thay cone,  
 And thus vthir<sup>1</sup> wyle wemen bene ywone.

And quhen this man the pan hais by the steill, 50  
 And fully is in his possessioun,  
 With that woman cuvith he no moir to deill,  
 Eftir gife he may fynd in the toun  
 Ony woman his blind effectioun  
 Vnto bestow, ewill mot he preve; 55  
 A man for all his othes is hard to beleve.

And for that every fals man hes a maik,  
 As vnto every wicht is licht to knaw,  
 Quhan this tratour this woman dois forfaik, 60  
 He fast spedis him vnto his fellow.  
 Till he be thair his hairt is on a low,  
 His fals diffait may him nocht suffyfe,  
 Bot of his treffone tellith all the wyfe.

Is this a fair awaunt? is this honour?  
 A man accus him self and so defame? 65  
 Is it goid to confes him self a tratour,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *vthir* deleted, and *with* inserted. The 1542 edition of  
 Chaucer has *otherwyle*.

And bring a woman to sklanderous name,  
 And tell how he hir body hes done schame?  
 No wirfcchep may he thus to him conquere,  
 Bot grit disklandir vnto him and hir.

70

To hir, nay, yit wes it no reprefe,  
 For all for vertew was that scho wrocht;  
 Bot he that brewit hes all this mischeif,  
 That spak so fair, and falsly inwart thocht,  
 His be the sklandir, as it by reffoun ocht,  
 And vnto hir thank perpetuall,  
 That in fuche a neid help can so well.

75

All thocht throw menis flycht and subtelte,  
 A filly, fymple and innocent woman  
 Betrayid is, nocht windir is fen the citie  
 Of Troy, as the story tell can,  
 Betrayid wes throw the diffait of man,  
 And sett on fyre and all doun owirthraw,  
 And fynaly distroyit, as men knaw.

80

Betray not men citeis and grit kingis?  
 Quhat wicht is it can schaip remedy  
 Aganis thais falsly purposid thingis?  
 Quho can the craft fuche craft to espy,  
 Bot man, quhois wit is evir reddy to apply  
 To thing that fownyng in<sup>1</sup> to falsshed?  
 Woman, be wer of fals men, I red.

85

90

And forthirmoir hes thay men in vsage,  
 That quhair thay not lykly bene to speid,  
 Sic as thay bene with a dowble visage,  
 Thay procurin for to perfew thair neid;  
 He prayith him in his caufs to proceid,  
 And lergly guerdonyth he his travail;  
 Littill wot wemen how men thame affaill.

95 Fol. 270. B.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *is*.

Anothir wreche vnto his fallow faith,  
 Thow fischeifs fair, scho that the hes fyrid 100  
 Is fals, inconstant and hes no faith;  
 Scho for the raid of folk is so defyrid,  
 And as an hors fro day to day scho is hyrid,  
 That quhen thow twynnifs fro hir cumpany  
 Cummes a nowthir, and blerit is thyne e. 105

Now pick on fast and ryd thy journey  
 Quhill thow art thair, for scho behind thy bak  
 So liberall is, scho will no thing withsay,  
 Bot smartly of a nothir tak a smak.  
 Thus farifs theis wemen all the pak; 110  
 Quho so thame trestifs hangit mot thay be;  
 Evir thay diffyre change and novelte.

Quhairof procedis this bot of invy,  
 For he him self hir win na may;  
 He speikith hir repreif and villany, 115  
 As manis bakbytting tounge is wont alwey.  
 Thus diuerfs men full oft mak assay,  
 For to disturb folk in syndre wyfe,  
 For thay may nocht obtene thair interpryse.

Mony one eik wald for no gude, 120  
 That hes in lue his tyme spent and vsid;  
 Men wist that his lady his asking withstude,  
 Or that he wer of hir planely refusid,  
 Or west in vane all that he had mvfid;  
 Quhairfoir he can none vthir remedy, 125  
 Bot on his lady schapis him to lie.

Every woman, he sayith, is licht to get;  
 Can none say nay, gife scho be weill yfocht;  
 Quho so may layfir haif with hir to trete,



Of his purposis fall he fail nocht, 130  
 Bot he on madneis be so deip brocht.  
 That he schend all with oppin homelimeis,  
 That iovin wemen, thay dottin as I gefe.

To skandir wemen thus quhat may profeit 135  
 To gentilneis, namely, that thame arme sould  
 In defens of wemen and thame delyte.  
 As that the ordour of gentilneis wold.  
 Gife that a gentill man list gentill to be hold,  
 He most all eschew that thairto is contrary: Fol. 271. a.  
 A sklandrouis toun is his grit aduerfary. 140

A soule vyce is of tong to be licht,  
 For quho so muche clappis gabbith oft;  
 The tounge of man so swyft is and so wicht,  
 That quhen it is rayfid vpon loft  
 Reffone is schewin so flawly and soft, 145  
 That it him nevir ourtak may;  
 Lord, so thais men bene trusty in assay.

All beit that men fynd on woman nyce,  
 Inconstant, rekleis or variable,  
 Deignous,<sup>1</sup> prowde, fulfillit of malyce, 150  
 Without fayth or lufe and dissavable,  
 Sle, queynt, fals, in all vntrust culpable,  
 Wickit, feris or full of creweltie,  
 Yit follois nocht that sic all wemen be.

Quhen the hie God angellis formyd had, 155  
 Among thame all wair, I speir, none  
 That fundin wes malicius and bad?  
 Yis, all men watt thair wer mony one,  
 That for thair pryd fell fra the hevin annone;  
 Suld men thairfoir gife all angellis prowde name? 160  
 Nay, he that mereitis is to blame.

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has *Dengerous*, evidently a misreading by the copyist.

Off twell apoftolis one a tratour was,  
 The remenant yit gud wer and trew;  
 So gife it hap men fynd, percaifs,  
 A woman fals, fuche gude is to efchew, 165  
 And deme nocht that thay all thairfoir be vntrew;  
 I fe weill menis awin falfnefs  
 Thame cauffis wemen for to trust the lefs.

O, every man aucht haif a hairt tendir  
 Vnto a woman and deme hir honorable, 170  
 Quhithir his fchap be thik or sklendir,  
 Or he be gude or bad, it is no fable.  
 Every wicht wot, that wit hes reffonable,  
 That of a woman he difcendit is,  
 Than is it fchame of hir to speik a mifs. 175

A wicket tre gude frucht may none furth bring,  
 For fuche the frute is as is the tre;  
 Tak heid of quhome thow tuke the begynnyng,  
 Lett thy muther be mirrour vnto the.  
 Honour hir gife thow wald honorit be; 180 Fol. 271. b.  
 Difpyfs hir than not in no maner,  
 Left that thairby thy wickednes appere.

Ane auld prowerb faid is in Inglifche,  
 That bird or fowll is full difhoneft,  
 Quhat evir he be, and hald full churliche, 185  
 That vñs to defoull his awin neft.  
 Men to fay weill of wemen it is beft,  
 And nocht to difpyfs thame nor deprae,  
 Gife thay will thair honour keip and faue.

The ladeis evir complene thame on clerkis, 190  
 That thay haif maid bukis of thair defame,  
 In quhilk thay difpyfs wemen and thair werkis,

And speik of thame grit repreif and schame,  
 And caufles gife thame a wicket name.  
 Thus thay dispyfid be on euery fyd, 195  
 Disklanderid and blawin on out full wyd.

Tha fary bukis makis mention,  
 How wemen betryit in speciall  
 Adame, Daud, Sampfone and Salamon,  
 And mony mo; quho may reherfs thame all, 200  
 The tressone that thay haif done and fall?  
 The world thair malice may nocht comprehend,  
 As clerkis fane, for it hes none end.

Ouid in his bukis, callit Remedy  
 Of Lufe, grit reprufe of wemen wrytifs, 205  
 Quhairin, I trow, he did grit foly,  
 And every wicht that [in] sic caiffis delytifs;  
 A clerkis custome is, quhen he wrytifs  
 Of wemen, be it prose, rym or vers,  
 Say thay be wicked, all knaw he the reuerfs. 210

And that buk scollaris lernid in thair chyldeheid,  
 For thay of wemen bewar fuld in age,  
 And to lue thame evir be in dreid,  
 Sen to diffair is sett all thair curege;  
 Thay say of perrell men fuld cast the awantage, 215  
 Namely of sic as men haif bene inwrappid,  
 For mony a man by wemen haif mischappid.

No chairge is quhat theis clerkis fane,  
 Of all thair wryting I do no cure,  
 All thair lawbour and travell is in vane, 220  
 For betwene me and my lady nature  
 Sall nocht be sufferid quhill the world indure;  
 Thus theis clerkis by their crewall turrany  
 On silly wemen kythin thair maiftry.

Quhylome for mony of thame wer in my chene 225  
 Tyed and now for vnweildy aige,  
 And vnlust may nocht to lue attane,  
 And fane now that lufe is bot verry dotege.  
 Thus for thay thame self lakin curege,  
 Thay folk excyt by thair wicked sawis, 230  
 For to rebell aganis me and my lawis.

Bot mawgir thame that blame wemen most,  
 Suche is the sorfs of myne impressioun,  
 That fodaynly I can feill thair boft,  
 And all thair wrong imaginatioun. 235  
 It fall nocht be in thair ellectioun  
 The fowleft flute in all the toun to refuse,  
 Gife that me lift for all that thay can muse.

Bot hir in hairt <sup>1</sup> as brynnyng defyre,  
 As thocht scho wer a duches or a quene, 240  
 So can I folkis hairtis sett on fyre,  
 And as me lift send thame joy or tene.  
 Thay that to woman be quhet fo kene,  
 My scharp perfyng <sup>2</sup> strokis how thay smyt  
 Sall feill, and know how thai do kerue and byt. 245

Per de, this clerk, this subteill Ouyde,  
 And mony ane vthir, diffaut has be  
 Of wemen, as it is knawin full wyd,  
 That no man moir, and that is grit dente,  
 So excellent a clerk as wes he; 250  
 And vthir mo that coldin full weill preche,  
 Betrappid war, for oft that thay could teche.

And truft ye weill that it is no mervell  
 For wemen knawin planely thair intent,  
 Thay wate how softly thay can thame assaill, 255

<sup>1</sup> The MS. repeats *in hairt*. <sup>2</sup> *Perfyng* is repeated in MS.

And quhat falsheid thay in thair hairtis ment.  
 And thus tho clerkis in thair danger hent  
 With wennome an nother is distroyd,  
 And thus theis clerkis wer oftin annoyd.

Theis ladeis nor thir gentillis, nevirthelefs, 260  
 Wer none of tho that wrocht in this wyfe,  
 Bot fuche as wer vertewfles,  
 Thay quyttin thus theis auld clerkis wyfe.  
 To clerkis lefs ocht suffyse,  
 Than to disprauwemen generally, 265 Fol. 272. b.  
 For wirchep fall thay get none thairby.

Gife that theis men, that lueris thame pretend,  
 To wemen war faythfull, gude and trew,  
 And dred thame to disfaif or to offend, 270  
 Wemen to lufe thame wald nocht eschew.  
 Bot every day hes man ane harte new,  
 For it on ane can nocht abyde a quhyle.  
 Quhat foris is it sic ane to begyle?

Men beir eik wemen vpone hand,  
 That lichtly, and without ony pane, 275  
 Thay wemen be, thay can no wicht withstand,  
 That his diseifs lift to thame complene.  
 Thay be so fraill thay may thame nocht refrane,  
 That quho so lykis thay may thame lichtly haif,  
 So be thair hairtis eisy in to graif. 280

To Maistir Johine de Mone, as I suppois,  
 That it wes a lewd occupatioun,  
 In making of the Romant of the Rois,  
 So mony a fle imaginatioun  
 And perrellis for to rollin vp and down, 285  
 The long proces so mony a flycht cautell,  
 For to disfaif a silly dammosell.



Nocht can I say nor my wit comprehend,  
That art, payne and fubtelte fuld faill,  
For to conqueir and fone mak ane end, 290  
Quhan men a feble place fall affaill;  
And fone alfo to winqueifs a battell,  
Of quhilk no wicht may mak refiftance,  
Nor hairt hes none to mak ony defence.

Than mote follow of neceffitie, 295  
Sen art askis fo grit ingyne and pane,  
A woman to diffaif quhat fo fcho be;  
Off conftance be thay nocht fo barrane,  
As that fome of theis clerkis fane,  
Bot thay be as wemen ocht to be, 300  
Sad, conftant and fulfillit of petie.

How freindly wes Medea to Jafone,  
In conquering of the flece of gold,  
How falſly quit he hir trew affectioun,  
By quhome victory he gat as he wold; 305  
How may this man for ſchame be fo bold,  
To falſin hir that fra his deth and ſchame  
Him faift, and gat him fo grit pryfs and name.

Off Trowy alfo the tratour Eneas, Fol. 273. a.  
The faithles aith how he him forfuore 310  
To Dydo, the quene of Cartage wafs,  
That him relevit of his ſmertis foir;  
Quhat gentelnefs mycht ſcho do moir,  
Than ſcho with hairt vnfenyeid to him kydde,  
And quhat miſcheif to hir heirof eftir betydde. 315

In my Legend of Naturis men may find,  
Quho fo lykis therin for to reid,  
That aith nor beheft may man bind,

Off repruvable schame haif thay no dreid;  
 In manis hairt trewth hes no steid, 320  
 The foill is nocht, thair may no trewth grow,  
 To wemen namely it is nocht vnknow.

Clerkis fane also thair is no malice  
 Vnto wemenis wicket crabbitnefs;  
 O woman, how fall thow thy self chywyce, 325  
 Sen men of the fuche harme witnefs?  
 Bewar, wemen, of thair fikilnefs;  
 Keip thyne awin quhat men clap or crak,  
 And fum of thame fall smart, I vndirtak.

Mallyce of wemen, quhat is it to dreid? 330  
 Thay flay no man nor distroyis no ceteis,  
 Nor opprefs folk nor ovrilaid,  
 Betray impyris, realmys or duchefs;  
 Nor birnys<sup>1</sup> men, thair landis nor mees,  
 Enpufone folk nor houffis sett on fyre; 335  
 Na fals contractis mak for no hyre.

Trust, perfyt lue, entyre cherite,  
 Fervent will and entalentid curege,  
 All maner gud as fettis weill to be,  
 Haif wemen evir of custome and vfrage; 340  
 And weill thay cone mens yre assuaige,  
 With soft wirdis discreit and benyng;  
 Quhat thay be inward thay schaw vtward by fing.

Wemen[s] hairt vnto no crewalte  
 Inclyind is, bot thay be cheritable, 345  
 Peteoufs, devoit, full of humylite,  
 Schamefast, debonar and amiable,  
 Dreidfull and of wordis mefurable;  
 Quhat wemen theis haif not peraventure  
 Fowith not the way of thair nature. 350

<sup>1</sup> The 1542 Chaucer has *byrcuen*, which has probably been misread.

Men fane our firft mudir nathelefs  
 Maid all mankynd leifs his libertie, Fol. 273. b.  
 And maid him without joy doutlefs;  
 For Goddis haiftis diffobeyit fche,  
 Quhan fcho prefomid to test of the tre, 355  
 That God forbyd that fcho eit thairof fuld,  
 And nor had nocht bene the diuill, nomoir fcho wold.

The invyous fuelling that the feind, our fo,  
 Had vnto man in hairt for his welth,  
 Sent a ferpent and maid hir for to go • 360  
 To diffait Eue, and thus wes manis welth  
 Bereft him by the feind in ftelth;  
 The woman nocht knawing of that diffait,  
 God watt full fer wes it frome hir confait.

Quhairfoir I fay this gude woman Eue 365  
 Our fader Adame diffaut nocht;  
 Thair may no man for diffait it preue  
 Propirly, bot that fcho in hairt and thocht  
 Had it compaffid firft or fcho it wrocht;  
 And, for fuche wes nocht hir intentioun, 370  
 Men may it call no diffait of hir by reffoun.

Nor no wicht diffauis but he purpofe,  
 The feind this diffait keft and nocht fche,  
 Than is it wrong to deme or fuppoifs,  
 That of his harme fcho fuld the caufs be; 375  
 Wyte the feynd, and his be the mawgre,  
 And in ecufatioun haif hir innocens,  
 Saif only that fcho brak obediens.

And twiching this, full few men thair be,  
 Vnnethes ony, dar I faifly fay, 380  
 Fro day to day, as men may all day fe,  
 Bot that the heft of God thay diffobey;



Haif this in mynd, firis, I yow prey,  
 Gife that ye be discreit and reffonable,  
 Ye will hir hold the moir excufable. 385

And quhair men fay in man is steidfastnefs,  
 And wemen is of thair curage vnstable,  
 Quho may of Adame beir fuche a witnefs;  
 Tellith me this; was he nocht chengeable?  
 Than bothe wer in one caifs femblable, 390  
 Saif willing the feind diffauid Eue,  
 And fo did fcho nocht [Adam],<sup>1</sup> by your leive.

Yit was this fyn happe to mankynd,  
 The feind diffauid was for all his slicht,  
 For aucht he coud him in his slichtis wind, 395 Fol. 274.<sup>1</sup>  
 For his trespasss come from the hevin on hicht;  
 God, to dischaarge man of his wecht,  
 Flefche and blude tuk of a virgyne,  
 And sufferith deth, him to deliuer frome pyne.

And God, to quhome thair may no thing hid be, 400  
 Gife he in wemen had knawin fuche malice,  
 As men record of thame in generalte,  
 Off our Lady of lyfe reperatryce  
 Nold haif bene borne; bot that fcho of vyce  
 Was woyd and full of vertew, weill he wift; 405  
 Endewid of hir to be borne him lift.

Hir heaped<sup>2</sup> vertew haith sic excellence,  
 That all to leif his manis faculte,  
 To declair it and thairfoir in fuspence  
 Hir dew preyfing put neidis moft be; 410  
 Bot thifs I fay veraly, that fche  
 Is bliffit of God to quhois sone belongith  
 The key of mercy by his girdill hongith.

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in MS. <sup>2</sup> MS. has *he aped*.

And of mercy hes every man fuche neid,  
 That lefing that, fairweill the joy of man, 415  
 And of thair power now takith richt gude heid,  
 He mercy may weill and purchefs can;  
 Displeifs hir nocht, honor that woman,  
 And vthir wemen all for hir faik;  
 And but ye do, your forrow fall awaik. 420

In ony buk also quhair can ye find  
 That of the werkis of deth or of lyfe  
 Of Jesu spellith or makith ony mynd,  
 That wemen him forfuk for wo or ftryfe?  
 Quhair wes thair ony wicht fo intencyfe 425  
 About him as wafs woman provid none?  
 The appoftillis him forfokin every one.

Wemen forfuke him nocht, for all the faith  
 Of holy churche in woman left only;  
 This is no leis, for this holy writ faith, 430  
 Luke and ye fa find it fo hardely;  
 And thairfoir I may weill preif thairby,  
 That in woman regnith ftale conftance,  
 And in men is the chenge of variance.

Thow precius jem, of martiris mergaret, 435  
 That of thy blude dreidis non effufioun,  
 Thow luer trew, thow madin manfueit,  
 Thow conftant woman, in thy paffioun  
 Ourcome the feindis temptatioun,  
 And mony a wicht conuertit thy doctrene 440  
 Vnto the faith of holy God, thow virgyne.

Bot vndirftand this, I only commend hir nocht,  
 By enchefone of hir virginite,  
 Trufteth it come nevir in to thocht,

For ever wer I aganis cheftite, 445  
 And evir fall. Bot lo this movith me;  
 Hir loving hairt and constant to hir lay  
 Dryfe out of remembrance I ne may.

Now haldith this for ferme and for no le,  
 That this trew and iust commendatioun 450  
 Of wemen tell I for no flattry;  
 Ne becaus of pryd or elatioun,  
 Bot only, lo, for this intentioun,  
 To gife thame curege of perfeuerance,  
 In vertew and hie<sup>1</sup> honour till awance. 455

The moir vertew the lefs is the pryd;  
 Vertew fo digne is and fo noble in kynd  
 That vyce and he in feir will nocht abyde;  
 He putteth vycis clene out of his mynd,  
 He fleith fro thame, he levis thame behind; 460  
 O woman, that of vertew art hofstres,  
 Grit is thy honour and thy worthencis.

Than will I thus conclud and defyne;  
 We yow command, our mynifteris echone,  
 That reddy ye be our haiftis to inclyne, 465  
 That of theifs fals men, our rebell fone,  
 Ye do punyſment and that annone;  
 Woyd thame our court and baneifs thame for evir,  
 So that thairin moir cum thay nevir.

Fulfillit be it, ſeſing<sup>2</sup> all delay, 470  
 Luk thair be none excuſatioun.  
 Writtin in the luſty mownth of May,  
 In our paleiſ, quhair mony a millioun  
 Off luvaris trew haif habitatioun,  
 The yeir of grace, joyfull and jocound, 475  
 A thowſand, four hundreth and the ſecound.

*Finis quod* Chauffeir.

<sup>1</sup> The 1542 Chaucer has *hir*. <sup>2</sup> Rewritten *offing*.

CCXCVII.

[*All tho that list of Women evill to speik.*]

ALL tho that list of women evill to speik, Fol.275.a.  
 And say of thame wer than thay deserue,  
 I pray to God that thair nekkis do brek,  
 Or on sum evill deth mot thay jangleris sterue;  
 For every man ar haldin thame to serue, 5  
 And do thame wirschep, honour and scheruyfs,  
 In every maner that thay beft can devyfs.

For we aucht first to think on quhat maner  
 Thay bring ws furth, and quhat pane thay indure,  
 First in our birth, and fyne fro yeir to yeir, 10  
 How befaly thay haif done thair buffy cure,  
 To keip ws fro every misfauentur,  
 In our yewth, quhen we haif no nicht  
 Our self to keip, nathir by day nor nycht.

Allaifs, how may we say on thame bot weil, 15  
 Of quhome we wer fostred and yboir,  
 And bene all our succour als trew as steill,  
 And for our faik full oft thay suffir soir;  
 Without women wer all our joy loir,  
 Quhairfoir we aucht all women till obey 20  
 In all gudenefs; I can no moir to say.

This is weil knawin, and hes bene or this,  
 That women bene caufs of all gudenefs,  
 Off knychtheid, nurtour, eschewing all malis,  
 Increfs of wirschep and of all worthinefs, 25  
 Thairto courtas, meik and grund of fathfulnefs,  
 Glaid and myrry, and trew in every wyfs  
 That ony gentill hairt can think or devyfs.



Myne awin lady, that nicht, gife ye lift, 60  
Bring myne harte sum deill vnto rest,  
As gife thow lift mercy on me to haif,  
Thus your vntrewth will evir mercy craif.

Thus will ye plene, thocht ye no thing smert,  
Theis innocent creaturis for to begyle, 65  
And fueir to thame how woundit is your hert  
For thair lue, that ye may leif no quhyle,  
Scarfly so long as on wald go a myle;  
So hyith deth to bring yow to ane end,  
Bot gif your fouerane lady lift yow to amend. 70

And gife for rewth scho confort yow in ony wyifs,  
For pety of your fals othes feir,  
So that innocent wenyth that it be as yow devyifs,  
And trowis your hairt be as scho may heir,  
Thus for to confort and sum quhat do yow cheir; 75  
Than will thais jangleris deme of hir full ill,  
And fay that ye hir haif fully at your will.

Lo, how reddy thair toungis bene and preft,  
To speik harme of women causlefs;  
Allaifs, quhy nicht ye nocht als weill fay the best, 80  
As for to deme thame thus giltlefs?  
In your hairt I wis thair is no gentilnefs,  
That of your awin gilt lift thais women fame;  
Now by my trewth me think ye be to blame.

For of woman cummyth this warldly weill, 85  
Quhairfoir we aucht to wirschep thame evirmoir,  
And thocht it mischap on we aucht for to heill;  
For it is all thruch our fals loir,  
That day and nycht we pane ws evirmoir  
With mony ane aith thais women to begyle, 90  
With fals taillis and mony a wickid wyle.

And gif faltheid fuld be reknit and tawld, Fol. 276. a.  
 In wemen I wiis full trewth wer,  
 Nocht as in men a thousand fold;  
 Fro all vycis I wiis thay stonnd cleir, 95  
 As in ony thing that evir I coud of heir,  
 Bot gif intyfting of theis men it mak,  
 That thame to flattery cannyn nevir flak.

I wald fane wit quhair evir ye coud heir,  
 Without menis tyfting, a woman did a maif, 100  
 For thair ye may get thame ye ly fro yeir to yeir,  
 And mony a gabing ye mak to thame I wiis:  
 For I cow nevir heir, nor knawin or this,  
 Quhair evir ye coud find in ony place,  
 That evir woman be'ocht yow of grace. 105

Thair ye yow pane, with all your full delyte,  
 With all your hairt, and all your busines,  
 To pleis thame both by day and nycht,  
 Praying thame of thair grace and gentilnes,  
 To haif pety vpone your grit distreis, 110  
 And that thay wald on your pane haif rewth,  
 And flay yow nocht, sen that ye mene bot trewth.

Thus may ye se that thay bene faultles,  
 And innocent to all your werkis fle,  
 And all your craft that twich falsnes, 115  
 Thay knaw thame nocht, nor may thame nocht espy:  
 So feir ye that ye most neidis de,  
 Bot gife thay wald of thair womanheid  
 Vpone yow rew or that ye be deid.

And than your lady and your hairtis queene 120  
 Ye call thame, and thairwith ye ſich feir,  
 And fayis, My lady, I trow that it be fene

In quhat plyt that I haif levit full yoir,  
Bot now I howp that ye will no moir  
In thais panis suffer me for to dwell, 125  
For of all gudnefs I wifs ye be the well.

Lo, heir a payntit proces can ye mak,  
Theis harmeles creaturis for to begyle,  
And quhen thay sleip ye pane yow to walk,  
And to be think yow mony a curfid wyle; 130  
Bot ye fall se the day that ye fall curfs the quhyle,  
That ye fo bufaly did your intent  
Thame to begyle, that falsheid nevir ment.

For this ye know weill, thocht I wold ly,  
In women is all trewth and steidfastnefs, 135  
For in gud fayth I can nocht of thame say,  
Bot muche wirchep, bounty and gentilnefs;  
Rycht benyng, fair and full of meiknefs,  
Gude and glaid, and lawly, I yow infure, Fol.276.b.  
Is this gudly angelik creature. 140

And gif it hap a man be in difeifs,  
Scho dois hir buffines and hir full pane,  
With all hir micht, him to confort and eifs;  
Gif fro his difeifs scho mycht him restrane,  
In word nor deid ywifs scho will nocht fane, 145  
Bot with all hir micht scho dois hir bufinefs,  
To bring him out of his havinefs.

Lo, quhat gentilnefs thais women haif,  
Gife we culd know it for our rudnefs;  
How busy thay be ws to keip and saif, 150  
Both in heill and also in feiknefs,  
And alwey rycht fory for our distrefs;  
In every maner thus schaw thay rewth,  
That in thame is all gudnefs and trewth.



And fen we fynd in thame gentilnefs and trewth, 155  
 Wirfchep, bonty and kyndnes evirmoir,  
 Let nevir this gentilnefs thruch your flewth  
 In thair kynd trewth be ocht forloir  
 That in wemen is, and hes [been] full yoir;  
 For in reuerens of the hevynnis quene, 160  
 We awcht to wirfchep all wemen that bene.

For of all creaturis that evir wer get and born,  
 Thus wot ye weill a woman was the best;  
 By hir fone wes recouerid the blifs that we had lorne,  
 And thruch hir fone fall we come to rest, 165  
 And bene yfavit gife that our felf left;  
 Quhairfoir, methinkis, gif ye haif grace,  
 We ochtin wemen honour in every place.

Thairfoir I reid, that to our lyvis end  
 Fro this tyme furth, quhill that we haif fpace, 170  
 Quhair we haif trespaffid, perfew to amend,  
 Praying Chryft Jefu, well of all grace,  
 To bring ws vnto that blisfull place,  
 Quhair all gude wemen falbe in feir,  
 In hevin aboif, among the angellis cleir. 175

*Finis quod* Chauffeir.

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CCXCVIII.

[*Ladeis be war that plesand ar.*]

**L**ADEIS be war, that plesand ar  
 To menis appetyte,  
 That ye nocht rew, that ye thame knew,  
 Throw thair lust and delyte.

*FOR TO DECLAIR THE HE MAGNIFICENS.*

805

For mony men ar evill to ken, 5Fol.277.a.  
That luvis paramour,  
With fenyeit mynd, fals and vnkynd,  
Bringis yow to dishonour.

Quhen thay haif ane, with flattry tane,  
Begylit with a trane, 10  
Then with ane vddir, thay will confiddir  
And play the contrar pane.

Thay will promit giftis rycht grit,  
And fueir thay luve yow best;  
Yow to begyle, with mony wyle, 15  
Thair mynd takkis nevir reft.

Thair hairtis ar sett, with ficcelnefs,  
For loif and nocht for lufe,  
Yow to diffaif, with dowbilnefs,  
To your fchame and reprufe. 20

O ladeis deir, I yow requeir  
Thair fals and fenyeit fair  
Latt ay go henfs, and tyne creddens,  
Beleving thame no mair.

*Finis quod Scott.*

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CCXCIX.<sup>1</sup>

[*For to declair the he Magnificens.*]

FOR to declair the he magnificens,  
And grit bontie that into ladeis is,  
The wurdinefs and vertewis excellens,  
The lawd, the bonte, the bewty and the blifs,

<sup>1</sup> With mere verbal differences, this is the same as No. CLXXXVIII.

My barbir tounge is vnworthy, I wifs; 5  
 Bot nocht the lefs my pen I will apply  
 To fay the futh, thocht eloquens I mifs  
 Of femeneyne the fame to fortefy.

Thocht awld dottaris addrefsit thair delyte,  
 To dyt of ladeis the defamatioun, 10  
 Na wirthy wicht fuld fett his appetyte,  
 To reid fic rollis of reprobatioun;  
 Bot rathir mak plane proclamatioun,  
 To gaddir all fic bybillis biffely,  
 And in the fyre mak thair locatioun, 15  
 Off femeneyne the fame to fortefy.

For quho fo lift the richt for to reherfs,  
 To gloir humane thay mak habilite;  
 Quhen men ar fad at thame folace thay ferfs,  
 As habitaklis of all humylite; 20  
 Thay bring grit weiris to tranquillite,  
 The malyce of men thay meifs and pacify,  
 To faule and bodeis bath vtilite,  
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefy. Fol. 277. b.

Thocht ane perfone had peciablie to fpend 25  
 All mychtis movit within the mappamound,  
 Wanting wemen his weilfair wer at end,  
 Without thair confort cair fuld thame confound;  
 Quhair ladeis abydis blifs dois ay abound,  
 And quhair thay fle felicite gois by, 30  
 But thair folace no fege may be found,  
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortefy.

Sen God hes grantit thame sic gudlinefs,  
 And formyt thame eftir fa fair faffoun,  
 Syne put fa blumyng bewty in thair fefs, 35  
 Quhy fuld nocht men hald thame of he renoun?

Sen God hes gevin thame fa grit gwerdoun,  
And with sic meiknes done thame magnify,  
Quhy fuld men mak to thame comparefoun,  
Bot our alquhair thair famis to fortefy? 40

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,  
To fortefy of femeneyne the fame,  
Chryft wes incarnat and incorporat,  
And nureift nyne monethis in hir wame;  
And eftir borne, and bocht ws fro the blame 45  
Of Beliall, that brunt ws bitterly;  
That only act favis thame all fra schame,  
And our all quhair thair fame dois fortefy.

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,  
Ladeis ar digne to haif autorite, 50  
Ladeis ar clene of confortand cullour,  
Ladeis ar wyifs and full of verite,  
[Ladeis ar cheft and full of cheritie,]<sup>1</sup>  
Ladeis ar menis paradyis erdly,  
Ladeis ar plantit full of purite; 55  
Thair foir all men thair fame fuld fortefy.

War all the erd peper and perchemeyne,  
And pennis war all treis, erbis and flouris,  
And all the sternis that in the lift dois scheyne  
War in this erd most ornat oratouris, 60  
The se wer ynk, with fresch fludis and schouris;  
All wer to small ane buke to edify,  
For to contene of ladeis the honouris,  
And loving that thair fame dois fortefy. Fol. 278.a.

*Finis quod Stewart.*

<sup>1</sup>Omitted in MS., and supplied from the other version.

## CCC.

[*Thir Billis ar brevit to Birdis in speciall.*]

**T**HIR billis ar brevit to birdis in speciall  
 Moir for lust nor ony gude lufe;  
 I breif this bill to yow in generall,  
 Ladeis and madynis, that yarnis fra reprufe,  
 Yow to conferf and als for your behufe, 5  
 That ye defend and keip yow fra diffait,  
 And yow to teich all filthy lyfe to hait.

Ye madynis fair that ar for till avance<sup>1</sup>  
 Within the breift of your virginite,  
 And ladeis als ye cheifs yow nevir to chance, 10  
 Quhilk may defame do to your honeste;  
 Latt nevir your wit to your will fubiect be,  
 Bot haif in mynd for him that deid on rude,  
 Quhat wirchep is to be fair and gude.

Haif mynd how gude is to haif a gude name, 15  
 And than na cryme fall your grit wirchep fyle;  
 Haif mynd how bernis hes brocht birdis to blame,  
 And latt na grome with gabing yow begyle;  
 For every wrynk luk that ye haif a wyle,  
 For every word be wyfe, I warne yow; 20  
 Quhair trew is ane, sexty is nocht trew.

And ye him trow, than ar ye all betrafit,  
 For with thair treffone thay bring the to ane trane,  
 To leif in lust he is so lasit,  
 Moir than he hes to hecht he wilbe fane; 25  
 Bot and ye grant him ony grace agane,  
 Fra he haif sped fairweill spowfing to speir,  
 For than is all your wadding changeit in to weir.

<sup>1</sup> Five lines of this stanza have been written before this, two of them inverted, and the pen has been drawn through them.

All is in weir gife evir ye wene to wed;  
 Fra he hes wrocht his will, I warn yow weill, 30  
 Thair is no berne will bring yow to his bed,  
 Bot every ane will say, so haif I feill.  
 Lo, quhair scho gois hes tred hir scho on heill,  
 Than haif ye skayth and skornyng yow to steir, Fol. 278. b.  
 For thy in welth be wyfly war of weir. 35

Be war for weir, latt nevir your wit go wyld,  
 For every day ane sample may ye se;  
 Scho that is fareft fra tyme hir fame be fyld,  
 Thair will no berne be blyth of hir bewte,  
 Bot ay ar skornand bayth he and he. 40  
 Thus I conclude, suppoifs my wit be grene,  
 Bewty but bonty is nocht wirth a prene.

*Finis quod Merfar.*<sup>1</sup>

CCCI.

[*Now of Women this I say for me.*]

NOW of women this I say for me,  
 Off erthly thingis nane may bettir be;  
 Thay fuld haif wirschep and grit honoring  
 Off men, aboif all vthir erthly thing;  
 Rycht grit dishonour vpoun him felf he takkis 5  
 In word or deid quha evir women lakkis;  
 Sen that of women cumin all ar we,  
 Women ar women and fa will end and de.  
 Wo wirth the frucht wald put the tre to nocht,  
 And wo wirth him rycht so that sayis ocht 10  
 Off womanheid that may be ony lak,

<sup>1</sup> *Quod Merfar* has been afterwards written.

Or sic grit schame vpone him for to tak.  
 Thay ws consaif with pane, and be thame fed  
 Within thair breiftis thair we be boun to bed;  
 Grit pane and wo, and mvrnyng mervellus, 15  
 Into thair birth thay suffir fair for ws;  
 Than meit and drynk to feid ws get we nane,  
 Bot that we foik out of thair breiftis bane.  
 Thay ar the confort that we all haif heir,  
 Thair may no man be till ws half so deir; 20  
 Thay ar our verry nest of nvriffing.  
 In lak of thame quha can say ony thing,  
 That fowll his nest he fylis, and for thy  
 Exylit he fuld be of all gud company;  
 Thair fuld na wyifs man gif audience, 25  
 To sic ane without intelligence.  
 Chryft to his fader he had nocht ane man;  
 Se quhat wircschep wemen fuld haif than.  
 That Sone is Lord, that Sone is King of kingis,  
 In hevin and erth his maiestie ay ringis. 30  
 Sen scho hes borne him in hir halines,  
 And he is well and grund of all gudnes,  
 All wemen of ws fuld haif honoring,  
 Service and lue, aboif all vthir thing.

[*Finis*] *quod* Dumbar.

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CCCII.

[*I think thir Men ar verry fals and vane.*]

**I** THINK thir men ar verry fals and vane,  
 That wemenis honour degraidis or estait,  
 And thay deserf pvnittoun and pane,

Fol. 279.a.

Quhen thay presume in to thair vane confait  
To say or do that may thair fame defait; 5  
For wemen ar of sic tryvmphand gre,  
That aboif men thay haif awtoritie.

For quhy? the warld may weill persaif and ken,  
That wemen tryvmphis in hie dignitie,  
And in all honor thai do prefer men, 10  
In prudens, constans and in nobilitie;  
And God, that knawis wemenis nobilitie,  
Wafs of ane woman born, as ye ma reid,  
And nocht confaivit be menis polute seid.

And quhen Chryft Jesu raifs fra deid to lyif, 15  
Till holy wemen he did first appeir,  
Becaufs of thair constans superlatyif;  
Till his appostillis he drew nocht first neir,  
For men in till all maleifs hes no peir;  
Ane man did sell Jesus quhilk is our heid, 20  
And als be men was crufifixt and deid.

Sanct Petir did thryifs refuse and deny  
Chryft Jesus befoir Pilattis trybunall,  
Bott wemen did confefs him hardely, 25  
Quhen he wes accusit in Cayphafs hall,  
Syne to the croce togidder thay past all;  
Quhen he wes deid thay wemen tuke grit cure  
To spyce his body in the sepulture.

I can nocht wrytt nor yit ma I reheris 30  
The noble holy wemen that hes bene,  
The quhillis in every vertew did conversis,  
As in to dyversis volomis may be sene;  
Matheyris, virgenis and mony holy<sup>1</sup> quene,  
As in the Goldin Legend men may reid,  
And als Plutarquus reherffis of thair deid. 35

<sup>1</sup> Or *haly*.



Ane awld<sup>1</sup> proverb in storeis did I fynd,  
 Quhilk Solone said, that prudent man of witt;  
 Quod he, Na man fould spitt aganis the wynd,  
 In dreid it cum on him that did it spitt.  
 This proverb signifeis, be my pure witt, 40  
 That men that sklanderis wemen to thair defame,  
 That fame sklander redoundis to thair awin schame.

Men ar ay reddy to schaw wemenis vyce,  
 Bot thair awin vyce thay wald excufe and hyd,  
 And yit howbeit that men mak it fa nyce, 45  
 God will gud wemenis fame defend and gyd;  
 The trew will schaw the fructis quhair werkis all tyd;  
 In till all bukis that I cowld fynd or reid Fol. 279. b.  
 The crymes of men dois wemenis vyce exceid.

We may perfaif in storeis ane and vddir, 50  
 How Adame brak eternall Goddis command,  
 And how Caen slew just Abell his bruder,  
 And Pharo kepit Israell in captiue band;  
 Nobagodonasar, ye ma vndirstand,  
 Quha for his wicketnefs was made ane beift; 55  
 And diuerfs kingis wes pvneift for incest.

To tell of Nerone and Commodius,  
 Quhilk wer suppreme heidis of all the impyre,  
 And vthir empriouris owtragioufs,  
 The quhilk patt holy men to fowrd and fyre; 60  
 To reherfs all it will bott gar me tyre,  
 Quhilk daly did commit ane crewall cryme,  
 Bot wemen did nevir sic thing all thair tyme.

Quha wafs mair crewall nor Calligula,  
 Or Philaris or Dionisius, 65  
 And quha hes done mair treffone nycht or da,

<sup>1</sup> *Awld* has been inserted afterwards.

Nor did the fals ceduffar Symon Maguſ?  
 Quha did mair errafy nor Arrius,  
 With the evill fort of Pelligrians alſ,  
 As to Chafas non wes kend fo falſ. 70

Siclyk Annaſ, that fenyeit ipocreit,  
 And fals Pilatt, that condampnit Chryſt to de;  
 Paip Juliane, that fals paip of diſpytt,  
 With vthir ma full of idolatre;  
 Vnnvmerable thair is and fa falbe 75  
 Off crewale viciuſ men in every toun,  
 Quhilk bringis pure peple to confuſioun.

For ſum ar tyrantis, ſum ar commoun theviſ,  
 Sum mvrdfeariſ committand homicyd,  
 Sum ar wirkariſ of all kynd of miſcheviſ, 80  
 Sum ar tratouris, quhair evir thay gang or ryd,  
 And ſum to Sathan ar bayth pilatt and gyd;  
 Sum ar menſworne, full of falſ callumnationiſ,  
 And commoun leariſ inwentand accuſationiſ.

And yit howbeit ſum wemen falt be cace, 85  
 Be ignorance, or thruch grit libertie,  
 Yit men ſowld nocht allage in to no place,  
 That all wemen ar of ſic vilitie.  
 Particular prefferriſ nocht vniuerſalitie,  
 Howbeit ane heſ bene temptit with the devill, 90  
 That fallowiſ nocht that all the laif ar evill.

Quhairfoir I mervell that men ar fa rud,  
 For to detract gud wemen evin and morne,  
 Ar we nocht maid of wemeniſ fleſch and blud?  
 And in thair boſum we ar bred and borne, 95  
 Thairfoir we ſowld do thame na ſkaith nor ſkorne;  
 All men that geviſ to wemen evill commend,  
 I pray to God that thay mak ane ill end.

*Finis quod Weddirburne.*

## CCCIII.

[*Fra Raige of Yowth the Rynk hes rune.*]

FRA raige of yowth the rynk hes rune, Fol. 280. a.  
 And reffone tane the man to tune,  
 The brukle body than is wvne,<sup>1</sup>

And maid ane vefschell new.  
 For than thruch grace he is begune 5  
 The well of wifdome for to kune;  
 Than is his weid of vertew fpune;  
 Treft weill this taill is trew.

For yowth and will ar fo conforfs,  
 Withowt that wifdome mak devorfs, 10  
 Thay rin lyk wyld vndantit horfs,  
 But brydillis, to and fro.  
 Thair curage fa ourcumis thair corfs,  
 Thrwcht heit of blude it hes sic forfs,  
 Bot gif the mynd haif fum remorfs, 15  
 Of God all is ago.

This wid fantaftyk luft but lufe  
 Dois fo yung men to madnefs mvfe,  
 That thay ma nowthir reft nor rufe,  
 Till thay mifcheif thair fellis; 20  
 Haif thay thair harlottis in behufe,  
 Thay fuffy nocht thair God abuse,  
 Thair fame, thair wirfchep nor reprufe,  
 Off honour nor ocht ellis.

Ferme lufe with prudens fuld be vfit, 25  
 Thocht fum allegeand to excufit,  
 Saying that lufe with witt inclufit  
 Yit is nocht worth a buttoun.

<sup>1</sup> This word is very indistinct.

Sic vane opinioun is confutit,  
That man but reffoun may be rufit; 30  
Quha bene with beiftly luft abufit,  
I hald him bot ane muttoun.

Quha wald in luve be eftimat  
Suld haif thair haitis ay elevat  
With merciall myndis in doing that 35  
Mycht caufs thair fais to dowl thame.

Thocht wemen felf be temerat,  
Thay luve no man effeminat,  
And haldis thame, bot I wat not quhat, 40  
That can noth be withowt thame.

Yit man fuld fauour thame, howbeid Fol. 280. b.  
Thay be bot neceffar of neid;  
Becaufs we cum of thame in deid  
Thair perfonis fuld be pryfit.

As grund is ordand to beir feid, 45  
So is the woman born to breid  
The fruct of man, and that to feid  
As nature hes dewyfit.

Schort to conclude, I wald bath knew,  
That luvaris fuld be leill and trew; 50  
And ladeis fuld all thingis efchew  
That ma thair honor smot.

Be permanent that wald perfew,  
And rin nocht reklesly to rew,  
Bot as I direct; adew, 55  
Thufs I depairt, quod Scott.

*Finis.*

*Heir endis the Prayis of Wemen, and followis the Contempt  
of blyndit Luve.*

## CCCIV.

[*Quha will behald of Luve the Chance.*]

QUHA will behald of luve the chance, Fol. 281.  
 With fueit diffauyng countenance,  
 In quhais fair diffimvlance

May none affure;  
 Quhilk is begun with inconstance, 5  
 And endis nocht but variance,  
 Scho haldis with continwance  
 No fcheruiture.

Discretioun and confiderance  
 Ar both out of hir gouirnanace; 10  
 Quhairfoir of it the fchort plesance<sup>1</sup>

May nocht indure;  
 Scho is so new of acquentance,  
 The auld gais fra remembrance;  
 Thus I gife our the obseruanfs 15  
 Of luvis cure.

It is ane pount of ignorance  
 To lufe in sic distemperance,  
 Sen tyme mispendit may auance  
 No creature; 20  
 In luve to keip allegiance,  
 It war als nyfs an ordinance,  
 As quha wald bid ane deid man dance,  
 In sepulture.

*Finis quod Dumbar.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This has first been written, *with lang plesance*. <sup>2</sup> *Quod Dumbar* has been afterwards written.

CCCV.

[*Leif Luve, my Luve, no langar thow it lyk.*]

LEIF luve, my luve, no langar thow it lyk;  
Alter your amouris into obferwans;  
Eschew the swerd of wengeance or it ftryk;  
Your lust and plesance turne in repentans.  
Off misdeid mend, of kissing mak conscienfs; 5  
Go luve our God, our nychtbour and Sathan ourfett;  
Punyfs weill the flesch for thyn awin offens;  
Haif e to God and brek the Diuillis net.

Woluptous lyfe quhy thinkis tho so fueit,  
Knawing the deth that no man may ewaid, 10  
Syne perfeveiris in flesly lust and heit,  
No sawis may the fro thy synnis persuaid;  
Contempnyng God off nocht that the hes maid,  
Tresting in to this brukle lyfe and vane,  
Repent in tyme, devoyd the of this laid, 15  
And knaw in hell thair is eternall pane.

*Finis.*

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CCCVI.

[*Quhat meneth this? quhat is this windir Vre?*]

QUHAT meneth this? quhat is this windir vre?  
Of purveance gife I fall it call,  
Of god of luve, that fals thame so assure,  
And trew, allace, doun of the quheill bene fall, Fol. 281. b.

5 K

And yit in futh this is the worst of all, 5  
 That falsheid wrangfully of trewth hes the name,  
 And trewth agane of falsheid beiris the blame.<sup>1</sup>

This blind chance, this stormy avinture,  
 In Luve haith most his experience,  
 For quho that doith with trewth most his cure, 10  
 Sall for his meid fynd most offens,  
 That serwith Luve for all his diligens:  
 For quho can fayne vndir lawleheid,  
 He falis nocht to fynd grace and speid.

For I luvit one, full lang fyne agone, 15  
 With all my hairt, body and full mycht,  
 And to be deid my hairt can nocht gone  
 Frome his haift, bot hald that he heth hicht,  
 Thocht I be banischit out of hir sicht,  
 And by hir mowth dampnit that I fuld dy, 20  
 Vnto my beheft yit I will evir obey.

For evir faith that the warld began,  
 Quha fa lift luke, and in story reid,  
 He fall ay find that the trew man  
 Wes put abak, quhair as the falsheid 25  
 Yfurtherid wes; for Luve takis none heid  
 To fley the trewth, and haif of thame no chairge,  
 Quhair as the fals gois frely at thair lairge.

I tak record of Palamydes,  
 The trew man, that noble worthy knyght, 30  
 That evir luvit, and of his pane no reles,  
 Nochtwithstanding his manheid and his mycht,  
 Luve vnto him did full grit vnricht,  
 For ay the mair he did in chevelry,  
 The mair he wes hindred by invy. 35

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *name* repeated here.

And ay the bettir he did in every place,  
Thurch his knychtheid and buffy pane,  
The ferdir wes he frome his ladeis grace,  
For to hir mercy mycht he nocht attane,  
And fro his deth he coud him nocht refrane, 40  
For no denger, bot ay obey and serue,  
As he best coud, plane till he sterue.

Quhat wes the fyne also of Hercules,  
For all his conquests and his worthinefs, Fol. 282. a.  
That wes of strenth allone peirles, 45  
For, lyk as bukis of him list exprefs,  
He sett pillaris, thurch his he proves, f  
Away at Gades, for to signifye  
That no man micht him pass in chevelry.

The quhilk piller fer beyond Ind 50  
Be sett of gold for a remembrance;  
And for all that wes he fet behind,  
With thame that luve list febly awance,  
For him set last vpone a dance,  
Aganis quhome help may nocht stryfe, 55  
For all his trewth he lost his lyfe.

Phebus also for all his plesant licht,  
Quhen that he went heir in erth law,  
Vnto the hairt with Venus sicht,  
Ywoundit wes thurch schot of Cupeidis bow, 60  
And yit his lady list him nocht to knaw,  
Thocht for hir luve his hairt fuld bleid,  
Scho let him go, and tuk of him none heid.

Quhat fall I say of yung Piramus?  
Of trew Triftram, for all his he renoun, 65  
Of Achilles and Antonius,  
Of Arceit, or of him Palamoun,



Quhat wes the end of thair passioun,  
 Bot eftir forrow dyis, and than thair graif,  
 Lo, heir the guerdoun that thais luvaris haif.

70

Bot fals Jafone with his dowbilnes,  
 That wes vntrew at Colkofs to Medee,  
 And Thefeus, rute of vnkyndnes,  
 And with thais two eik the fals Enee:  
 Lo, thus the fals ay in on degre  
 Had in Luve thair luft and all thair will,  
 And, faif falsheid, thair wes none vthir skill.

75

Off Thebes<sup>1</sup> eik the fals Arceit,  
 And Demophone eik for his flewth,  
 Thay had thair luft and all thair haill delyt,  
 For all thair falsheid and grit vntrewth:  
 Thus evir Luve, allace, and that is rewth,  
 His fals luvaris furtherith quhat he may,  
 And slayis the trew iniustly dey by day.

80

For trew Adone was flane with the bore,  
 Amyd the forrest in the grene schaid,  
 For Venus luve he felt all the foir,  
 Bot Vulcanus with hir no mercy maid,  
 That fowll churle had mony nychtis glaid,  
 Quhair Mars hir knyght and hir man,  
 To fynd mercy confort none he can.

85 Fol. 282. b.

90

Alfo the yung fresche Ypomedes,  
 So lusty fre as of his curage,  
 That for to ferf with all his hairt he ches  
 Athalans, so fair of hir visage,  
 Bot Luve, allace, quyt him so his vage,  
 With crewall denger planely at the last,  
 That with the deth guerdounles he past.

95

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Phebus*, an evident mistake.

Lo, heir the fyne of Luvis scheruice,  
Lo, how that Lufe can his scherwantis quyte, 100  
Lo, how he can his faithfull men dispyfs,  
To fla the trew men and fals to respyte,  
Lo, how he dois the fwerd of forrow byte  
In hairtis, fuche as most his lustis obey,  
To faif the fals and do the trew to dey. 105

For faith nor aith, word nor assurance,  
Trew menyng, await or businefs,  
Still port nor fathfull attendance,  
Manheid nor mycht in armes worthinefs,  
Perfute of wirschip nor he proves, 110  
In strange landis ryding nor travell,  
Full littill or nocht in Luve dois awaill.

Perrell of deth, nowdir in fe nor land,  
Hunger nor thrift, sorrow nor seiknefs,  
Nor grit interpryfs for to tak on hand, 115  
Schedding of blude, na manfull hardinefs,  
Nor oft wounding at fautis by distrefs,  
Nor in pairting of deth nor lyfe also,  
All is for nocht, Luve takith no heid thairto.

Bot lesingis with hir flattry, 120  
Thruich hir falsheid and with hir dowbilnefs,  
With tailis new and mony fanyd le,  
By fals semblant and counterfit humblenefs,  
Vndir cullour depaynt with steidfastnefs,  
With fraud coverid vndir a peteous face, 125 Fol. 283. a.  
Acceptit be now ratheft vnto grace.

And can him self now best magnifie,  
With faynid port and presumptioun;  
Thay haunt thair caufs with fals furquedry,  
Vndir menyng of dow[b]le intentioun, 130

To think on thing in thair opinioun,  
And say a nowthir, to sett him self aloft,  
And hindir trewth, as it is sene full oft.

O, god of lue, with thy blind variance,  
Yment with chenge and grit vnstabilnefs, 135  
Now vp, now down, so rynnyng is thy chance,  
That the to trust may be no fickernefs,  
I know the nothing bot for dubilnefs,  
And quho that is an archeir and is blend,  
Markith no thing, bot schutith by wend. 140

And for that he hes no discretioun,  
Without adwyse he lettis his arrowis go,  
For lak of ficht and also of reffoun,  
In his schoting it hapnis oft so,  
To hurt his frend rathir than his fo, 145  
So dois this god with his scherp flone,  
The trew he flais and lattis the fals gone.

[*Finis*] *quod* Chauser.

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CCCVII.

[*In May as that Aurora did vpspring.*]

**I**N May as that Aurora did vpspring,  
With cristall ene chafing the cluddis fable,  
I hard a merle with mirry notis sing  
A fang of lufe, with voce rycht comfortable,  
Agane the orient bemis amiable, 5  
Vpone a bliffull brenche of lawry<sup>1</sup> grene;  
This wes hir sentens fueit and delectable,  
A lusty lyfe in Luves scheruice bene.

<sup>1</sup> Altered into *lawryr*.

Vndir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,  
 Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew, 10  
 Agane the hevinly aifur skyis licht,  
 Quhair did, vpone the tothair fyd, perfew  
 A nychtingall, with fuggurit notis new,  
 Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone;  
 This wes hir song, and of a sentens trew, 15  
 All lue is loft bot vpone God allone.

With notis glaid and glorious armony, Fol. 283. b.  
 This joyfull merle so salust scho the day,  
 Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody, 20  
 Saying, Awalk, ye luvaris, O, this May.  
 Lo, fresche Flora hes flureft every spray,  
 As natur hes hir taucht, the noble quene,  
 The feild bene clothit in a new array;  
 A lusty lyfe in luvis scheruice bene.

Nevir fuetar noys wes hard with levand man, 25  
 Na maid this mirry gentill nychtingaill,  
 Hir found went with the rever as it ran,  
 Outthrow the fresche and flureift lusty vaill.  
 O merle, quod scho, O fule, stynt of thy taill,  
 For in thy song gud sentens is thair none, 30  
 For boith is tynt the tyme and the travaill  
 Of every lue bot vpone God allone.

Seifs, quod the merle, thy preching, nychtingale,  
 Sall folk thair yewth spend in to holineis?  
 Of yung sanctis growis auld feyndis but fable; 35  
 Fy, ypocreit, in yeiris tendirneis,  
 Agane the law of kynd thow gois exprefis,  
 That crukit aige makis on with yewth serene,  
 Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyverfis;  
 A lusty lyfe in luves scheruice bene. 40

The nyctingall said, Fule, remembir the,  
 That both in yewth and eild, and every hour,  
 The lufe of God most deir to man suld be,  
 That him of nocht wrocht lyk his awin figour,  
 And deit him self fro deid him to succour. 45  
 O, quhithir wes kythit thair trew lufe or none?  
 He is most trew and steidfast paramour;  
 All lufe is loft bot vpone him allone.

The merle said, Quhy put God so grit bewte  
 In ladeis, with sic womanly having, 50  
 Bot gife he wald that thay suld luvit be?  
 To lufe eik natur gaif thame inclynnyng;  
 And He, of natur that wirker wes and king,  
 Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be fene,  
 In to his creature of his awin making; 55  
 A lusty lyfe in lufes scheruice bene.

The nyctingall said, Nocht to that behufe  
 Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face, Fol.284.a.  
 That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir or lufe,  
 Bot He, the wirker, that put in hir sic grace, 60  
 Off bewty, bontie, richefs, tyme or space,  
 And every gudnefs that bene to cum or gone;  
 The thank redoundis to him in every place;  
 All lufe is loft bot vpone God allone.

O nyctingall, it wer a story nyce, 65  
 That lufe suld nocht depend on cherite,  
 And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,  
 Than lufe mon be a vertew, as thinkis me;  
 For ay to lufe invy mone contrair be:  
 God bad eik lufe thy nychtbour fro the splene, 70  
 And quho than ladeis fuetar nychbouris be?  
 A lusty lyfe in lufe[s] scheruice bene.

The nyctingaill said, Bird, quhy dois thow raif?  
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,  
 Him to foryet that hir sic vertew gaif, 75  
 And for his hevin raffaif hir cullour quhyt;  
 Hir goldin tressit hairis redomyt,  
 Lyk to Appollois bemis thocht thay schone,  
 Suld nocht him blind fro lufe that is perfyt;  
 All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone. 80

The merle said, Lufe is caufs of honour ay,  
 Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchas,  
 Luve makis knyctis hardy at affey,  
 Luve makis wrechis full of lergenefs,  
 Luve makis fueir folkis full of biffinefs, 85  
 Luve makis fluggirdis fresche and weill besene,  
 Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilnefs;  
 A lusty lyfe in luvisscheruice bene.

The nyctingaill said, Trew is the contrary;  
 Sie frustir luve, it blindis men so far, 90  
 In to thair myndis it makis thame to vary;  
 In fals vane glory thai so drunken ar,  
 Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,  
 Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,  
 Fame, guddis and strenth; quhairfoir weill say I dar, 95  
 All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.

Than said the merle, Myn errour I confes;  
 This frustir luve all is bot vanite;  
 Blind ignorance me gaif sic hardinefs,  
 To argone so agane the varite; 100  
 Quhairfoir I counfall every man, that he  
 With lufe nocht in the feindis net be tone,  
 Bot luve the luve that did for his lufe de;  
 All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.

Fol. 284. b.

Than fang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir; 105  
 The merle fang, Man, lufe God that hes the wrocht:  
 The nyctingall fang, Man, lufe the Lord most deir,  
 That the and all this warld maid of nocht:  
 The merle faid, Luve him that thy lufe hes socht  
 Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone: 110  
 The nyctingall fang, And with his deid the bocht;  
 All luve is loft bot vpone him allone.

Thane flaw thir birdis our the bewis schene,  
 Singing of lufe amang the levis small,  
 Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene, 115  
 Bothe sleping, walking, in rest and in travall;<sup>1</sup>  
 Me to reconfort most it dois awaill  
 Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none,  
 To think how song this merle and nyctingaill,  
 All lufe is loft bot vpone God allone. 120

*Finis quod Dumbar.*

### CCCVIII.

*Now cumis Aige quhair Yewth hes bene,  
 And trew Luve ryfis fro the Splene.*

NOW culit is dame Venus brand;  
 Trew luvis fyre is ay<sup>2</sup> kindilland,  
 And I begyn to vndirstand,  
 In feynit luve quhat foly bene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene, 5  
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

<sup>1</sup> This clause afterwards altered to *restand in travell*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ay* afterwards written in.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,  
 Trew luvis fyre nevir birnis bauld;  
 So as the ta lufe vaxis auld,  
 The tothir dois increfs moir kene: 10  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

No man hes curege for to wryte  
 Quhat plesans is in lufe perfyte,  
 That hes in fenyeit lufe delyt, 15  
 Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

Full weill is him that may imprent,  
 Or onywayis his hairt consent, 20 Fol. 285. a.  
 To turne to trew luve his intent,  
 And still the quarrell to sustene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

I haif experience by my fell; 25  
 In luvis court anis did I dwell,  
 Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,  
 I culd of truble tell fyftene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene. 30

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,  
 Now haif I confort for to speid;  
 Quhair I had maugre to my meid,  
 I trest rewaird and thankis betuene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene, 35  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to displeifs,  
 Now find I in to lufe grit eifs;



Quhair I had denger and diseifs,  
 My breift all confort dois contene: 40  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelofy,  
 And wald no luer wer bot I,  
 Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy, 45  
 Als weill as I luvit I wene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

Befoir quhair I durst nocht for schame  
 My lufe discure, nor tell hir name; 50  
 Now think I wirfchep wer and fame,  
 To all the warld that it war sene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

Befoir no wicht I did complene, 55  
 So did hir denger me derene;  
 And now I sett nocht by a bene  
 Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene. 60

I haif a lue farar of face,  
 Quhome in no denger may haif place,  
 Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,  
 And mercy ay quhen I me mene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene, 65  
 And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

Vnquyt I do no thing nor fane, Fol.285.b.  
 Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane;  
 I falbe als weill luvit agane,

Thair may no jangler me prevene: 70  
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

Ane lufe so fare, so gud, so fueit,  
So riche, so rewthfull and discreit,  
And for the kynd of man so meit, 75  
Nevir moir falbe nor yit hes bene:  
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

Is none fa trew a luv as he,  
That for trew lufe of ws did de; 80  
He fuld be luffit agane, think me,  
So that wald fa fane our luv obtene:  
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

Is non but grace of God I wifs, 85  
That can in yewth confiddir this;  
This fals diffavand warldis blifs,  
So gydis man in flouris grene:  
Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene,  
And trew luv ryfis fro the splene. 90

*Finis quod Dumbar.*

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CCCIX.

[*Quha lykis to Luve, or that Law pruve.*]

QUHA lykis to luv, or that law pruve,  
Lat him beleif this lyfe to leid;

His mynd fall moif, but rest or ruve,  
 With diuers dolouris to the deid;  
 He fall tyne appetyte, 5  
 And meit and sleip gife quyte,  
 And want the way perfyte,  
 To find remeid.

He fall nocht wit, quhiddir that it  
 Be panefull, plesand, weill or wo, 10  
 To stand or sit, remoif or flit,  
 To gang, to ly, to byd or go;  
 No wit falbe degeft,  
 To heir, se, smell, nor test,  
 Bot as a brutall best, 15  
 He fall be so.

Fle thocht he wald, lufe fall him hald, Fol. 286.  
 Within the dungeoun of dispair,  
 Quhyle hett, quhyle cald, a thowsand fald,  
 His purpoifs falbe heir and thair; 20  
 He fall hald wifdome vyce,  
 And vertew of no pryce,  
 Bot as a fule vnwyce,  
 So fall he fair.

This is the quhy, and caufs that I 25  
 Complene so peteously in plane,  
 I lufe the wy will nocht apply,  
 Nor grant to gife me grace agane;  
 The moir scheruice I do,  
 The moir fremmit is scho, 30  
 Without respect vnto  
 My crewall pane.

Ye luvaris se, gife that this be  
 Ane lyfe that all gude men malingis;

I fay for me, it is to fle 35  
 Aboif the peft, and plaig that ringis;  
 Quhilk is bot curius,  
 Ay woid and furius,  
 And fyre fulfurius,  
 That men doun bringis. 40

My brethir deir, we moft forbeir,  
 And fra this finfull lyfe evaid ws;  
 Lat reffoun fteir your hairtis inteir,  
 And nocht thoill lathly luft to leid ws;  
 Quhilk is the verry net, 45  
 That Satane for ws fet,  
 To caufs ws quyt foryet  
 The Lord that maid ws.

*Finis quod Scott.*

CCCX.

[*Lo, quhat it is to lufe.*]

**L**O, quhat it is to lufe,  
 Lerne ye that lift to prufe,  
 Be me, I fay, that no ways may  
 The grund of greif remvfe,  
 Bot still decay, both nycht and day; 5  
 Lo, quhat it is to lufe.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,  
 Kendillit without defyre,  
 Schort plefour, lang displefour,  
 Repentence is the hyre; 10 Fol. 286. b.

Ane pure treffour, without mesfour;  
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyifs,  
To rege with gud adwyifs;  
Now thus, now than, so gois the game, 15  
Incertane is the dyifs;  
Thair is no man, I fay, that can  
Both lufe and to be wyifs.

Fle alwayis frome the fnair,  
Lerne at me to be ware; 20  
It is ane pane, and dowbill trane,  
Of endles wo and cair;  
For to refrane that denger plane,  
Fle alwayis frome the fnair.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

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CCCXI.

[*Pansing of Lufe quhat Lyf it leidis.*]

PANSING of lufe quhat lyf it leidis,  
My will exprefs with reffoun pleidis,  
And nocht I fynd to stop thair feidis  
Plane,  
Bot lufe to reput best remeid is 5  
Vane.

And trew it is bot vanite,  
For luk quha ar in lufe most he

*QUHOME SOULD I WYT OF MY MISCHANCE.*

Perchance may fynd the fyne falbe

                    Pane,  
And till esteime it or thay de,  
                    Vane.

10

For thocht in lust of lufe sum lyis,  
So lang without remeid to ryfs,  
It fall nocht fail to mak thame twyfs

15

                    Fane,  
Fra thay leif play to think the pryfs  
                    Vane.

Quhat noble men hes hurt thair name,  
And lusty ladeis lost thair fame,  
Quhat wemen nicht nocht for thair wame

20

                    Lane,  
Bot oppinly thair lufe proclame  
                    Vane.

My counsale is, ye leif lufe allone,  
Lufe lelaly and lufe bot one,  
And sum example tak be Johine

25

                    Mane,  
Or ye fall think your tyme bygone  
                    Vane.

30

[*Finis.*]

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CCCXII.

[*Quhome sould I wyt of my Mischance.*]

**Q**UHOME sould I wyt of my mischance,  
Bot Cupeid, king of variance?

Fol. 287. a.

5 M

*QUHOME SOULD I WYT OF MY MISCHANCE.*

Thy court, without confiderance,  
     Quhen I it knew,  
 Or evir maid the obfervance,  
     Sa far I rew. 5

Thow and thy law ar instrumentis  
 Off diuerfs inconvenientis;  
 Thy fcheruice mony foir repentis,  
     Knawing the quarrell, 10  
 Quhen body, honor and fubftance fchentis,  
     And faule in perrell.

Quhat is thy manrent bot mifcheif,  
 Sturt, angir, grunching yre and greif,  
 Evill lyfe, and langour but releif 15  
     Off woundis wan,  
 Difplefour, pane and he repreif  
     Of God and man.

Thow lovifis thame that lowdeft leis,  
 And followis fafteft on thame fleis; 20  
 Thow lychtleis all trew properteis  
     Off luve exprefs,  
 And markis quhair nevir ftyme thow feis,  
     Bot hittis be gaifs.

Blynd buk, bot at the bound thow fchutis, 25  
 And thame forbeiris that the rebutis;  
 Thow ryvis thair hairtis ay fra the rutis,  
     Quhilk ar thy awin,  
 And cureis thame caris<sup>1</sup> nocht thre cutis  
     To be mifknawin. 30

Thow art in freyndfchip with thi fo,  
 And fremmit to thy freynd alfo,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *curis*.

Thow flemis all faythfull men the fro,  
Of steidfast thocht,  
Regarding non bot thame ago, 35  
That curis the nocht.

Thow chirreifs thame that with the chyddis,  
And baneiffis thame with the abydis;  
Thow hells thi horne ay in thair fydis,  
That can nocht fle; 40  
Thay furdur werft in the confydis,  
I say for me.

*Finis quod Scott.*

CCCXIII.

[*O, Man, transformit and vnnaturall.*]

**O**, MAN, transformit and vnnaturall, Fol. 287. b.  
O, trublitt spreit, posselt with frenesye;  
Allace, is all thy wit prudenciall,  
In vane consaittis and profound fantesye,  
Thrucht apprehensionis of mallancoly, 5  
Generit thrucht lust of sensuall affectione,  
Quhilk hes exylit reffone and affectione?

Quhair is thy knowlege and intendment,  
And thy ryp wit in solist biffiness?  
Quhair is thy wifdome and gud judgement? 10  
Quhair is thy pastance and solaciufness?  
Quhair is thy strenth fowld mortefy distrefs?  
Quhair is thy prudent verteus conversatioun,  
Quhill vulgaris haldis of sa grit estimatioun?



Thow dois becum war nor ane brutall beift, 15  
 In profound pane provokand thy awin deid,  
 Quhen thow in luv lyis lyk ane gryillie gaift,  
 Heit as the fyre and calder nor the leid;  
 With vane confaitis all farfit is thy heid,  
 Destitut of vertew and of grace, 20  
 Lamentand vane confaitis, cryand allace.

With fobbis and sichis and mony ane fufpyir,  
 Tormentand thair thy felf in till ane trance,  
 The quhilk haldis all thy body in ane fyre,  
 Becaus thy heid is full of variance; 25  
 And blyndis thy richt spreitis with dull ignorance,  
 Provokand thy defyre to leif solitar,  
 To end thy dayis in langiffing and cair.

Thow garris me marvell mair than I can mene,  
 Becaus thow art the maift fule now in lyfe; 30  
 The dropis be pairis fallis fra thy ene,  
 Rarand lyk ane yung barne or ane feik wyfe,  
 Defyrand thy awin deid with fwerd or knyfe;  
 Thairfoir vyce men fowld mak for the no mane,  
 Becaus thow art all with the glaikis ourgane. 35

To eild. And ye, auld man, your puerilitie  
 Is gane lang fyne, and thow art cum till aige,  
 Thairfoir thy eild fowld end with honestie,  
 And in lufe to rammeifs and to rege, 40  
 For paramouris in ald men is dottage;  
 Thow fowld vpoun thy bukis and beidis contempill,  
 The quhilk fowld be to yung men gud exempill.

The devyne prudent Plato fayis exprefs, Fol. 288. a.  
 That quhan menis ene becumis bleird and obfcure,  
 And quhan thair cheikis ar full of fkrumpilnefs, 45  
 Or quhan thair he[idis] na excefs in [drynk] ind[ure<sup>1</sup>],

<sup>1</sup> Cut off when the MS. was inlaid.

Than thay fowld provyd for thair sepulture,  
 And to converfs in vertew day and hour,  
 And nocht to leif in luft and paramour.

And Jhus Sircht,<sup>1</sup> quhilk was fapient, 50  
 He held thre vycis maift abhominable;  
 Ane was quhan men of riches or of rent  
 Vfit to lie lefingis detestable;  
 The fecund was, nane fowld hald for a fable,  
 That is quhen men ar in pouerty pynd, 55  
 Syne growis in hicht with ane ambitius mynd.

And the thrid vyce he held maift odius,  
 Becaufs it is the vyleft of the thre;  
 That is quhen men of aige ar vicious,  
 V fand thair luft and fenfualitie; 60  
 Wemen takkis als grit plefour for to fe  
 Ane man of aige in amouris for to carp,  
 As quhen thay heir ane als play on a harp.

Rycht feyndill in to landis quhair I haif bene,  
 I faw nevir auld men oft lue paramour, 65  
 Nor yit it wes nevir in no cuntre fene,  
 That wemen did lue auld men day or hour;  
 Thocht fum wemen be fene be avingtour  
 To kifs and clap auld men be luvis feir,  
 Sic fenyeit lue thay fchaw to get thair geir. 70

Thairfoir thow fowld richt prudently perpend  
 The denger, the difhonour and defame,  
 Off povertie or ane mifchevous end,  
 Quhilk cumis of men of aige that tynis gud name;  
 Quhan yung men dois sic thing it is na fchame, 75  
 Becaufs yowtheid garris thair blude flow and rege,  
 Bot auld menis luft proceidis of daft dotage.

<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS.; *Sircht* is an anagram of *Chrift*.

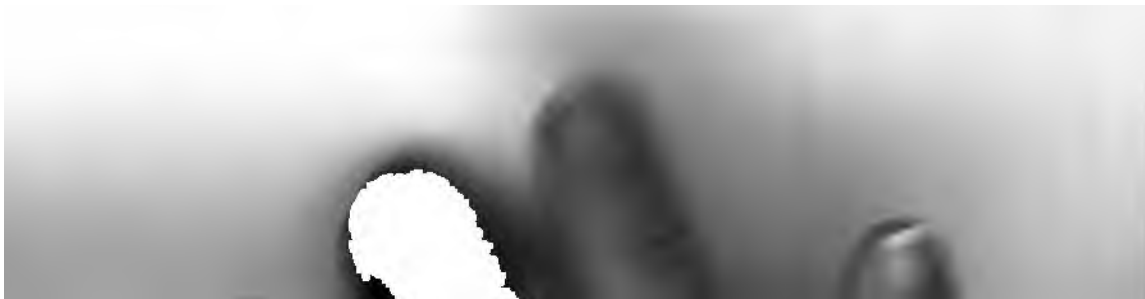
And sen thy blude is becum cawld and dry,  
 And als thy flesche and banis consumys for eild,  
 Thairfoir thow fowld leif wantone chevalry 80  
 Off Venus warkis, and to gif our the feild,  
 And nevir to beir in amouris speir nor scheild;  
 Bot rathir at ane hett fyre the to hold,  
 With ane fydgoun to keip the fra the cold.

Thow hes mair mistir of ane dowbill cap, 85  
 Nor of the fareft lady in to France,  
 With mittanis warme thy tendir handis to hap, Fol. 288. b.  
 Nor for to se thy deir lufe sing or dance;  
 Restoratyvis, be wyifs menis ordinance,  
 With fweit confectionis, fowld be thy confort, 90  
 Rathir nor with frefche ladeis for till sport.

The messingeris of deid dois the affelye,  
 The quhilk no man nor woman may ganeftand,  
 Thy memberis and thy strenth begynnys to felye,  
 For butt ane staff thow may nocht skantlie stand; 95  
 Thairfoir gif thow be wyifs do my command,  
 And to putt wemen cleir furth of thy mynd,  
 Becaus to men of aige thay ar vnkynd.

Thocht thow be coiftlie cled in cap and gown,  
 Lyk the yung galyard gallandis in all thing, 100  
 And als thy clais maid of the new fassoun,  
 And on thy finyeris mony joly ring,  
 Yit thy gray berd yung wemen fall maling;  
 Thairfoir thow fall putt thame furth of thy mynd,  
 Becaus to men of aige thay ar vnkynd. 105

To the madin. And, noble ladeis and fweit creatouris,  
 I exort yow naturaly to intend  
 The crewall and vnhappy aventouris,  
 Be jugement devyne quhilk God dois fend,



Schame, pouerty or ane vyle suddane end, 110  
On thame that maculattis pudicitie,  
Adherand to thair sensualitie.

The noble giftis of chestitie precell,  
Off vertewis it is maist principall;  
Na perfone can expreme, defyne nor tell 115  
The godly vertew virginiall;  
For the devyne theologgis vniuerfall,  
And auld awttouris of maist excellent gre,  
Aboif all giftis thay preffer chestitie.

Thairfoir gif ye wald keip pudicitie, 120  
Ye sowld extremely detest vane amouris,  
And to fle evill occasioun specialie,  
As is foirfaid be ornat oratouris;  
And als ye sowld preprend bayth day and houris,  
To grit mischeif, misery and neid, 125  
Fra paramouris dois evir succeid.

*Finis quod Weddirburne.*

CCCXIV.

[*Ye blindit Luvaris, luke.*]

**Y**E blindit luvaris, luke Fol. 289. a.  
The reklefs lyfe ye leid,  
Espy the fnair and huke  
That haldis yow be the heid;  
Thairfoir I reid remeid 5  
To leife and lat it be,  
For lufe hes non at feid,  
Bot fulis that can nocht fle.

Quhat is your lufe bot lust,  
 Ane littill for delyte, 10  
 Ane beiftly game robust,  
 To reif your reffoun quyte;  
 Ane fowfum appetyte,  
 That strenth of perfoun waikis,  
 Ane paffance vnperfyte, 15  
 To fmyte yow with the glaikis.

Quhair fenfuall luft proceidis,  
 All honeft lufe is pynd;  
 Ye ma compair your deidis,  
 Vnto ane brutall kynd. 20  
 Fra vertew be contrynd  
 To follow vyce, confiddir  
 That reffoun, wit and mynd,  
 Ar all ago togiddir.

The wyfeft woman thairout, 25  
 With wirdis may be wyllit  
 To do the deid, but dout,  
 That honour hes exyllit.  
 How mony ar begyllit,  
 And few I fynd that chaipis; 30  
 Thairfoir your faithis ar fylit  
 To frawd thay filly aipis.

Ye mak regaird for grace  
 Quhair nevir grace yit grew;  
 Ye lang to ryn the race, 35  
 That ane or baith fall rew;  
 Ye preifs ay to perfew  
 Thair fyte and your awin forrow;  
 Ye trest to find thame trew,  
 That nevir wes be forrow. 40

Ye cry on Cupeid king,	Fol. 289. b.
And Venus quene, in vane;	
Ye fend all maner thing,	
With trattillis thame to trane;	
Ye preiche, ye fleich, ye frane,	45
Ye grane ay quhill thay grant;	
Your prettikis ar profane	
Pure ladeis to supplant.	
 Ye schowt as ye wer schent,	
Thay fwoun to fe yow smartit;	50
Ye rame as ye wer rent,	
And thay ar rewthfull hairtit.	
Your play ar <sup>1</sup> sone peruertit,	
Fra that thair belly ryfs;	
Thay wary yow that gartit,	55
And ye thame inlykwyfs.	
 Yit thair is lefum lufe,	
That lawchtfully fuld left;	
He is nocht to reprufe,	
That is with ane possfest.	60
That band I hald it best,	
And nocht to pafs attour,	
Bot ye can tak no rest,	
Quhill thay kaff vp all four.	
 Sic luvaris feyndill meitis,	65
Bot ladeis ay forlorne is;	
Quhen thay bewaill and greitis,	
Sum of yow lawchis and skornis.	
Your hecht, your aith menfworne is,	
Your lippis ar lyk burd lyme;	70
I hald ye want bot hornis,	
As bukkis in belling tyme.	

<sup>1</sup> So in MS.

Ye trattill and ye tyft,	
Quhill thay foryet thair fame;	
Ye trane thame to ane tryft,	75
And thair ye get thame tame.	
Thay fussy nocht for schame,	
Nor castis nocht quhat cumis fyne;	
Bot quhen ye claw thair wame	
Thay tummyll our lyk fwyne.	80
Thocht yung perwerfit natouris <sup>1</sup>	Fol. 290. a.
To palyardy applawddis,	
Bot yit auld rubiatouris,	
To <sup>2</sup> hant the laittis of lawdis,	
Quhen <sup>3</sup> thay begyn sic gawdis,	85
To leif thay ar most laith,	
Quhen thay haif gottin blawdis,	
With Venus bowtyne cleth.	
Ye wantoun wowaris waggis	
With thame that hes the cunye,	90
For haif ane bismuir baggis,	
Ye grunche nocht at hir grunye;	
Swa <sup>4</sup> ladeis will nocht founye,	
With waistit wowbattis rottin,	
Bot proudly thay will prounye,	95
Quhair geir is to be gottin.	
Quhair money may yow moif,	
I hald it aweryce,	
Thair is na constant lufe,	
Bot commoun merchandyce.	100
This ordour now is nyce,	
Quhair lufe is fauld and coft,	
It is ane dowbill vyce,	
To bring the Devill on loft.	

<sup>1</sup> Originally *creatouris*.    <sup>2</sup> Originally *That*.    <sup>3</sup> Originally *Quhill*.<sup>4</sup> Originally *Rycht swa*.

The bich the curtyk fannis; 105  
 The wolf the wilrone vñs;  
 The mull frequentis the annis,  
 And hir awin kynd abusis.  
 Rycht swa the meir refusis  
 The<sup>1</sup> curfour for ane awer; 110  
 Swa few I fynd excufis,  
 Bot<sup>2</sup> wemen quhilk will wauer.

Yit poyettis few<sup>3</sup> decreitis,  
 Saif ane hecht<sup>4</sup> Percifie,  
 Bot of your sodomeitis 115  
 In Rome and Lumbardie,  
 In Aipillis<sup>5</sup> and Italie,  
 To compt how ye converfs,  
 I vg for villanie  
 Your vycis<sup>6</sup> to reherfs. 120

Quhair lechery belappis, Fol.290.b.  
 All steidfast lue it stoppis;  
 Quhair hurdome ay vnhappis,  
 With quenry, canis and coppis,  
 Ye pryd yow at thair proppis, 125  
 Till hair and berd grow<sup>7</sup> dapill;  
 Ye cowet all kyn croppis,  
 As Eua<sup>8</sup> did the apill.

Thus ye haif all the wyte,  
 And thair mifcheif ye mak it, 130  
 That fuld haif wit perfyte,  
 And wifdome<sup>9</sup> to abftrakit.  
 Suld ladeis than be lakkit,  
 Thocht few of thame be gud?

<sup>1</sup>Originally *Ane*. <sup>2</sup>Originally *Saif*. <sup>3</sup>Originally *name*. <sup>4</sup>*Hecht* inserted.  
<sup>5</sup>*and* afterwards deleted. <sup>6</sup>Originally *vñngis*.

<sup>7</sup>Originally *be*. <sup>8</sup>Originally *Eue that*. <sup>9</sup>Originally *reffoun*.



For all diffait<sup>1</sup> thay tak it, 135  
Of your awin flesch and blude.

Wald ye foirfe the forme,  
The fassoun and the fek,  
Ye suld it fynd inorme,  
With bawdry yow to blek. 140  
Thairfoir fle fra<sup>2</sup> suspek,  
Or than sa mot I thryfe,  
Your natouris ye neglek,  
And wantis your wittis fyve.

Appardoun me of this, 145  
Gif ocht be to displeifs yow,  
And quhair I mak a mis, 145  
My mynd falbe to meis yow.  
Thir reffonis ar to raifs yow  
Fra crymes vndir coite; 150  
Or war<sup>3</sup> ye fay nocht, waifs yow,  
Quod Allexander Scote.

[Finis] quod Scott.<sup>4</sup>

CCCXV.

*The Prollog of the Fourt Buik of Virgell, tretting of the  
Incommoditie of Luve and Remeid thairof, compyld  
be Bischop Gawayne Dowglas.* Fol. 291.a.

The Poet  
dreffis him first  
to Venus and  
Cupeid.

WITH bemes schene, thow bricht Cytherea,  
Quhilk only schaddowis among sterris lite,

<sup>1</sup> First *thair evill*. <sup>2</sup> Originally *ye fle*. <sup>3</sup> Originally *Thairfoir*.  
“Heir endis the haill four pairtis of this ballat buke, anno 1565,”  
was originally written at the foot of folio 290, but afterwards carefully  
inked over, except the date, which was altered to 1568. The erasing  
ink having faded, the words can now be read.

And thy blind wingit sone Cupido, ye twa  
 Fosterris of birnyng carnall het delite,  
 Your joly wo neidlingis moft I endite, 5  
 Begynning with ane fenyeit faynt plefance,  
 Continewith with luft and endis with pennance.

In fragill fefche your febill feid is faw,  
 Rutit in delyte, welth and fude delicate,  
 Nureift with flewith, and mony vnsemelie faw; 10  
 Quhair fchame is loift, thair spreidis your burgeons hate,  
 Oft to revolve ane vnlefull confait,  
 Rypis your perrellis fructis and vnorne;  
 Off wicket grane how fall gude fchaf be fchorne?

**The Hant of vnlefum Lue.** Quhat is your force bot febling of the ftrenth? 15  
 Your curious thochtis quhat bot miffery?  
 Your fremmit glaidnes reftis not ane houris lenth,  
 Your fport for fchame ye dar not fpecify;  
 Your fruct is bot vnfructous fanteffy,  
 Your fory joyis bene bot jangling and jaipis, 20  
 And your trew fcherwandis filly Godis aipis.

**The Commo-deteis of Lue.** Your fweir mirthis ar mixt with bittirnefs;  
 Quhat is your drery game and mery pane?  
 Your werk vnthrift, your quiet is reftles,  
 Your luft lyking in langor to remane; 25  
 Freindschipis torment, your trest is bot ane trane;  
 O lue, quhidder art thow joy or fulichenes,  
 That makis folk fa glaid of thair diftres?

Salomons wit, Sampfone thow rubeft his forfs,  
 And Daud thow bereft his prophecy; 30  
**Exampillis.** Men fayis thow brydlit Ariftotell as ane horfs,  
 And crelit vp the floure of poetry;  
 Quhat fall I of thy michtis notify?

Fairweill, quhair that thy lufty dart affalis,  
**Remed.** Wit, ftrenth, riches, nathing bot grace availis. 35

Thow chene of luve, ha, benedicite,  
 How hard strenyeis thy bandis every wicht?  
 The God above, for his hie maiefte,  
 With the ybound, law in ane maid did licht;  
 Thow vincuft the strong gyand of grit nicht; 40  
 Thow art mair forcy than the Deid fo fell,  
 Thow plenneift Paradyce and thow herreit Hell.

Thow makis febill wicht, and thow lawifs hie,  
 Thow knyttis freindschip, quhair thair be na parage;  
 Thow Jonatha confidderit to Dauye, 45  
 Thow danttitt Alexander for all his vaffillage,  
 Thow feftnytt Jacob fourtene yeiris in boundage,  
 Thow teichitt Hercules to go lerne and spyn,  
 Reik<sup>1</sup> Dianiye his meifs and lyoun fkyn.

Damage in  
 Luve.

For luve Narciffus perreift at the well, 50  
 For luve thow ftervift moft duchtty Achill,  
 Thefeus for luve his fallow focht to Hell;  
 The fnaw quhyt dow oft to the gray maik will:  
 Allace, for luve, how mony thame felf did spill?  
 Thy fury, luve, motheris tawcht for difpyte 55  
 Fyle handis in blude of thair yung childryne lyte.

O Lord, quhatt wryitis Virgill of thy forfs,  
 In his Georgikis? How thy vndantitt nicht  
 Conftrenis fumtyme fo the ftonytt horfs,  
 That by the fent of ane meir far of ficht, 60  
 He braidis brayis annon, and takis the flicht;  
 Na brydill may him dant nor buftous dynt,  
 Nor bra, hie roche, nor braid fludis ftynt.

The bufteous bullis oft for the yung ky  
 With horne to horne wirkis vthir mony wound, 65 Fol. 292. a.  
 So rummeffing with mony low and cry,  
 The feildis all doith of thair rowtting refound:

<sup>1</sup> Originally *And eik*.

The meik hairtis oft in belling ar found  
 Mak ferfs bargan, and rammis to gidder rin,  
 Bairis thair tuskis frettis on vthiris skin. 70

The story of  
 Leander and  
 Hero. The rewthfull smart and lamentable caice,  
 Quhilk thair he wryttis of Leander ying,  
 Quhome for thy luve, Hero, allace, allalice,  
 In fervent flamb of hait defyre birning,  
 By nichtis tyd, the hevynnis lowid thundring, 75  
 And all with storme trublit the feyis flude,  
 Beittand on rolkis and rowttand as it war woud.

Set he him not to fwym ovir, welloaway,  
 The firth betuix Sestos and Abidane,  
 In Ewrop and Asia, citeis tway? 80  
 His fader and moder nicht him not call agane;  
 O God, quhair thair, he was tynt and flane;  
 And quhen his luve saw this mischeif attanis,  
 Owttour the wall scho lap and brak hir banis.

Lo, how Venus can hir schervandis acquite, 85  
 Lo, how hir passionis vnbryddills all thair wit,  
 Lo, how thay tyne thame self for schort delyt,  
 Lo, frome all grace to mischeif thay ar flit,  
 Fra weill to wo, fra pane to deid, and yit  
 Thair bene bot fewe exampill takkis of vther, 90  
 Bot wilfully fallis in the fyre, leif brother.

To abstene  
 frome Wyne  
 and Luft vene-  
 riane. With lust of wyne nor werkis veneriane  
 Be nevir ouirfett, myne awctor teichis so;  
 Stryfe and debait engenderis and feill hes flane;  
 Thay febill the strenth, reiveillis secreittis both two; 95

Quhat Luft is. Honest proves, dreid, schame and luck ar gane,  
 Quhair thay habound; attempir thame for thy;  
 Childer to engender vse Venus, and not in vane;  
 Hant na surfet, drink bot quhen thow art dry. Fol. 292. b.

- To the Men Quhat, is this luv, nyce luvaris, that ye mene, 100  
 Luvaris.  
 Or fals diffait, fair ladyis to begyle?  
 Thame to defoule, and schent your self betuene,  
 Is all your lyking, with mony subtell wyle.  
 Is that trew luv, gud faith and fame to fyle?  
 Quhat is Luf? Gif luv be vertew, than is it lefull thing; 105  
 Gif it be vyce, it is your vndoing.
- Luft is no luf, thocht leidis lyk it weile;  
 This furious flamb of fenfualite  
 Ar nane amouris bot fantefy ye feill,  
 Carnall plesance, but ficht of honeftie, 110  
 Haitis him self forfuth and luv is not the:  
 Twa Luvis. Thair bene twa luvis, perfyt and vnperfyt,  
 That ane lefull, that vthir fowll delyt.
- Diffinition of Luv is ane kyndly paffioun engendrit of heit,  
 Luf. Kendlit in the hairt, overfpredand all the corfs; 115  
 Naturall Luf. And as thow feis sum perfone waik in fpreit,  
 Sum hait birnyng as ane vnbridlit hors,  
 Lyk as the patient hes hait of our grit forfs,  
 And in yung babbis warmenes infufficient,  
 And in to aige it failyeis and is owtquent. 120
- Luv inordi- Richt fo in luv thow may be excessive,  
 nat. Inordinatly luvand ony creature;  
 Thy luv alfo it may be difeective,  
 To luv thyne awin, geving of vthiris no cure:  
 Bot quhair that luv is rewlit by mefure, 125  
 It may be licknit to ane haill man eftait,  
 Intemperat warmenefs, nothir to cald nor hait.
- Than is thy luv inordenat, fay I,  
 Quhen ony createur mair than God thow luv is,  
 Or yit lufis ony to that fyne, quhairby 130  
 Thy felf or thame thow frawartis God remvffis;

For till attempir thyne amouris the behuffis,  
 Luve every wicht for God and to gude end, Fol. 293. a.  
 Thame be na wayis to harme bot to amend.

That is to know, luve God for his gudnes, 135  
 With hairt, haill mynd, trew seruice day and nicht;  
 Nixt lufe thy self, eschewand wicketnes,  
 Luve syne thy nychtbouris and wirk thame na vnricht,  
 Willing that thou and thay may haif the sicht  
 Of hevinis blifs, and tyft thame not thairfra, 140  
 For and thou do sic luf dow not a stra.

Faynt luve but grace for all thy fenyeit layis,  
 Thy wantoun wylis ar verry vanitie;  
 Graceles thou askis grace, and thus thou prayis,  
 Haive mercy, lady, haif rewth and sum petie; 145  
 And scho rewthles agane rewis on the;  
 Heir is na parramouris found, bot all hatrent,  
 Quhair nowthir to weill nor wa tak thay tent.

Callis thou that rewith, quhilk of thair self na rakkis?  
 Or is it grace to fall fra grace? Na, nay, 150  
 Thou feikis mercy and thairof mischefe makkis;  
 Renoun and honour quhy wald thou dryve away?  
 A brutale appetyte makis yung fulis forvay,  
 Quhilk be reffone list not thair heit refrane,  
 Haldand opinioun deir of a borit bene. 155

Sayis not your sentence thus, skant of a fafs;  
 Quhat honestie or renoun is to be dram,  
 Or for to drowp lyk a fordullit afs?  
 Latt ws in ryott leif, in sport and gam;  
 In Venus court, fen born thairto I am, 160  
 My tyme weill fall spent; wenis thou not so?  
 Bot all your follace fall returne in gram,  
 Sic thewilles lustis in bittir pane and wo.

Aganis ald  
Lichery.

Thow awld hafard lechour, fy for schame,  
That flatteris furth evirmair in flugardry; 165  
Owt on the, awld trat, aigit wyf or dame,  
Eschamis na tyme in rowft of fyn to ly; Fol. 293. b.  
Thir Venus warkis in yowtheid ar soly,  
Bot in to eild thay turne in fury rage;  
And quha schameles dowbillis thair fyn, ha, fy, 170  
As dois thir vantouris othir in yowth or aige?

Quhat neidis avant yow of your wicketnes,  
Ye that delytis allane in villanis deid?  
Quhy gloir ye in your awin vnthriftines?  
Eschame ye not reherfs and blaw on breid 175  
Your awin defame, havand of God na dreid,  
Na yit of hell provokand vthiris to fyn,  
Ye that lift of your palyerdie nevir blin?

Wald God ye purcheft bot your awin mischance,  
And war na banarreris for to perrifs mo; 180  
God grant sumtyme ye turne yow to pennance,  
Refrenyng luftis inordinat, and cry ho,  
And thair affix your lufe and mynd also,  
Quhair evir is verry joy withowttin offenses,  
That all sic beiftly fury ye lat go hens. 185

Aganis  
rellis.

Mak- Off brokkaris and sic bawdry how fowld I wryt,  
Of quhome the filth stynkis in Godis neifs?  
With Venus henwyffis, quhat wayis may I flyt,  
That straikis thir wenchis heidis thame to pleifs? 190  
Dochtir, for thy luve this man hes grit diseifs,  
Quod the bismair, with hir sleikit speiche;  
Rew on him, it is mirreit his pane to meifs;  
Sic poid makcrellis for Lucifer bene leiche.

To Virginis.

Eschame yung virgynis and fair damecellis,  
Furth of wedlok for to disteyne your kellis; 195

Treft not all tailis that wantoun wowaris tellis,  
Yow to defloir, purposing nothing ellis;  
Abhor sic pryce or prayer quhilk wirschep sellis;  
Quhair schame is lost, quyt schent is womanheid;  
Quhat of bewtie quhair honestie lyis deid?

200 Fol. 294. a.

Rew on your self, ladyis and madynis ying,  
Grant na sic rewith for evir ma caufs yow rew;  
Ye fresche gallandis, in hait defyre birning,  
Refrene your curage sic paramouris to perfew;  
Ground your amouris on cheretie all new,  
Found yow on reffoun; quhat neidis moir to preiche?  
God grant yow grace in lufe as I yow teiche.

205

Fy on diffait and fals dissimulance,  
Contrar to kynd with fenyeit cheir smyling,  
Vndir the cloke of luvís observance,  
The vennoum of the serpent reddy to fting;  
Bot all sic crymes in luvís caufs I refing,  
To the confessioun of morall Johine Gower,  
For I mon follow the text of our mater.

210

Thy dowble wound, Dido, to specify,  
I mene thyne amouris and thyne funerall fait,  
Quha may endyt, but teiris, with ene dry?  
Agustyne confessis him self wepit, God wait,  
Reding thy lamentable end misfortunat;  
By the will I repeat this versis agane,  
Temporall joy endis with wo and pane.

215

220

Allace, thy dolorus caice and hard mischance,  
Frome blifs to wo, frome sorrow to fury rage,  
Fra nobilnes, welth, prudence, and temperance,  
In brutall appetyt fell, in wyld dotage;  
Dantar of Affrik, quene foundar of Cartage,

225



Vmquhile in riches and schynnyng gloir ringing,  
Throw fuliche luft wrocht thyne awin vndoing.

Lo, with quhat thocht, bittirnes and pane,  
Luy vnfilly breidis every wicht; 230  
How schort quhyle dois his schort plesance remane,  
His restles blifs how sone takis the flicht? Fol. 294. b.  
His kyndnes alteris in wreth within ane nicht;  
Quhat is bot torment all his langsum fair,  
Begun with feir and endit in dispair? 235

Quhat fussy, ceur and strange ymagening,  
Quhat wayis vnlefull his purpois to attene,  
Hes this fals luft at his first begynnyng?  
How subteill wylis and mony quiet mene,  
Quhat slicht diffait quently to flat and fene? 240  
Syne in ane thraw can nocht him selfin hyd,  
Nor at his first estait no quhyle abyd.

O, thow swelth devorar of tyme vnrecoverable,  
O, luft infernall, furnes inextinguibill,  
Thy self consumyng worthis infaciabill, 245  
Quent feindis net, to God and man odibill;  
Of thy triggittis quhat tung may tell the tribill?  
With the to wrestill thow waxis evirmair wicht;  
Eschew thyne hant, and mynneis fall thy micht.

Se how blind luyes inordinat defyre 250  
Degraidis honour, and reffone dois exyle;  
Dido of Cartage floure, and lamp of Tyre,  
Quhais he renoun no strenth nor gift micht fyle,  
In hir faint luft so maid within schort quhyle,  
That honestie baith and gud fame war adew, 255  
Syne for desdene, allace, her selfin flew.

O, quhat availit thy brute and glorijs name,  
Thy nobill treffour and workis infinyt,

Thy citeis beilding and thy ryell fame,  
Thy realmis conquest, weilfair and delyte;  
To stynt all thingis faif thyne awin appetyte?  
So was in luve thy frawart deftanye,  
Allace, the quhyle thow knew the<sup>1</sup> strange Ence.

260

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has *thre*, an evident mislake.

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NOTE.—Three folios (295, 296, and 297) are here missing. In the original Table of Contents, appended to the MS., *Dik and Durie* is marked as occurring on folio 295, and probably there were other pieces in these folios.

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HEIR ENDIS THE BALLATTIS OF LUVE,  
REMEDY THAIROF AND CONTEMPT OF LUVE.

Fol. 298.a.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE FYIFT PAIRT  
 OF THIS BUIK,  
 CONTENYNG THE FABILLIS OF ESOP,  
 WITH DIUERSS VTHIR FABILLIS  
 AND POETICALL WORKIS,  
 MAID AND COMPYLD BE DIUERS  
 LERNIT MEN, 1568.

*To the Redar.*

Fol. 298. b.

**M**Y freindis thir storeis subsequent,  
 Albeid bot fabillis thay present,  
 Yit devyne doctowris of jugement  
     Sayis thair ar hid, but dowl,  
 Grave materis wyis and sapient,  
 Vnder the workis of poyetis gent;  
 Thairfoir be war that thow consent  
     To blame thir heir setowt.

5

## CCCXVI.

[Fable I.

Fol. 299. a.

*The Swallow and othir Birdis.]*

THE he prudence, and wirking mervellus,  
 The profound wit of God omnipotent,  
 Is so perfyt and so ingeing,  
 Excelland fer all manis argument.  
 For quhy? till him all thing is present,  
 Rycht as it is, or ony tyme falbe,  
 Befoir the sicht of his devinite.

5

Thairfore our faull with fensualitie  
 So fettrit is in prefoun corporale,  
 We may nocht cleirlye vndirftand nor see  
 God as he is, a thing celestiale.  
 Oure mirk and deidlye corfs materiale  
 Blindis the spirituall operation,  
 Lyke as man war bundin in prefoun.

10

In metaphisik Aristotle fayis,  
 That man faule is lyke ane bakkis ee,  
 Quhilk lurkis still as lang as lycht of day is,  
 And in the gloming cumis furth to flee;  
 Hir eine ar waik, the sun scho may nocht see:  
 So is oure faule with phantefye opprest,  
 To know the thingis in nature manifest.

15

20

For God is in his power infinyte,  
 And mannis faule is febill and owir small,  
 Off vndirftanding waik and vnperfyte,<sup>1</sup>  
 To comprehend him that contenis all:

25

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *vnperfyte*.

Non fuld prefume be reafoun naturale  
To ferche the fecretis of the Trinetie,  
Bot trow fermlic, and lat dirk reffounis be.

Yit nevirtheles we may hawe knowlegeing  
Off God Almychtie, be his creatouris, 30  
That he is guid, fair, wyifs and bening,  
Exemple takis be thir jolye flouris,  
Rycht fweit off smell and plesand of colouris,  
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpure, quhyte and ride,  
Thus diftribute the gift of his godheid. 35

The firmament paintit with starris cleir,  
Fra eift to west rolland in circill round,  
And everye planete in his propir sphere,  
In moving makand armonye and found;  
The fyre, the air, the watter, and the ground; 40  
Till vnderftand it is anuch, I wifs,  
That God in all his warkis wittie is.

Luik we the fische that fowmis in the fe;  
Luik we in erd all kynd of beftiall;  
The foulis fair fo forcelye thay flee, 45  
Scheddand the air with pennis grite and fmall;  
Syne luik to man, quhilk God maid laft of all,  
Lyke till his ymage and his fimilitude;  
Be thir we know that God is fair and guid.

All creatouris he maid for the behuiffe 50 Fol. 299. b.  
Off man, and till his fuppertatioun,  
Into this erd, baith vnder and abowe,  
In nowmer, wecht and dew proportioun;  
The differens off tyme and ilk feafoun,  
Concordand to oure oportunitie, 55  
As daylie be experiens we do fee.

The Somer with his jolye mantill grene,  
 With flouris fair furrir on everye fent,  
 Quhilk Flora, goddes of everye flouris quene,  
 Hes to that lord as for his seasoun lent; 60  
 And Phebus, with gowdin beames gent,  
 Hes purfillit, and paintit plefandlie,  
 With heat and mosture stilland fra the skye.

Sync Herwest hait, quhen Seres that goddes,  
 Hir barnis benit hes with abundance; 65  
 And Bachchus, god of wyne, renewit hes  
 Hir tome pypes in Italie and France,  
 With wynis wicht and liccour of pleafance;<sup>1</sup>  
 And copia tempis to fill hir horne,  
 That nevir wes full of quhite nor vthir corne. 70

Sync Winter wan, quhen aufterne Eolus,  
 God off the wind, with blastis boriall,  
 The grene garmont of Symmer glorious  
 Hes all to rent and revin in peices small;  
 Than flouris fair, faidit with frost, moift fall, 75  
 And birdis blyith changeis thair notis sweit  
 Intill murning, neir flane with snaw and fleit.

Thir dailis deip with dubbis drownit is,  
 Baith hill and holt heilit with frostis hair;  
 And bewis bene ar bethit bare of blifs, 80  
 Be wikkir windis of the Wintare wair:  
 All wyild beiftis than fra the bentis bair  
 Drawis for dreid vnto thair dennis deip,  
 Couchand for cauld in cowis thame to keip.

Sync cumis Wer, quhen Wintare is away, 85  
 The secretaire of Somer with his feill,  
 Quhen columbie vp kikis throw the clay,  
 Quhilk fleit was before with frostis feill:

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *pleafance*.



The mavifs<sup>1</sup> and the merle beginnis to meale;  
The lark on loft, with vthir birdis fmale, 90  
Than drawis furth fra darne, on down and daile.

That famin feafoun, into a foft morning,  
Rycht blyith thai bitter blastis wer ago,  
Wnto the wod to see the flouris fpring,  
And heir the mawifs<sup>2</sup> fing, and birdis mo, 95  
I passit furth, syne luikit to and fro,  
To se the fuyll, that was richt seafonable,  
Sappie, and to reffawe all feidis hable.

Movand thus gait, grit mirth I tuik in mynde  
Off lawboraris to see the befynace, 100  
Sum makand dike, and sum the pleuch can wynd, Fol.301.a.<sup>3</sup>  
Sum fawand fedis fast, fra place to place,  
The harrowis hoppand in the fawaris trace:  
It was grite joy to him that lufit corne,  
To se thame laboure fa at evin and morne. 105

And as I baid vnder a bank full bene,  
In hert gritlie reiofit of that ficht,  
Vnto a hege, vnder a hawthorne grene,  
Off fmall birdis thair come a ferlye flicht;  
And down belyve can on the levis lycht, 110  
On everye fyde about me quhair I stude,  
Rycht meruelous a mekle multitude.

Amang the quhilk a Sualow loud coud cry,  
On that hawthorne heich in the crop sittand;  
O, ye birdis on bewis, here me by, 115  
Ye fall wele knaw and wyisly vndirstand  
Quhair danger is and perrell appeirand;  
It is grite wissdome to prowdeye before,  
It to deuoid, or drede it hurt yow more.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *maveiffs*. <sup>2</sup> MS. has *mawiffs*. <sup>3</sup> The folios are here wrongly numbered and arranged; 300 and 301 should be transposed.



Schir Suallow, quod the Lark agane, and leuch, 120  
 Quhat hawe ye sene that caufis yow to drede?  
 Se ye yone churll, quod scho, beyond yone pleuch,  
 Fast sawand hemp, lo, fe, and lynget fede?  
 Yone lynt will grow in lytill tyme of dede,  
 And thairof will yone churll his nettis mak, 125  
 Vnder the quhilk he thinkis ws to tak.

Thairfore I rede pas we quhen he is gone  
 At evin, and with our nailis scharp and small,  
 Out of the erd schraip we yone fede anone,  
 And ete it wp, for gif it growis, we fall 130  
 Haue caufs to weip here eftir ane and all;  
 Se we remede thairfore furth with instante,  
 Nam leuius ledit quicquid prouidimus ante.

For clerkis fayis it is sufficient  
 To confidder that is befor thine ee, 135  
 Bot prudence is ane inward argument,  
 That garris a man prowde befor and fee  
 Quhat guid, quhat evill, is likly for to be  
 Off everye thingis, at the final end,  
 And fe fro perrell ethar him defend. 140

The Lark lauchand, the Suallow thus coud scorne,  
 And said scho fischit lang befor the nett;  
 The barne is eith to busk that is vnborne;  
 All growis nocht that in the ground is fett;  
 The nek to stoup quhen it the strake fall get 145  
 Is fone eneuch; dede on the feyest fall:  
 Thus scornit thay the Suallow ane and all.

Despising thus hir hailsum document,  
 The foulis ferflye tuke thair flicht annone,  
 Sum with a bir thaj braidit our the bent, 150  
 And sum agane ar to the grenewod gone:

Vpoun the land, quhair I wes left allone,  
I tuke my club and hamewart coud I carye,  
So ferlyand as I had fene a farye.

We furth passit quhill June, that jolye tyde, 155 Fol. 301. b.  
And fedis, that war sawin of beforne,  
War growin heich, that hairis mycht thame hyde,  
And als the Qualye crakand in the corne;  
I movit furth, betwene mid day and morne,  
Vnto the hege, vnder the hawthorne grene, 160  
Quhair I befor the said birdis had fene.

And as I stude be aventure and cais,  
The famin birdis as I haif said yow air,  
I hoip, becaus it was thair hanting place,  
Mair of succour, or yit mair folitare, 165  
Thay lychtit down; and quhen thaj lychtit ware,  
The Suallow fuyft put furth a piteoufs pryme,  
Said, Wois him can nocht be war in tyme.

O, blind birdis, and full of negligence,  
Vnmyndfull of your prosperitie, 170  
Cast vp your sycht, and tak guid aduertence,  
Luik to the lynt that growis on yone lye,  
Yone is the thing I bad, furthwith that we,  
Quhill it was seid, had tane it out of the erd;  
Now is it lynt, now is it heych on breird. 175

Go yit, quhill it is tendir, young and small,  
And pull it vp, lett it no moir increfs;  
My flesch growis, my bodye quakis all;  
Thinkand on it I may nocht sleip in pefs.  
Thaj cryit all, and baid the Suallow ceifs, 180  
And said, Yone lint heireftir will do guid,  
For lingett is a lytill birdis fuid.

We think, quhen that yone lint bowis ar rype,  
 To mak ws feyft and fill ws of the feid,  
 Mawgre yone churll, and on it sing and pype. 185  
 Weill, quod the Sualow, freindis hardlye beit;  
 Do as ye will, bot certane fair I dreid  
 Heireftir ye fall find als soure as fweit,  
 Quhen ye ar speldit on yone cairlis speit.

The awnare off yone lint ane fowlare is, 190  
 Rycht cawtelous and full of subteltye;  
 His pray full feindill tymes will he mifs,  
 Bot giff we birdis all the warrare be;  
 Full monye of our kin he gart dee,  
 And thocht it bot ane sport till spill thair blude, 195  
 God keip me fra him, and the Hellie Rude.

Thir small birdis, haifand bot litill thocht  
 Off perrell, that mycht fall be aventoure,  
 The counsale of the Sualow sett at nocht,  
 Bot tuik thair flicht and on togidder fure, 200  
 Sum to the wod, sum markit to the mure.  
 I tuik my stalf, quhen this was faid and done,  
 And walkit hame, quhill it drew neir hand none.

This lint rypit, the carle pullit the lyne,  
 Ripplit the bowis, and in beitis fett, 205  
 It steipit in the burne, and dryit syne,  
 And with a bittill knokit it, and bett,  
 Syne scutchit it weill, and heclit it in the flett;  
 His wyffe it span, and twane it into freid, Fol. 300.a.<sup>1</sup>  
 Off quhilk the foular nettis war maid indeid. 210

The wintare cam, the wickit wind can blaw,  
 The woddis grene war wallowit with the weit,  
 Bayth firth and fell with frostis war maid faw,  
 Slonkis and slak maid slidderie with the fleit;

<sup>1</sup> Transposed: see note on p. 859.

The foulis fair for falt thaj fell of feit; 215  
 Quhen bewis bair it was na bute to byde,  
 Bot hyit on in houffis thame to hyde.

Sum in the berne, fum in the stak of corne,  
 The ludgeing tuke and maid thair residence:  
 The fowlare saw and grit athis hes he sworne, 220  
 Thaj fuld be tane trewlie for thair expence.  
 His nettis he hes fett with diligence,  
 And in the snaw he schulit hes a plane,  
 And healit it at ower with calf agane.

Thir small birdis seand the calf was gled; 225  
 Trowand it had bene corne thaj lychtit doun,  
 Bot of the nettis na prefume thaj had,  
 Nor of the fowlaris fals intentioun;  
 To schraip and feik thair meit thaj maid thame boun.  
 The Sualow into a branche litill by, 230  
 Dredand for gyle, thus loud on thame coud cry:

Into this caffie scraip quhill<sup>1</sup> your nailis bleid,  
 Thair is na corne, ye laubour all in vaine;  
 Trow ye yone churll for pietie will yow feid?  
 Na, na, he hes it lyit heir for a traine; 235  
 Remowe, I ride yow, or ellis ye wilbe flaine;  
 His nettis he hes fett full priuelie,  
 Reddie to draw; in tyme be war for thye.

Grite full is he that puttis in danger  
 His lyfe, his honour, for a thing of nocht; 240  
 Grite fule is he that will nocht glaidlie heir  
 Counsale in tyme, quhill it availl him mocht;  
 Grite fule is he that na thing hes in thocht  
 Bot thing present, and eftir quhat may fall,  
 Nor off the end, hes na memoriall. 245

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *will*.

Thir small birdis, for hungar famist neir,  
 Full biffie scaipand for to seik thair fude,  
 The counsale of the Sualow wald nocht heir,  
 Suppoifs thair laubour did thame litill guid.  
 Quhen scho thair fulifch hertis vnderstude 250  
 So indurate, vp in a tree scho flew;  
 With that the churll owir thame his nettis drew.

Alace, it was rycht grite hertis fair to fee,  
 That bludye bouchure beit thaj birdis doun,  
 And for to heir, quhen thaj wift weill to dee, 255  
 Thair cirfull fang and lamentatioun:  
 Sum with ane staffe he straik to erd in foun,  
 Sum offe the heid, off sum he brak the craig,  
 Sum half on lywe he stappit in his bag.

And quhen the Sualow saw that thaj war deid, 260  
 Lo, quod scho, thus it happin oftin syis  
 Off thame that will nocht tak counsale nor reid  
 Off prudent men, or clerkis that ar wyis:  
 This grit perrell I tauld thame mair than thryis;  
 Now ar thaj deid, and wois me thairfore. 265 Fol. 300. b.  
 Scho tuik hir flycht,<sup>1</sup> bot hir I saw no moir.

[*Moralitas.*]

Lo, worthie folk, Esope, that nobill clerk,  
 Ane poete wirthie to be lawreate,  
 Quhen he waikit fra moir autentik work,  
 With vther mo, this fairfaid faibill wrate, 270  
 Quhilk at this tyme may weilbe applicate  
 To guid morale edificatioun,  
 Hawand ane sentence cordand to reafoun.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *flych*.

This carll and bond of gentrice poliate,  
 Sawand this caff thir small birdis to flay, 275  
 It is the feind, quhilk fra the angellis state  
 Exylit is, as fals apostita,  
 Quhilk day and nycht nevir werye to ga,  
 Sawand poyfoun and monye wickit thocht  
 In manniss faule, quhilk Christ full deir hes bocht. 280

And quhen the faull, as feid dois in the erd,  
 Giffis consent in delectatioun,  
 The wickit thocht than begynniss to breird  
 In deidlye syn, quhilk is dampnatioun ;  
 Reafoun is blindit with affectioun, 285  
 And carnall luft growis full grene and gay,  
 Throw confwetude hantit fra day to day.

Proceding furth be vfe and confuetude  
 Syn rypis, and schame is fett on fyde,  
 The feind plettis his nettis stark and rude, 290  
 And vnder pleasaunce priuelye dois hyde ;  
 Syne on the feild he sawis calf full wyde,  
 Quhilk is bot tome and verrye vanitie  
 Off fleschlye lust, and vaine prosperitie.

Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call, 295  
 Ay scraipand in this wardlis vaine plefaunce,  
 Gredye to gadder guidis temporall,  
 Quhilk as the caff ar tome without substaunce,  
 Litill of vaill, and full of variance,  
 Lyke to the mow befoir the face of wind 300  
 Wiskis away, and makis wretchis blind.

This<sup>1</sup> Sualow, quhilk escapit thus the snair,  
 The halye precheour weill may signifie,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Thus*.

Exortand men to walk, and ay be war  
 Fra nettis of our wickit enemye, 305  
 Quhilk slepis nocht, bot evir is reddye,  
 Quhen wretchis in this warldis wrak do scaip,  
 To draw his nett, that thaj may nocht eschaip.

Alace, quhat cair, quhat weping is and wo,  
 Quhen faull and bodye pairtit ar in twane, 310  
 The bodye to the wirmis kitching go,  
 The faull to fyre and evirlasting paine:  
 Quhat helpis than this caufe, and guidis vaine,  
 Quhen thou art putt in Luciferis bag,  
 And brocht to hell and hangit be the craig? 315

Thir hide nettis for to persawe and see, Fol. 302.a.  
 This sorye casse wyillie to vnderstand,  
 Best is be war in maist prosperitie,  
 For in this world thair is no thing leftand;  
 Is na man waitt quhow lang his stait will stand, 320  
 His lyfe will left, nor how that he fall end  
 Eftir his deid, nor quhidder he fall wend.

Pray we thairfore, quhill we ar in this lyffe,  
 For foure thingis; the first, fra syn remowe;  
 The secund is to seifs all weir and stryfe; 325  
 The thrid is perfyte cheritye and lowe;  
 The ferd thing is, and maist for our behowe,  
 That is in bliis with angellis to be fallow.  
 And thus endis the Preching of the Swallow.

*Finit.*

[*Fable II.*]

**I**N the middis of Majj, at morne, as I ment,  
 Throw mirth markit on mold, till a grene meid,  
 The bemis blyitheft<sup>2</sup> of blee fro the sone blent,  
 That all brychtnit about the bordouris on breid;  
 With alkin herbis off air that war in erd lent  
 The feildis flourischit, and fret full of fairheid.  
 So soft was the seafoun our Souerane doun sent,  
 Throw the greabill gift off his Godheid,  
 That all was amiable ower the air and the erd.  
 Thus throw the cliftis so cleir,  
 Alone but fallow or feir,  
 I raikit till a riweir,  
 That ryallye reird.

This riche rywer down ran, but resting or rove,  
Throw a forreft on fauld, that ferlye was fair; 15  
All the brayis off that bryme buir brenchis above,  
And birdis blyitheft off ble on blossomes bair;  
The land loun was and lie, with lyking and love,  
And for to lende<sup>s</sup> by that lak thoct me levare,  
Becaufs that thir hertis in herdis coud hove, 20  
Pranfand and prunyeand be pair and be pare.  
Thus fat I in folace sekirlye and suire,  
Content of the fair firth,  
Mekle mair of the mirth,  
Als was blyith off the birth, 25  
That the ground buire.

<sup>1</sup> *Maid be Holland* afterwards written, but seemingly by the same hand as the MS.

<sup>2</sup>MS. has *blemis blywe est*. <sup>3</sup>Perhaps altered to *leynde*.



The birth that the ground bure was broudyn on bredis,  
 With gerfs gay as the gold, and granis off grace,  
 Mendis and medicine for all mennis neidis,<sup>1</sup>  
 Help till hert, and till hurt, helefull it was. 30  
 Vnder the circle solar thir fanouroufs fedis  
 Were nurift be dame Nature, that nobill maiftres;  
 Bot all thair namys to nyvin as now it nocht nedis;  
 It wer prolixit and lang, and lenthing of fpace. Fol. 302. b.  
 And I haif mekle mater in metir to glofs 35  
 Of ane vthir sentence,  
 And waik is my eloquence;  
 Thairfoir in haift will I hence  
 To the purpoifs.

Off that purpoifs in that place, be pryme of the day, 40  
 I hard a peteous appeill, with a pure mane,  
 Sowlpit in sorrow, that fadly could fay,  
 Wois me, wreche, in this warld wilfum of wane,  
 With moir murnyng in mynd than I mene may,  
 Rowpit rewthfully roch in a roulk rud rane. 45  
 Off that ferly on fold I fèll in affray,  
 Nyrar that noyus in neft I nycht in ane,  
 I faw a Howlat in haift, vndir ane holyng,  
 Lukand the lak throw,  
 And faw his awin fchadow, 50  
 At the quhilk he culd grow,  
 And maid a gowling.

He gret gryllie grym, and gaif a grit youle,  
 Hedand and chydand with churlich cheir.  
 Quhy is my face, quod the fyle, faffonit fo foule, 55  
 My forme and my fetherem vnfrelie but feir?  
 My neb is nytherit as a nok; I am but ane Oule.  
 Aganis natur in the nycht I waik into weir;

<sup>1</sup> Originally *meidis* but afterwards altered and *leydis* added.



I dar do nocht on the day, bot droup as a doule,  
 Nocht for schame of my schaip in pert till appeir; 60  
 Thus all thir foulis for my filth hes me at feid;  
 That be I fene in thair ficht,  
 To luke out on day lycht,  
 Sum will me dolefully dycht,  
 Sum ding me to my deid. 65

Sum bird will bay at my beke, and sum will me byte,  
 Sum skirp me with scorne, sum skyrme at myn e;  
 I fe be my schaddow, my schap hes the wyte;  
 Quhame fall I bleme in this breth, a besym that I be?  
 Is none bot dame Natur I bid nocht to nyte 70  
 To accus in this caufs, in cais that I de.  
 Bot quha fall mak me amendis of hir wirth a myte,  
 That thus hes maid on the mold a monster of me?  
 I will appeill to the Paip, and pafs to him plane;  
 For happin that his halynace, 75  
 Throw prayer may purchase,  
 To reforme my foule face,  
 And than wer I fane.

Fane wald I wit, quod the fyle, or I furth fure,  
 Quha is Fader of all foule, Pastour and Paip; 80  
 That is the plesand Pacok, pretious and pure,  
 Constant and kirk lyk vndir his cleir kaip,  
 Myterit as the maner is, mansueit and demure,  
 Schrowd in his scheneweid, and schand in his schaip,  
 Sad in his sanctitud, sickerly and sure; 85  
 I will go to that guid, his grace for to graip. Fol. 303. a.  
 Off that bourd I was blyith, and baid to behald  
 The Howlate, violent of vyce,  
 Raikit vnder the ryce,  
 To the Pacok of pryce, 90  
 That was Pape cald.

Beffoir the Paip, quhen that puir present him had,  
 With sic courtassye as he coud, on knees he fell,  
 Said, Ave rabye, be the Rude I am rycht rade,  
 To behald your hellynes, or my taill tell; 95  
 I may nocht suffise to se your sanctitude sad.  
 The Paip wyillie, I wiis, of wirschip the well,  
 Gawe him his braid bennefoun and baldlie him bade,  
 That he suld specialie speik and spair nocht to spell.  
 I com to speir, quod the spreit, into speciall, 100  
 Quhy I am formit fa foull,  
 Ay to yout and to youll,  
 As ane horrible Oule,  
 Ougfum owir all.

I am nytherit ane Oule thus be Nature, 105  
 Lykar a fulle than a foull, in figure and face;  
 Byssym of all birdis, that evir bodye bure,  
 Without caus or cryme kend in this cace.  
 I hawe appeillit to your prefence, pretious and puir,  
 To ask help into haist at your holynace, 110  
 That ye wald crye vpoun Christ, that all hes in cuir,  
 To schape me ane schand bird in a schort space;  
 And to accuse Nature this is no way.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus throw your halynes may ye  
 Mak a fair soull of me, 115  
 Or ellis dreidles I dee,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or my end day.

Off thy deid, quod the Paip, pitie I hawe,  
 Bot of Nature to pleyne it is parrell;  
 I can nocht say suddanlie, so me Christ sawe, 12  
 Bot I fall call my cardinallis and my counsell,  
 Patriarkis and prophetis, ourelerit all the lawe,  
 Thaj falbe semblit full sone, that thow se fall.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *way*. <sup>2</sup> Originally *will dee*.

Pape Jo. He callit on his cubiculare within his conclawe,  
 That was the propir Papingo, proud in his apparrell; 125  
 Bad fend for his secretaire, and his sele sone,  
 That was the Turture trewest,  
 Ferme, faithfull and fest,  
 That bure that office honest,  
 And enterit but hone. 130

The Paip commandit but hone to wryt in all landis,  
 Be the said secretaire, that the sele yemyt,  
 For all staitis of kirk that vnder Christ standis,  
 To fembre till his summondis, as it weill femyt.  
 The trew Turture has tane with the tithandis, 135  
 Done dewly his dett as the dere demyt,  
 Syne belyve fend the lettres into sere landis,  
 With the Sualow, so swift in speciale expremitt,  
 The Papis herald at poynt into present.  
 For he is furthward to flee, 140  
 And ay will haif entree,  
 In hous and in hall hee,  
 To tell his entent.

Quhat fall I tell ony mair of thir materis; Fol. 303. b.  
 Bot thir lordis belyve thir lettres hes tane, 145  
 Refsaute thame with reuerence, to reid as efferis,  
 And richelye the heraldis rewardit ilk ane.  
 Than busk thaj but blin, monye bewfcheris  
 Graithes thame, but growching, that gait for to gane;  
 All the staitis of kirk out of steid steris; 150  
 And I fall note yow richt now thair namis in ane,  
 How thaj apperit to the Paip and present thame ay,  
 Fair, farrand and free,  
 In ane guidlye degree,  
 And manlyke, as thocht me 155  
 In middis off May.

All thus in Maij, as I ment in a morning,  
 Come foure Phelandis, full fair in the first front.  
 Presentit thame as patriarkis in thair appering,  
 Benygne of obedience, and blyith in the bront. 160  
 A college of cardinallis come fyne in a ling,  
 That war Crannis of kynd, gif I rycht compt,  
 With ride hattis on heid, in hale taikinning  
 Off that deir dignitie with wirschip ay wont.  
 Thair ar foulis of effect, but felonye or feid, 165  
 Spirituall in all thing,  
 Leill in thair leving,  
 Thairfore in dignetic ding  
 Thaj dure to thair deid.

Yit induring the day to that dere drew 170  
 Swannis fuonchand full fwyith, sweitest of fuare,  
 In quhyte rokcattis arrayit; as I rycht knew  
 That thaj wer bischoppis blift, I was the blyvare;  
 Stable and steidfast, tendir and trew,  
 Off few wirdis, full wyis and worthye thaj ware. 175  
 Thair was Pyattis and Pertrekis and Plevaris a new,  
 As abbatis of all ordouris that honorable ar,  
 The See Mawis war monkis, the blak and the quhyte,  
 The Goull was a garintar,  
 The Swerthbak a cellerar, 180  
 The Scarth a fisch fangar,  
 And that a perfyte.

Perfytelie thir Pik Mawis as for priouris,  
 With thair pairtie habitis present thame thair;  
 Herronis contemplatywe clein chertouris, 185  
 With toppit hudis on heid, and clethit<sup>1</sup> of hair;  
 Ay forowfull and said at all houris,  
 Was nevir leid saw thame lauch, bot drowpand and dare.  
 All kin chennonis eik of vthir ordouris,

<sup>1</sup> Originally *clair*.

- Kais. All maner of religioun, the lefs and the mair; 190  
 Cryand Crawis and Kais, that crewis the corne,  
 War pur freiris forward,  
 That with the leve of the lard  
 Will cum to the corne yard,  
 At evin and at morne. 195
- Yit or evin enterit that bure offyce,  
 Obeyand thir bischoppis, and bydand thame by,  
 Grit Ganaris on ground, in gudle awyce,  
 That war demit, but dout, denys<sup>1</sup> duchtty. 200  
 Thaj mak refidence reth, and airlie will ryifs  
 To keip the college clein, and the clargye.  
 The Coke in his cleir kaip, that crawis and cryis, Fol. 304. a.  
 Was chofin chantour full cheiff in the chennonrye;  
 Thair come the Curlew a clark, and that a cunand,  
 Chargit as chancellare, 205  
 For he coud wryte windir fare,  
 With his neb for mestare,<sup>2</sup>  
 Vpoun the see fand.
- Vpoun the fand yit I saw, as thesaurare tane,  
 With grene awmoufs on hede, Schir Gawane the Drake; 210  
 The Arfeene that ourman ay prechand in plane;  
 Correctour of kirkmen was clepit the Clake;  
 The Mortoun, the Murecok, the Myrſnyp in ane,  
 Lychtit as lerit men of law by that lake;  
 The Ravin, rowpand rudely in a roch rane, 215  
 Was dene rurall to rede rank as a rake;  
 Quhill the lardun was laid, held he na houfs,  
 Bot in vplandis townis,  
 At vicaris and perfonis,  
 For the procurationis, 220  
 Cryand full croufs.

<sup>1</sup> Originally *denis*. <sup>2</sup> The margin has *myftar*.

The croufs Capoun, a clerk vnder clere wedis,  
 Full of cherite, chafte and vnchangeable,  
 Was officiale, but les that the law ledis,  
 In caufis confistoriale, that ar courfable. 225  
 The Sparrow Venus he vefyit for his vile dedis,  
 Lyand in lechorye, laith, vnlouable;  
 The Feldefar, in the forrest that febily him fedis,  
 Be ordour ane hofpitular was ordanit full hable;  
 The Kowfchotis war perfonis in thair apparrele; 230  
 The Dow, Noyes meffingere,  
 Rownand ay with his fere,  
 Was a curate, to here  
 Confessionis hale.

Confefs cleir can I nocht, nor kyth all the cas, 235  
 The kynd of thair cummyng, thir compaignyes eke,  
 The manere nor the multitude, famonye thair was;  
 All Se foull and Sede foull was nocht for to feke.  
 Thir ar na foulis of ref, nor of rethnas,  
 Bot manfuate, but malice, manerit, and meke, 240  
 And all apperit to the Paip, in that ilk place,  
 Saluft his fanctitude with spirituall fpeke;  
 The Pape gaif his benefoun and bliffit thame all;  
 Quhen thaj war rangit on rawis,  
 Off thair cuming the haill cawifs 245  
 Was faid into fchort fawis,  
 As ye here fall.

The Pape faid to the Oule, Propone thine appele,  
 Thy lamentabill langage, as like the beft.  
 I am deformit, quod the foull, with faltis full fele, 250  
 Be Nature nytherit ane Oule noyus in neft,  
 Wrech of all wrechis, fra wirfchip and wele;  
 All this tretye hes he tald be termes in teft.  
 It nedis nocht to renew all myn vnhele,

Sen it was menit to your mynd and maid manifest. 255  
 Bot to the poynt pietoufs he prait the Pape  
 To call the clergie with cure,  
 And fe gif that Nature  
 Mycht reforme his figure,  
 In a fair fchaip. 260

Than fairly the Fader thir foulis he frainyt  
 Off thair counfele in this caifs, fen thaj the rycht knewe;  
 Giff thaj the Houlat mycht help, that was fo hard panyt. Fol. 304. b.  
 And thaj verelye avifit, full of vertewe,  
 The mater, the maner, and how it remanyt; 265  
 The circumstance, and the ftait, all coude thaj argewe.  
 Monye alleageance lele, in lede nocht to lane it,  
 Off Aristotle and ald men, fcharplye thaj fchewe;  
 The prelatis thair apperance proponyt generall.  
 Sum laid to, fum fra, 270  
 Sum nay, and fum ya;  
 Bayth pro and contra  
 Thus argewe thaj all.

Thus argewe thaj erniftlye woner oftis,  
 And fyne to the famyn forfuth thaj affent hale, 275  
 That fen it nychlit Nature, thair alleris maiftrifs,  
 Thaj coud nocht trete but entent of the temperale.  
 Thairfore thaj counfele the Pape to wryte on this wifs  
 To the athill emperour, fouerane in fale,  
 Till addrefs to that diete, to deme his avifs, 280  
 With dukis and with digne lordis, derrest in dale,  
 Erlis of anceftry and vthir ynewe.  
 So that spirituale ftate,  
 And the feculare confate,  
 Mycht all gang in a gate, 285  
 Tendir and trewe.



The trew Turture and traift, as I heir tald,  
 Wrate thir lettres at lenth, leleft in lede;  
 Syne throw the Papis precept planelye thame yald  
 To the Sualow so swift, harrald in hede, 290  
 To ettill to the emperoure, of anceftry ald.  
 He wald nocht spare for to fpring on a guid fpede;  
 Fand him in Babilonis tour, with bernis so bald,  
 Cruell kingis with croun and duckis but drede.  
 He gaue thir lordis belyve the lettres to luke; 295  
 Quhilk the riche emperoure,  
 And all othir in the houre,  
 Reflaut with honour,  
 Bayth princis and duke.  
  
 Quhen thaj confaut had the cas and the credence, 300  
 Be the herald in hall hufe thaj nocht ellis,  
 Bot bownis out of Babilon with all obedience,  
 Sekis our the falt fee, fro the fouth fellis,  
 Enteris in Europ, free but offence,  
 Waillis willye the wayis, be woddis and wellis, 305  
 Till thaj approach to the Pape in his prefence,  
 At the foirfaid trifte quhair the trete tellis.  
 Thaj fand him in a forreft, frelye and fare;  
 Thay halfit his halynes,  
 And ye fall here in fchort fpace 310  
 Quhat worthy lordis thair was,  
 Giff your willis ware.  
  
 Thair was the Egill fo grym, gretteft on ground is,  
 Athill emperoure our all, moft awfull in erd;  
 Ern is ancient of air kingis that cround is, 315  
 Nixt his celfitude for futh fecound apperd,  
 Quhilk in the firmament throw forfs of thair flycht foundis,  
 Percyng the fonne, with thair fycht felcouth to herde.  
 Gyre Falcons, that gentile<sup>1</sup> in bewte habondis,

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has first *generalle*.

	War dere duckis, and digne, to deme as efferd.	320
	The Falcon, fairest of flycht fermyt on fold,	
	Was ane erle of honour,	
	Marſchall to the emperour,	
	Bothe in hall and in bour,	
	Hende to behold.	325
	Goifhalkis wer gouernouris of the grit oft,	Fol. 305. a.
	Chofin chiftanis, chevelrufs in chairgis of weiris,	
Marqueffis.	Marchionnis in the mapamond, and of mycht moft,	
	Nixt dukis in dignite, quhome no dreid deiris.	
	Sperk Halkis, that ſpedely will compas the coſt,	330
	Wer kene knychtis of kynd, clene of maneiris,	
	Blycht bodeit and beild, but barrat or boſt,	
	With ene celeſtiall to ſe, circulit with fapheiris.	
	The Specht wes a purſevand, proud to appeir,	
	That raid befoir the emperour,	335
	In a cote of armour	
	Of all kynd of cullour,	
	Cumly and cleir.	
The armes.	He bure cumly to knaw be conſcience cleir	
	Thre cronis and a crucefix, all of clene gold,	340
	The burd with orient perle plant till appeir,	
	Dicht as a dyademe digne, deir to behold,	
	Circlit on ilka ſyd with a fapheir,	
	The jaſpis jonit the jem, and rubeyis inrold.	
	Syne twa keifs our corſs, of ſiluer fo cleir,	345
i. Paipis armes.	In a feild of aſur flamit on fold;	
	The Paipis armes at poynt to blaſone and beir,	
	As feiris for a purſevant,	
	That will viage avant,	
	Actiue and auenant,	350
	Armes to weir.	

- 2 Empriouris  
armes. Syne in a feild of filuer, secound he beiris  
Ane Egill ardent of air, that ettilis fo he,  
The membiris of the famyn foule displayit as affeiris,  
Ferme formit on fold, ay fet for to fle; 355  
All of fable the self, quha the suth leiris,  
The beke bypertitit bryme of that ilk ble.  
The empriour of Almane tha armes he weiris,
- 3 France armes. As signifer fouerane; and syne culd I fe  
Thre flour delycis of France, all of fyne gold, 360  
In a feild of afure,  
The thrird armes in honour  
The faid purfevand bure,  
That blenkit fo bold.
- Scotlandis  
armes. Thairwith linkit in a lyng, be leirit men approvit, 365  
He bure a lyoun as lord, of gowlis full gay,  
Maid maikles of mycht, on mold quhair he movit,  
Rycht rampand as roy ryell of array.  
Off pure gold wes the grund, quhair the grym hovit,  
With dowble treffour about, flowrit in fay; 370  
And flourdelycis on loft, that mony leid lovit;  
Off gold signet and fet, to schaw in assay;  
Our fouerane of Scotlandis armes to knaw,  
Quhilk falbe lord and ledar  
Our bred Britane all quhair, 375  
As sanct Mergaretis air,  
And the signe schaw.
- The descrip-  
tioun of the  
Dowglafs  
armes. Next the fouerane signe wes fickerly fene,  
That scheruit his serenite euir scheruiable,  
The armes of the Dowglafs dughty bedene, 380  
Knawin throw all Christindome be cognoscence hable.  
Off Scotland the weir wall, wit ye but wene,  
Our fais forfs to defend, and vnselyeable; Fol. 305. b.  
Baith barmekin and bar to Scottis blud bene,

- Our lofs, and our liking, that lyne honorable. 385  
 That word is fo wondir warme, and euir yit wafs,  
 It fynkis fone in all pairte  
 Off a trew Scottis hairte,  
 Reiofand ws invart  
 To heir of Dowglafs. 390
- Off the duchtie Dowglafs to dyte I me drefs;  
 Thair armes of anceftre honorable ay,  
 Quhilk oft blithit the Bruce in diftrefs,  
 Thairfoir he bliffit that blud bald in affay. 395  
 Reid the writ of thair werk, to your witnefs,  
 Furth on my mater to mufe I move as I may.
- The grene tre. The faid purfevandis gyd wes grathit I gefs,  
 Brufit with a grene tre, gudly and gay,  
 That bure branchis on bred blythefte of hew;  
 On ilk bewch to imbrafs, 400  
 Writtin in a bill wafs,  
 O Dowglas, Dowglafs,  
 Tendir and trew.
- Syne fchyre fchapin to fchaw, mony fchene fcheild,  
 With tufcheis of treft filk ticht to the tre; 405  
 Ilk brenche had the birth, burly and beild,
- Four branchis of the tre. Four flureift our all gritteft of gre.  
 Ane in the crop heich, as cheif I beheld,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quhilk bur in to afure, blythefte of ble,  
 Siluer fternis fo fair; and pairte of the feild 410  
 Was filuer fett with a hairt, heirly and he,  
 Of gowlis full gratius, that glemit full gay;  
 Syne in afure the mold,  
 A lyoun, cronit with gold,  
 Of filuer ye fe fchold, 415  
 To ramp in array.

<sup>1</sup> Originally as *I cheifly beheld*.

THE BRUCE.

The quarterly was,  
 As the print as the fyre;  
 And the andre I gefs,  
 As the intentfull attyre. 420  
 The wyte or addrefs,  
 As the dolie defyre;  
 The principale neuirthelefs,  
 As the new<sup>1</sup> hairtly but hyre.  
 The hair lordſchip of fa lang date, 425  
 The armouris of eld,  
 The herald I held;  
 The Bruce beld,  
 The ſwate.

The ſtation of trewth and conſtance kend, 430  
 The colour of azure, hevinly hew,  
 The way to the Dowglafs that ſenye wes fend,  
 As elect, all Scotland fra ſkath to reſkew.  
 The iluir in the ſamyn half, trewly to tend,  
 As elcyr curage in armes, quha the richt knew. 435  
 The bludy hairt that thaj beir the Bruce at his end,  
 With his eftaitis in the ſteid, and nobillis enew,  
 Addit in thair armes for honorable caufs,  
 As his tendereſt and deir,  
 In his maift miſteir; 440  
 As falbe ſaid to yow heir  
 In to ſchort ſawis.

The roy Robert the Bruce to raik he avowit, Fol. 306.a.  
 With all the hairt that he had, to the haly graue;  
 Sync quhen the date of his deid derfly him dowit, 445  
 With lordis of Scotland, lerit, and the lave,  
 As worthy, wyfeſt to waile, in wirſchip allowit,  
 To James lord of Dowglafs thay the gre gave,  
 To go with the kingis hairt; thairwith he nocht growit;

<sup>1</sup> Originally *have*.

Bot faid to his fouerane, So me God faue, 450  
 Your grete giftis and grant ay gratius I fand;  
 Bot now it movis all thir maift,  
 That your hairt nobillest  
 To me is clofit and keft,  
 Throw your command. 455

I love yow mair for that lofe<sup>1</sup> ye lippin me till,  
 Than ony lordfchip or land, fo me our Lord leid;  
 I fall waynd for no way to wirk as ye will,  
 At wifs, gife my werd wald, with yow to the deid.  
 Thair with he lowttit full law. Thame lykit full ill, 460  
 Bayth lordis and ladeis, that ftud in the fteid.  
 Off commoun natur the courfs be<sup>2</sup> kynd to fulfill.  
 The gud king gaif the gefit to God for to rede;  
 In Cardrofs that crownit clofit his end.  
 Now God, for his grit grace, 465  
 Sett his faule in folace;  
 And we will fpeik of Dowglace,  
 Quhat wey he coud wend.

The hairt coiftly he coud clofs in a cleir cace,  
 And held alhaill the beheft he hecht to the king; 470  
 Come to the haly graue, throw Godis grit grace,  
 With offerandis and orifonis, and all vthir thing;  
 Our faluatouris fepultour, and the famyn place,  
 Quhair he raifs, as we reid, richtoufs to ring;  
 With all the relikis rath, that in that rowm wace, 475  
 He gart hallow the hairt, and fyne cud hit hing,  
 About his hals foull hend, and on his awin hart.  
 Oft wald he kiffit, and cry,  
 O flour of cheuelry!  
 Quhy leif I, allace, quhy, 480  
 And thow deid art?

My deir, quod the Dowglafs, art thow to deid dicht?

<sup>1</sup>Originally *lofs*.    <sup>2</sup>Originally *the*.

My ſingular fouerane, of Saxonis the wand;  
 Now bot I ſemble for thy ſawlis with Sarazenis mycht,  
 Sall I neur ſene be in to Scotland. 485  
 Than in defenſs of the faith he fure to the ficht,  
 With knychtis of Chriſtindome to keip his command;  
 And quhen the battellis fo brym, brathly and blicht,  
 Wer jonit thraly in<sup>1</sup> thrang, mony thowfand,  
 Amang the hethin men the hairt hardely he ſlang,<sup>2</sup> 490  
 Sayd, Wend on as thow wont,  
 Throw the battell in bront,  
 Ay formeſt in the front  
 Thy fayis amang.

And I fall fallow the in faith, or with fayis be<sup>3</sup> fellit; 495  
 As thy lege man lele, my lyking thow arte.  
 Thair with on Mahonis men manly he mellit,  
 Braid throw the battellis in bront, and bur thame bakwart.  
 The wayis quhair the wicht went wer in wa wellit;  
 Wes nane ſa ſture in the ſteid mycht ſtand him a ſtart. 500  
 Thus frayis he the fals folk, trewly to tell it,  
 Ay quhill he couerit and come to the kingis hart;  
 Thus fell feildis he wan ay wirchipand it. Fol. 306. b.  
 Throwcht out Criſtindome kid  
 Wer the deidis he did; 505  
 Till on a tyme it betyd,  
 As tellis the writ,

He bownit to a battell and the beld wan,  
 Ourfett on the fathanas ſide Sarazenis nicht;  
 Syne followit faſt on the chace, quhen thay fle can, 510  
 Full ferly fele hes he fellit, and flane in ficht.  
 As he releuit was, ſo wes he wer than,  
 Off a wycht him allane, wirthy and wicht,  
 Sirclit with Sarazenis mony a ſad man,  
 That tranoyntit with a trane vpoun that trew knycht. 515

<sup>1</sup>Originally *and*. <sup>2</sup>Perhaps ſhould be *ſlang*. <sup>3</sup>Originally *or with fay to be*.

Thow fall nocht de the allane, quod the Dowglace;  
 Sen I se the ourfett,  
 To fecht for the faith fett,  
 I fall dewoyd the of dett,  
 Or de in this place. 520

He ruschit in the grit rowt the knycht to reskew,  
 Fell of the fafs folk, that fled of befoir,  
 Releuit in on thir twa for to tell trew,  
 That thai war be the<sup>1</sup> famyn ourfett; thairfoir I murne foir.  
 Thus in defence of the faith, as fermes anew, 525  
 And pete of the pretius knycht that wes in pane thore,  
 The duchtly Dowglafs is deid doun adew,  
 With los and with liking, that leftis euirmoir.  
 His hardy men tuk the hairt fyne vpoun hand;  
 Quhen thay had bureit thair lord, 530  
 With mekle mane to remord,  
 Thay maid it hame be reftord  
 In to Scotland.

Be this refone we reid, and as our Roy leuit,  
 The Dowglafs in armes the bludy hairt beiris; 535  
 For it bled he his blud, as the bill breuit,  
 And in batellis full bred, vndir baneris,  
 Throw full chevelrous chance he this hart cheuit,  
 Fra walit wayis, and wicht wirthy in weiris.  
 Mony galyard grome wes on the grund leuit, 540  
 Quhen he it flang in the feild fellow of feiris,  
 Syne reskewand agane the hethin menis harmys.  
 This hart, red to behald,  
 Throw thir reffonis ald,  
 The bludy harte it is cald 545  
 In Dowglaffis armes.

The sternis. The sternis of ane vther strynd steris so fair,  
 Ane callit Murray, the riche lord of renownis,

<sup>1</sup> Be the afterwards written in.



- The sternis. Deit, and a dochter had to his deir air,  
 Off all his trefour vntald, touris and townis. 550  
 The Douglafs in thay dayis, duchtie alquhare,  
 Archibald the honorable in habitacions,  
 Weddit that wloink wicht, worthye of ware,  
 With rent and with riches; and be thaj reffons,  
 He bure the sternis of estate in his stele wedis, 555  
 Blithe, blomand and brycht,  
 Throw the Murrayis mycht;  
 And so throw Goddis foirfycht,  
 The Dowglafs succedis.
- The lyoun. The lyoun lansand on loft, lord in effere, 560  
 For guid caufs, as I ges, is of Galloway.<sup>1</sup>  
 Quhen thaj rebellit the croun; and caus the king dere,  
 He gawe it to the Douglafs, heretabill ay;  
 On this wifs gif he coud win it of were,  
 Quhilk for his foueranis faik he sett to assay; 565  
 Killit doun his capitanis, and coud it conquere;  
 Maidit ferme, as we find, to our Scottis fay.  
 Thairfoir the lyoun he bure, with loving and los.  
 Of filuer, femely and fur,  
 In a feild of afur, 570  
 Crownit with gold pure  
 To the purpofs.
- The forrest of Etrik, and vthir ynew,  
 The landis of Lauder, and lordschapis feir,  
 With dynt of his derf fourd, the Dowglafs so dew, 575  
 Wan wichtly of weir, wit ye but weir,  
 Fro sonis of Saxonis. Now gife I fall few  
 The ordour of thair armes, it wer to tell teir;  
 The barris of best gold, thocht I thame haill knew,  
 It fuld occupy ws all; thairfoir I end heir, 580  
 Referring me to herraldis, to tell yow the haill.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Galloway*.

Off vthir fcheildis fo schene,  
Sum pairte will I mene,  
That wer on the tre grene,  
Worthy to waill. 585

Thre coddis. Secund fyne, in a feild of filuer certane,  
Off a kynd cullour thre koddis I kend,  
With dowble trefur about, burely and bane,  
And flour delycis fo fair trewly to tend.  
The tane and the tuthir of goulis full gane, 590  
He bur quarterly, that nane mycht amend;  
The armes of the Dowglafs thairof wes I fane,  
Quhilk oft fayand<sup>1</sup> with forfs his fa till offend.  
Off honorable ancestry thir armes of eld  
Bur the Erle of Murray, 595  
As fad signe of affay,  
His fell fais till affray,  
In a fair feld.

Ane vthir, Erle of Ormond, also he bure  
The faid Dowglafs armes with a difference; 600  
And rycht so did the ferd, quhair he furth fure,  
Yaip thocht he yung was to faynd his offens.  
It semit that thay fib wer, forfuth I assure.  
Thir four fcheildis of price in to presence  
Wer changit fo chivelroufs, that no creatur 605  
Of lokkis nor linkkis mycht loufs worth a lence.  
Syne ilk brench and bew bowit thame till;  
And ilk fcheild in that place  
Thair tennent or man wace,  
Or ellis thair allyace, 610  
At thair awin will.

Als hieft in the crop four helmis full fair,  
And in thair tynnerallis tryd trewly thay beir  
The plesand Powin in a port prout to repair;

<sup>1</sup> *Was fayn* has been written above.

*The poem* And als kepit ilk armes that I said eir, 615  
 The rowch wodwifs wald that buftouifs bare,  
 Our growin gryfly and<sup>1</sup> grym in effeir;  
 Mair awfull in all thing saw I nevair,  
 Bayth to walk and to ward as wechis in weir.  
 That terrable felloun my sperit affrayit, 620  
 Sa feldfull of fantesy,  
 I durst nocht kyth to copy  
 All vthir airmes thairby,  
 Off renkis arrayit.  
 Thairfoir of the said tre I tell nocht the tend, 625 Fol. 307.b.  
 The birth and the brenchis, that blomit so bred,  
 Quhat fele armes on loft, luffly to lend,  
 Off lordingis in feir<sup>2</sup> landis, gudly and glaid,  
 The said purfevand bur quhair he away wend 630  
 Off his garment so gay, of ane he hede,  
 I leif thame blafound to be with herrauldis hend;  
 And I will to my mater as I air maid,  
 And begyn, quhair I left, at lordingis dere,  
 The court of the empriour,  
 How thay come in honour. 635  
 This towlis of rigour,  
 With a grit reir.  
 Than tell this Merlionis that montis so he,  
 Huth borne bechieris bald on the bordouris:  
 Barachis and Beid Cyreis,<sup>3</sup> as it mycht be 640  
 Soldouris and subiect men to thay senyeouris.  
 The Bull and the Pipe Gled, cryand pewe,  
 Beten the gowris ay put as part of purveyouris,  
 For thay coud chowes chikkytis and purchace pultre,  
 To clerk fra the countouris as kingis katouris, 645  
 Spue howe howe are beind the barory place.  
 Kichie Kechieout kichie out.

<sup>1</sup> So the MSS. read: "Cygalyt and, etc." <sup>2</sup> Perhaps Tyttir.

Bot raid as a henseman;  
And the littill we Wran  
That wrechit dwerch wafs. 650

Thair wes the herraldis fa, the Hobby, but fable,  
Stanchellis, Steropis, ftrycht to thair fterne lordis,  
With alkin officiaris in erd, avenand and hable;  
So mekle wes the multitud no mynd it remordis.  
Thus affemblit thir seggis, firis fenyerable, 655  
All that wer foulis of reif, quha richtly recordis.  
For the temporalite tretit in table;  
The fterne empriouris style thus staitly restord is.  
The Paip and the patriarkis, the prelattis, I wift,  
Welcomit thame wyfalie, but weir, 660  
With haly farmondis feir,  
Pardoun and prayeir,  
And blythly thame blift.

The bliffit Paip in the place prayd<sup>1</sup> thame ilk ane  
To remane to the meit at the midday; 665  
And thay grantit that gud, but gruching, to gane,  
Than to ane worthelich wane went thay thair way;  
Passit to a palice of price plefand allane,  
Was erectit ryelly, ryke of array,  
Pantit and apparalit prowldy in pane, 670  
Sylit femely with filk, futhly to fay.  
Braid burdis and benkis, ourbeld with bancouris of gold,  
Cled our with clene clathis,  
Raylit full of riches,  
The esieft wes the arrefs, 675  
That ye fe schold.

Falcone mer-  
chell.

All thus thay move to the meit; and the merfchale  
Gart bring watter to wefche, of a well cleir,  
That wes the Falcone so fair, frely but faile

Fol. 308. a.

<sup>1</sup> Originally *praid*.

Bad bernis burdis vpbred with a blyth chere. 680  
 The Paip past to his place in his pontificall,  
 The athill empriour annon nycht him neir;  
 Kingis and patrearkis, kend with cardynnallis all,  
 Addressit thame to that defs, and dukis fo deir.  
 Bifchopis bownis to the burd, and merchonis of michtis, 685  
 Erlis of honouris,  
 Abbottis of ordouris,  
 Proueftis and priouris,  
 And mony kene knychtis.

Denis, and digneteis, as are demit, 690  
 Scutiferis and fquyeris, and bachelaris blyth,  
 I prefs nocht all to report; ye hard thame exprimit;  
 Bot all wer merchellit to meit mekly and myth:  
 Syne feruit femely in fale, forfuth as it semit,  
 With all cureis of kost that cukis coud kyth. 695  
 In flesche tyme, quhen the fische wer away flemit,  
 Quha was stewart bot the Stork, stalwart and styth;  
 Syne all the lentren but les, and the lang rede,  
 And als in the aduent,  
 The Soland stewart was fent, 700  
 For he coud fra the firmament  
 Fang the fische deid.

Cake. The Boytour callit wes cuke, that him weill kend  
 In craftis of the kifchin, coftlyk of curis;  
 Mony fauorous sawce with sewaris he fend, 705  
 And confectionis of foris that phevick furth furis.  
 Mony mane meitis, gife I fall mak end,  
 It neidis nocht to renew all thair naturis;  
 Quhair sic staitis will steir thair styll till ostend,  
 Ye wait all welth and wirschip daily induris. 710  
 Syne, at the middis of the meit, in come the menftralis,  
 The Mavis and the Merle fingis,  
 Ofillis and Stirlingis,

- The Lark. The blyth Lark that begynnys,  
And the Nythingalis. 715
- And thair notis in ane, gife I rycht nevin,  
Wer of Mary the myld, this<sup>1</sup> maner I wifs;
- Thair song. Hale, temple of the Trinite, crownit in hevin;  
Hale, mudir of our makar, and medecyn of mis;  
Hale, succour and salue for the synnis fevin; 720  
Hale, but of our barret and beld of our blifs;  
Hale, grane full of grace that growis so evin;  
Ferme our feid to the set quhair thy Sone is.  
Haill, lady of all ladeis, lichtest of leme;  
Haill, chalmer of cheftite; 725  
Haill, charbuncle of cherite;  
Haill, bliffit mot thow be  
For thy barne teme.<sup>2</sup>
- Haill, bliffit throch the bod wurd of blith angellis;  
Haill, princes that compleitis all profecis pure; 730  
Haill, blyther of the Bapteist, within thy bowellis,  
Of Elezabeth thy aunt, aganis nature;  
Haill, specious most specifeit with the spritualis;  
Haill, ordanit or Adame, and ay to indure;  
Haill, oure hope and our help, quhen that harme ailis; 735  
Haile, altare of Eua in ane but vre; Fol. 308.b.  
Haile, well of our weillfair, we wait nocht of ellis;  
Bot all committis to the,  
Saul and lyfe, Ladye;  
Now, for thy fruyte, mak ws free 740  
Fra feindis that fell is.
- Fra thy gree to this ground lat thy grace glyde,  
As thow art grantare thairof, and the gevare;  
Now, fouerane, quhair thow sittis, be thy Sonis fyde,  
Send fum succour doun sone to the synnare. 745

<sup>1</sup> Indistinct. <sup>2</sup> Originally *tyme*.

The feind is our felloun fa, in the we confyde,  
 Thow moder of all mercede, and the menere.  
 For ws wappit in wo in this world wyde,  
 To thy sone mak thy mane, and thy makar.  
 Now, Ladye, luke to the lede, that the so lele luifis, 730  
 Thow sekir trone of Salomon,  
 Thow worthy wand of Aaron,  
 Thow joyus flece of Jedion,  
 Vs help the behufis.

End of the  
 fang.

All thus our Ladye thaj lose, with lyking and list, 735  
 Menstralis and musicians, mo than I mene may;

The kyadis of  
 instrumentis.

The psaltery, the citholis, the soft citharist,  
 The croude, and the monycordis, the gythornis gay;  
 The rote, and the recordour, the ribup, the rift,  
 The trump, and the taburn, the tympane but tray, 740  
 The lilt pype, and the lute, the cithill in list,  
 The dulcete, and the dulfacordis, the schalm of assay;  
 The amyable organis vrit full oft;  
 Clarionnis loud knellis,  
 Portatifis, and bellis, 745  
 Symbaclanis<sup>1</sup> in the cellis,  
 That foundis so oft.<sup>2</sup>

Quhen thaj had fangin, and said softly a schoure;  
 And playd<sup>3</sup> as of paradyis it a poynt ware;

The sportaris.

In come japand the Ja as a jugloure, 770  
 With castis, and with cantelis, a quynt caryare.  
 He gart thame see, as it femyt, in the famin houre,  
 Hunting at herdis, in holtis so haire;  
 Sound sailand on the see schippis of toure;  
 Bernis batalland on burd, brym as a bare; 775  
 He coud carye the coup of the kingis des,  
 Syne leve in the stede  
 Bot a blak bunwede;

<sup>1</sup> Altered to *Symbaclis*. <sup>2</sup> A floan MS. has *soft*. <sup>3</sup> Originally *plait*.

He coud of a hennis hede  
Mak a man mes.

780

He gart the emperoure trow and trewlye behald,  
That the Corncraik, the pundare at hand,  
Had poyndit all his prifs hors in a poynd fald,  
Becaus thaj eite of the corne in the kirkland.  
He coud wirk windaris quhat way that he wald;  
Mak of a<sup>1</sup> gray gufs a gold garland,  
A lang spere of a bittill for a berne bald,  
Noblis of nut schellis, and filuer of sand;  
Thus jowkit with juperteis the jangland Ja.  
Fair ladyis in ringis,  
Knychtis in caralyngis,  
Bayth danfis and fingis,  
It femyt as fa.

785

790

The Ruke callit  
the bard.

Sa come the Ruke with a rerde and a rane roch,  
A bard out of Irland with Banachadee.  
Said, Gluntow guk dynydrach hala mifchy doch;  
Reke hir a rug of the roft, or fcho fall ryve the.  
Mifch makmory ach mach mountir<sup>2</sup> mochloch;  
Set hir down, gif hir drink; quhat deill aylis the?  
O Der myn, O Donnall, O Dochardy droch;  
Thir ar the Ireland kingis of the Erchrye.  
O Knewlyn, O Conoquhor, O Gregre Macgrane;  
The Chenachy, the Clarschach,  
The Benefchene, the Ballach,  
The Crekrye, the Corach,  
Scho kennis thame ilkane.

795

800

Fol. 309. a.

805

Dene rurall.

Monye lefingis he maid; wald lat for na man  
To speke quhill he spokin had, sparit no thingis.  
The dene rurall, the Ravin, reprevit him than,  
Bad him his lefingis leue befoir thaj lordingis.

810

<sup>1</sup> Originally *Mak a*. <sup>2</sup> May be read *momitir*.



The bard wox branewod, and bitterlye coud ban,  
 How Corby messinger, quod he, with sorow now singis;  
 Thow ischit out of Noyis ark, and to the erd wan,  
 Tareit as tratour and brocht na tadingis.  
 I fall rywe the, Ravin, bayth guttis and gall. 815  
 Than the dene rurall worth rede,  
 Stall for schame of the stede.  
 The bard held a grit plede,  
 In the hie hall.

The fulis. In come twa flyrand fulis with a fond fare, 820  
 The Tuquheit and the gukkit Golk, and yedehiddiegiddie;  
 Rwischit<sup>1</sup> bayth to the bard, and ruggit his hare;  
 Callit him thrifs thevisnek, to thraw in a widdie.  
 Thaj fylit him fra the foir top to the fute thare.  
 The bard, smaddit lyke a smaik smorit in a smiddie, 825  
 Ran fast to the dur, and gaif a grite raire;  
 Socht watter to wesch him thairout in ane ydy.  
 The lordis leuch vpoun loft, and lyking thaj had,  
 That the bard was so bet.  
 The folis fond in the flet, 830  
 And monye mowis at mete  
 On the fluir maid.

Syne for a figonale of fruct thaj strave in the stede;  
 The Tuquheit gird to the Golk, and gaif him a fall,  
 Raiff his taill fra his heid with a rathe pleid; 835  
 The Golk gat vp agane in the grit hall,  
 Tit the Tuquheit be the tope, and owirtirwit his heid,  
 Flang him flat in the fyre, fedderis and all.  
 He cryit, Allace, with a rair, revin is my reid,  
 I am vngretiouflye gorrit, bayth guttis and gall; 840  
 Yit he lope fra the low lycht in lyne.  
 Quhen thaj had remyllis raucht,  
 Thai foirthocht that thaj facht,

<sup>1</sup> Originally *Wischit*.

Kiffit fyne and facht,  
And fatt doun fyne. 845

All thus thir athillis in hall herlie remanit,  
With all welthis at wifs, and wirfchip to waill:  
The Pape beginnis to grace, as greablie ganit;  
Wifch with thir wirthyis, and went to counfale.  
The pur Howlattis appele compleitlie was planit, 850  
His falt and his foull forme, vnfrelie but fale;  
For the quhilk thir lordis in lede nocht to lane it,  
He befocht of focour, as fouerane in faile,  
That thaj wald pray Nature his present to renewe;  
For it was hale his behefte, 855  
At thair alleris requeste,  
Mycht dame Nature arefte  
Of him for to rewe.

Than rewit thir ryallis of that rath man,  
Bayth spirituale and temperale that kennit the cas; 860  
And, confiderand the caufs, concludit in ane,  
That thaj wald Nature befeke, of hir grit grace Fol. 309. b.  
To discend that famin hour as thair fouerane,  
At thair alleris instance, in that ilk place.  
The Pape and the patriarkis, the prelatis ilk ane, 865  
Thus pray thaj as penitent, and all that thair was.  
Quhairthrow dame Nature the traift discendit that tyde,  
At thair haile instance;  
Quham thaj refawe with reuerance,  
And bowfum obeyfance, 870  
As goddes and gyde.

It nedis nocht, quod Nature, to renewe ocht  
Off your entent in this tyde, or forthir to tell;  
I waitt your will, and quhat way ye wald that I wrocht,  
To reafoun the Houlate, of faltis full fell. 875

It fall be done as ye deme, drede ye rycht nocht;  
 I consent in this caifs to your counsell,  
 Sen my self for your sake hidder hes socht,  
 Ye falbe specialye sped, or I mair spell.  
 Now ilk foull of the firth a feddir fall ta, 880  
 And len the Houlat, sen ye  
 Off him hes pitie;  
 And I fall gar thame samyn be  
 To grow or I ga.

Than ilka foull of his flicht a fethir has tane 885  
 And lent the Houlat in hafte hurtly but hone.  
 Dame Nature the nobillest nychit in ane,  
 For to ferm this<sup>1</sup> fetherem and dewly<sup>2</sup> hes done,  
 Gert it ground and grow gaylye and gane,  
 On the famin Houlat, femelye and fone. 890  
 Than was the schand of his schaip, and his schroud schane,  
 Off all coloure maist clere beldit abone;  
 The fairest foull of the firth, and hendest of hewis,  
 So clene and so colourike,  
 That no bird was him lyke, 895  
 Fro Byron to Berwike,  
 Vnder the bewis.

Thus was the Houlat in herd herely at hicht,  
 Floure of all foulis, throw fetheris so faire,  
 He lukit to his licame lemyt so lycht, 900  
 So proper plesand of prent, proud to repaire.  
 He thocht maid on the mold makles of mycht,  
 As fouerane him awin self throw beautie he baire,  
 Counterpalace with the Pape, our princis, I plicht;  
 So hielie he hyit him in Luciferis laire, 905  
 That all the foulis of the firth he defoulit fyne.  
 Thus lete he no man his pere;  
 Gif ony nygh wald him nere,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *this* twice. <sup>2</sup> Originally *dowly*.

He bad thame rebaldis oreir,  
With a ruyme.

910

The Paip, and the patriarkis, and princis of prow,  
I am cumin of thair blud, be confingage knawin;  
So fair is my fetherem I haif no fallow,  
My schroud and my schene weid schyre to be schawin.  
All birdis he rebalkit that wald him nocht bow;  
In breth as a battell, wrycht full of boft blawin,  
With vnlowable latis nocht till allow.

915

Thus vicut he the Valantene thraly and thrawin,  
That all the foulis with assent affemblit agane,  
And plenyait to Natur  
Off this intollerable iniure;  
How the Howlat him bure,  
So he and so hautane.

Fol. 310. a.

920

So pompeous, impertinax, and reprouable,  
In excessis our arrogant, thir birdis ilk ane  
Befocht Natur to ceifs that insufferable,  
That with that lady allyt lewch hir allane.  
My first making, quod fcho, wes vnamendable,  
Thocht I alterit, as ye all askit in ane;  
Yit fall I preif yow to pleifs, sen it is possible.  
Scho callit the Howlat in haift, that was so hautane;  
Thy pryd, quod the princes, approchis our he,  
Lyke Lucifer in estait,  
And sen thow art so elait,  
As the evangelist wrait,  
Thow fall law be.

925

930

935

The rent and the riches, that thow in rang,  
Wes of vthir menis all, and nocht of thyne awin;  
Now ilk fowll his awin feddir fall agane fang,  
And mak the catyve of kynd, to thy self knawin.

940

As fcho hes demyt thay haif done thraly in thrang;  
 Thair with dame Natur hes to the hevin drawin,  
 Ascendit sone, in my sicht, with solace and fang;  
 And ilk foule tuke the flicht, and, schortly to schawin,  
 Held hame to thair hant, and to thair harbry; 945  
 Quhair thay wer wont to remane,  
 All thir gudly and gane;  
 And thair leuit allane,  
 The Houlat and I.

Than this Howlat, hidoufs of hair and of hyde, 950  
 Put first fra pouerty to prifs, and princis awin peir;  
 Syne degradit fra grace, for his grit pryd,  
 Bannyt bittirly his birth belfully in beir.  
 He welterit, he wrythit, he wareit the tyd,  
 That he wes wrocht in this warld wofull in weir; 955  
 He criplit, he cryngit, he cairfully cryd,  
 He folpit and forrowit, in fichingis feir;  
 He faid, Allace, I am loft, latheft of all,  
 Byfym in bale beft;  
 I may be fample heir eft, 960  
 That pryd yit nevir left  
 His feir but a fall.

I coud nocht won in to welth wrech wayeft,  
 I wes fo wantoun in will, my werdis ar wan;  
 Thus for my hicht I am hurt and harmit in haift, 965  
 Carfull and catife for craft that I can.  
 Quhen I wes of hevit as heir all thill hieft,  
 Fra rewl, reffone and rycht, redles I ran;  
 Thairfoir I ly in the lymb, lympet the lathaift.  
 Now mek your mirrour be me, all maner of man, 970  
 Ye princis, prelettis of pryd for pennyis and prow,  
 That pullis the pure ay,  
 Ye fall fing as I say, Fol. 310. b.

All your welth will away,  
Thus I werne yow. 975

Think how bair thow wes borne, and bair ay will be,  
For ocht that sedis of thy self in ony sefon;  
Thy cud, thy claithis, thy coift, cumis nocht of the,  
Bot of the fruct of the erd, and Godis fusion.  
Quhen ilka thing hes the awin, futhly we se 980  
Thy nakit corfs bot of clay, a foule carion,  
Hatit and haffes; quhairof art thow he?  
We cum pure, we gang pure, bath king and common;  
Bot thow rewll the richtoufs thy rowme fall ourrere.  
Thus faid the Houlat on hicht. 985  
Now, God, for thy grit micht,  
Sett our faulis in ficht  
Off fanctis fo feire.

Thus for a Dow of Dumbar drew I this dyte,  
Dowit with a Dowglafs, and baith wer thay Dowis; 990  
In the forrest foirfaid frely perfyte,  
Of Terway, tendir and tryd, quho fo treft trowis.  
Wer my wit as my will, than fuld I weill wryt,  
Bot gif lak in my leid that nocht till allow is,  
Ye wise, for your wischip, wryth me no wyte. 995  
Now blyth ws the blift barne that all bern bowis;  
He len ws lyking and lyfe euirlestand.  
In mirthfull moneth of May,  
In middis of Murray,  
Thus in a tyme, be Ternway, 1000  
Hapnit Holland.

*Explicit.* The Tod follouis.

## CCCXVIII.

*Fable III.**The Fox and the Cock.*

THOUGHT brutale bestis be irrationale,  
 That is to fay, lakking discretioun,  
 Yit ilkane in thair kyndis naturale  
 Hes monye diuers inclinatioun;  
 The bair buftoufs, the wolf, the wyld lyoun; 5  
 The fox fenyeit, craftye and cauteloufs;  
 The dog to berk in nycht and keip the houfs.

So different thay bene in propirteis,  
 Vnknawin vnto man, and infynite;  
 In kynd haifand so sele diuersiteis, 10  
 My connyng it excedis for to dyte:  
 Forthy as now my purpois is to wryte  
 A cals I fand, quhilk fell this hinder yere,  
 Betuix a Fox and gentill Chanteclere.

A wedow duelt intill a drope thaj daifs, 15  
 Quhilk wan hir fude with spynning on hir rok,  
 And no moir guidis, as the fable fais,  
 Except of hennis scho had a joly flok;  
 And thame to kepe scho had a joly Cok, Fol. 311. a.  
 Rycht curageoufs, vnto this wedow ay 20  
 Deuidand nycht, crawand befor the day.

A lytill fra that foirfaid wedois houfs,  
 A thorny schaw thair was of grit defence,  
 Quhairin a Fox, craftye and cawteloufs,  
 Maid his repair and daylie residence; 25  
 Quhilk to this wedow did grete violence,

In piking of hir pultry day and nycht;  
And be no mene reuengit on him scho mycht.

This wily Tod quhen that the lark coud sing,  
Full fare hungrye vnto the toun him drest, 30  
Quhair Chanteclere into the gray dawning,  
Wery of nycht, was flowin fra his nest.  
Lourence this saw, and in his mynd he keft  
The juperteis, the wayis and the wile,  
Be quhat menis he mycht this Cok begile. 35

Diffimuland thus in countenance and chere,  
On knees fell, and smyland thus he said;  
Gude morne, my maister, gentill Chanteclere.  
With that the Cok stert bakward in a braid.  
Schir, be my faull, ye neid nocht be affraid, 40  
Nor yit for me to drede nor flee abak,  
I come bot here yow service for to mak.

Wald I nocht serue yow, schir, I wer to blame,  
As I hawe done to youre progenitouris;  
Your fader oft fulfillit hes my wame, 45  
And send me mete fra middingis to the muiris.  
At his ending I did my besy curis,  
To hald his hede and gife him drinkis warme;  
Syne at the last that fuede fuede in my arme.

Knew thow my fader? quod the Cok, and leuch. 50  
Ya, my fair sone, forfuth I held his hede,  
Quhen that he swelt vnder a birkyn beuch;  
Syne said the Dirige, quhen that he was dede;  
Betuix ws twa how fuld thair be a fede?  
Quhom fuld ye treft bot me your seruitour, 55  
Quhilk to your fader did sa grite honour?

Quhen I behald your fetheris fair and gent,  
Your breste, your beke, your hekill and your came,



Schir, be my faule, that bliffit sacrament,  
 My hert warmys, me think I am at hame. 60  
 Yow for to ferve I wald crepe on my wame,  
 In froit and fnaw, in wederis wan and wete,  
 And lay my lyart lokkis vnder your fete.

This feynit Fox, fals and diffimulate,  
 Maid to the Cok a cauillatioun; 65  
 Me think yow changit and degenerate,  
 Fra your fader and his conditioun.  
 Off crafty crawling he mycht bere the croun,  
 For he wald on his tais stand and crowe,  
 This is no lee, I stude besyde and fawe. 70

With that the Cok, vpoun his tais hee,  
 Keft vp his beke, and fang with all his mycht.  
 Quhod Lourence than, Now, schir, fa mot I thee,  
 Ye ar your faderis sone, and air vp rycht; 75 Fol. 311.b.  
 Bot yit ye want of his cunnyng slicht.  
 Quhat, quod the Cok, he wald, and haif na dout,  
 Bayth wink and craw, and turne him thryis about.

Thus inflate with the wind of fals vaine gloir,  
 Quhilk puttis monye to confusioun,  
 Trestand to win a grit worschip thairfore, 80  
 Wnwarlye winkand, walkit vp and doun,  
 And fyne to chant and craw he maid him boun;  
 And suddanlie or he had fung ane note,  
 The Fox was war and hynt him be the throte.

Syne to the schaw but tarye with him hyt, 85  
 Off countermaund haifand bot lytill dout;  
 With that Sprowtok, Coppok and Partlot<sup>1</sup> cryit,  
 The wedow hard and with a cry come out;  
 Seand the caifs scho faid, and gaif a schout,

<sup>1</sup> MS. repeats *Coppok*.

THE FOX AND THE COCK.

901

How murthour, reylock, with a hiddeous beir, 90  
Alace, hawe I now loft guid Chanteclere.

As scho war wod, with monye yell and cry,  
Ryvand hir hair, vpoun hir breift can bete,  
Syne paill of hew, half in ane extafye,  
Feldoun for cair in fwoning, and in fwete; 95  
With that the fillye hennis left thair mete,  
And, quhill this wyfe was lyand thus in fwoun,  
Fell of that caifs in disputatioun.

Alace, quod Partlot, makand fair murning,  
With teiris grete attour hir chekis fell, 100  
Yone was our drourye, and our day darling,  
Oure nychtingale, and our horlage bell;  
Oure walcryif weche ws for to warne and tell  
Quhen that Aurora, with hir curchis gray,  
Put vp hir hede betuix the nycht and the day. 105

Quha fall our lemmane be? quha fall ws leid?  
Quhen we ar sad, quha fall vnto ws fing?  
With his sweit bill he wald brek ws the breid;  
In all this warld was thair na kyndar thing;  
In paramouris he wald do ws plesing 110  
At his power, as nature lift him gyffe;  
Now eftir him, alace, how fall we lywe?

Than Sprowtok spak, Seifs, sifter, of your sorrow,  
Ye be to made for him sic murning maifs;  
We fall fair weill, I find, Sanct Johne to borrow; 115  
The proverb<sup>1</sup> fayis, As guid luif cumis as gaifs.  
I will put on my hellye dayis clais,  
And mak me fresch aganis this jolye May,  
Syne chant this sang, Was nevir wedow so gay.

He was angrye, and held ws in grete aw, 120  
And woundit with the speir of jelosye;

<sup>1</sup>MS. has *proverd*.

Off chaumer glew, Partlot, how weill ye knaw,  
 Waistit he was, of nature cald and drye.  
 Sen he is gone, thairfore, sifter, say I,  
 Be blyith in bale, for that is best remeid; 125  
 Lat quik to quik, and deid go to the deid.

Thus Sprowtok, that feynyeit fayth befoir,  
 In luste but luif that sett all hir delyte;  
 Syfter, ye watte of sic as him a scoir  
 May it nocht siffise to slak your appetyte. 130  
 I hecht yow be my hand, sen ye ar quyte,  
 Within a wolk, for schame and I durst speik,  
 To gett a berne could better claw your beke.

Than Coppok lyke a curate spak full croufs, Fol. 312.a.  
 Yone was ane verrye weangeance fra the hevin; 135  
 He was fa loweoufs, and so licheroufs,  
 Seifs could he nocht with siffokkis mo than sevin.  
 Bot rychtuos God, haldand the ballan[c]eis evin,  
 Smytis full foir, thocht he be patient,  
 Adulteraris that lift thame nocht repent. 140

Prydefull he was, and joyit of his fyn,  
 And comptit nowthir of Goddis falvour nor feid,  
 Bot traistit ay to rax and fa furth rin,  
 Till at the laft his synnis could him leid  
 To schamefull end, and to yone suddane deid; 145  
 Thairfore I wait it was the hand of God,  
 That caufit him be wirreit with the Tod.

Quhen this was said, the wedow fra hir fwoun  
 Stert vp in haist, and on hir kennattis cryid,  
 How Birkye, Burreye, Bell, Balfye, Broun, 150  
 Rypeschaw, Ryn weill, Courtefs, Cutt, and Clyid,  
 Togidder all but gruncheing furth ye glyid;

Refkew my nobill cok or he be flane,  
Or ellis to me se ye cum nevir agane.

With that, but bade, [thay] breddit our the bent, 155  
As fyre of flynt that our the feildis flaw;  
Wichtlye, I wiſs, throw woddis and watteris went,  
And feiffit nocht ſchir Lourence till thay ſaw.  
Bot quhen he ſaw the raches cum on raw,  
Vnto the Cok he ſaid in mynde, God then, 160  
Sen I and thow wer liftit in my den.

Than ſpak the Cok, with ſum guid ſpreit inſpyrit,  
Do my counſale, and I fall warrand the;  
Hungrie thow art, and for grit travell tyrit,  
Rycht fant of force, and may nocht forder flee; 165  
Swyith turne agane, and ſay that I and ye  
Freindis ar maid, and fallowis for a yeir;  
Than will thaj ſtynt, I ſtand for it, and nocht ſteir.

This Fox, thocht he was fals and friueloufs,  
And hes frandis his quarrellis to defend, 170  
Diffaut was throw mynis marvellous,  
For falſheid failyeis at the latter end;  
He turnit about, and cryit as he was kend;  
With that the Cok brade vnto a buche.  
Now reid ye fall quhair at ſchir Lowrence luche. 175

Begylit thus, the Tod vnder a tree  
On knees fell, and ſaid, Gude Chanteclere,  
Cum doun agane, and I but mete or fee,  
Salbe your man and ſervand for ane yeir.  
Nay, murther theif and rivere, ſtand on reir, 180  
My bludye hekill, and my nek ſo bla,  
Hes pairtit lowe for evir betwene ws twa.

I was vnwyis that winkit at thy will,  
Quhairthrow allmaift I loffit had my heid.

I was moir full, quod he, coud nocht be still, 185  
 Bot spake to put my pray vnto pleid.  
 Fair on, fals theif, God keip me fra thy seid.  
 With that the Coke our feildis tuke the flicht,  
 In at the wedowis lewar coud he licht.

*Moralitas.*

Now, worthy folk, suppois this be a fable, 190 Fol. 312. b.  
 And ourhelit with typis figurall,  
 Yit may ye find a sentence rycht greabill,  
 Vnder the fenyteit termys textuall.  
 Till oure purpois this Cok wele may we call  
 Pryd. A nyce proud man, void and vaneglorious 195  
 Off kyn or gude, quhilk is presumptuous.

Fy, pompous pryde, thow art rycht poyfonable,  
 Quha fauouris the of force man haue a fall;  
 Thy strenth is nocht, thy stule standis vnstable;  
 Tak witnes of the feindis infernall, 200  
 Quhilk huntit war down fro the hevinly all  
 To hellis hole, and to that hidous houfs,  
 Becaus of pryde thaj war presumptuous.

This feynit Fox may wele be figurate  
 To flatteraris, with plesand wirdis quhite; 205  
 With fals menyng, and mouth mellifuate,  
 To loife and lee quhilk settis thair delyte;  
 All worthy folk at sic fuld hafe dispyte,  
 For quhair is moir perilous pestilence,  
 Than giff to liaris haiftelye credence. 210

Flattery. This wikkitt wind of adulation,  
 Off swete focour haifand a similitude,  
 Bittir of gall, and full of fell poyfoun,

Quha taftis it, and clerelye vnderfude.  
 Forthy as now fchortly for to conclude,  
 Thir twa fynnis, flattery and vaine glore,  
 Ar venemoufs; guid folk, fle thame thairfore.

215

CCCCXIX.

*Fable IV.*

*The Fox and the Wolf.*

Incipit aliam  
 fa[bulam].

LEWE we this wedow gled, I yow assure,  
 Off Chanteclere more blyith than I can tell,  
 And speke we of the fatal aventure,  
 And deftenye that to this Fox befell,  
 That durft no more with miching intermell,  
 Als lang as leme and lycht was of the day,  
 But bydand nycht, full ftill lurkand he lay;

5

Quhill that Thetes, the goddeffs of the flude,  
 Phebus had callit to the herverye,  
 And Esperus put of his cloudy hude,  
 Schawand his luftye viſage in the ſkye;  
 Than Lourence lukit vp, quhare he coud lye,  
 And keft him hand vpoun his ee on hicht,  
 Mery and gled that cummyn was the nycht.

10

Out of the wod vnto ane hill he went,  
 Quhare he mycht ſe the twynkling ſternis clere,  
 And all the planetis of the firmament,  
 Thair courfis, and thair moving in thair ſphere,

15

Sum retrograde and fum war stationere;  
 And in the zodyak, in quhit degree 20  
 Thaj wer ilkane, as Lourance lerit me.

Than Saturne alde was enterit in Capricorne,  
 And Jupiter movit in Sigittarye,  
 And Mars vp in the Rammys hede was borne, 25  
 And Phebus in the Lyoun furth coud carye,  
 Venus the Crab, the Mone was in Aquarye;  
 Mercurius, the god of eloquence,  
 Into the Virgine maid his residence.

Bot aftrolab, quadrant or almanak,  
 Techit of nature be instructioun, 30  
 The moving of the hevin this Tod can tak, Fol. 313. a.  
 Quhat influence and constillatioun  
 Was lyk to fall vpon this erd heir doun;  
 And to him self he faid withouttin mair,  
 Weill worthye fadir, that fend me first to lair. 35

My destany, and eik my werd I watt,  
 Myn evintour is cleirly to me kend,  
 With mischeif mynyet is my mortall fait,  
 My myfleving the foner bot I mend;  
 Deid is reward of fyn and schamefull end; 40  
 Thairfoir I will ga feik fum confessour,  
 And scryfe me clene of all fynnis to this hour.

Allace, quod he, rycht [waryit are<sup>1</sup>] we thevis,  
 Our lyfe is fett ilk nycht in avinture,  
 Our curfit craft full mony ane mischevis, 45  
 For evir we steill, and evir alyk ar pure.  
 In dreid and schame our dayis we indure;  
 And widdy nek and crakraip callit als,  
 And fyne till our hyre ar hangit be the hals.

<sup>1</sup> Evidently omitted in the MS.

Accufand thus his cankerit conscience, 50  
 Vnto a craig he keft about his e;  
 So faw he cumand a littill than frome thence,  
 A worthy doctour of diuinite,  
 Freir Wolf Waitfkath, in science wondrous fle,  
 To preche and pray was new cum of cloftir, 55  
 With beidis in hand fayand his Paternofter.

Seand the Wolf, this wylie tratour Tod  
 On kneis fell, with hud in to his nek;  
 Welcome, my gaitly fadir vndir God,  
 Quod he, with mony binge and mony bek. 60  
 Than quod the Wolf, fchir Fox, to what effek  
 Mak ye sic feir? ryfs vp, put on your hude.  
 Fader, quod he, I haif grit caufs to dude;

Ye ar the lanterne, and the ficker way,  
 Suld gyd sic fympill folk as me to grace; 65  
 Your bairfeit, and your oufett coull of gray  
 Schawis full weill your perfyt halynace,  
 Your lene cheikis, your paill and petoufs face:  
 For weill war him that anis in his lyfe  
 Had hap to yow his fynnis anis to fchryfe. 70

A, filly Lowrance, quod the Wolf, and lewch,  
 It plessis me that ye ar penitent.  
 Of reif and stowth, fir, I can tell ennewch,  
 That cauffis me full fair for till repent;  
 Bot, fader, byd still heir on this bent, 75  
 I yow befeik, and heir me now declair  
 My conscience, that prikis me fo fair.

Weill, quod the Wolf, fit down vpone thy kne.  
 And fo he did bairheid full humly,  
 And fyn began with Benedicite. 80



Quhen I thus faw, I drew a littill by,  
 For it effeiris nowdir to heir, nor spy,  
 Nor to reweill thing faid vndir that fele;  
 Bot to the Tod thus gait the Wolf quod mele.

Art thou contreit, and fory in thy spreit,  
 For thy trespas? Nay, schir, I can nocht dude;  
 Me think that hennis ar sua hony fueit,  
 And lambis flesch that new ar lattin blud;  
 For to repent my mynd can nocht conclude,  
 Bot this thing, that I haif flane so few.  
 Weill, quod the Wolf, in fouth thou art a schrew;

85

Fol. 313. b.

90

Sen thou can nocht forthink thy wicketnaifs,  
 Will thou forbeir in tyme cuming, and mend?  
 And I forbeir, how fall I leif, allaifs,  
 Haifand na vthir craft me to defend?  
 Neid cauffis me to steill quhair evir I wend;  
 I schame to beg, I can nocht wirk, ye wat,  
 Yit wald I fane pretend a gentill stait.

95

Weill, quod the Wolf, thou wantis pontis twa  
 Belangand to perfyt confessioun;  
 Now to the thrid pairte of pennance lat ws ga,  
 Will thou tak pane for thy transgressioun?  
 A, schir, confiddir my complexioun,  
 And feikly and waik, and of my natur tendir,  
 Lo, will ye fe I am baith lene and sklendir;

100

105

Yit nevir the les, I wald, fa it wer lycht,  
 And schort, nocht grevand to my tendirnefs,  
 Tak pairte of pane, fulfill it gife I micht,  
 To fett my filly faule in way of grace.  
 Thou fall forbeir, quod he, flesche hyne to Paifs,  
 To tame thi corfs, that curfit carioun,  
 And heir I reik the full remissioun.

110



I grant thairto, sa ye will gife me leif  
 To eit puddingis, or laip a littill blude,  
 Or heid and feit, or penchis lat me preif, 115  
 In caifs I fant of flesche in to my fude.  
 For, grit mifter, I gife the leif to dude  
 Twyfs in the owlk, for neid may haif no law.  
 God yeild yow, fchir, for that text full weill ye knaw.

Quhen this was faid, the Wolf his wayis went. 120  
 The Fox in fute he fure vnto the flude,  
 To fang sum fische wes hellely his intent;  
 Bot quhen he saw thir walterand wawis wude,  
 All stoneift still into a stair he stude,  
 And faid, Bettir that I had biddin at hame, 125  
 Than be a fischar, in the Deuillis name;

Now mon I skraip my meit out of the fand,  
 For I haif nowdir net, bottis, nor bate.  
 As he wes thus for falt of meit murnand,  
 Lukand about his leving for to late, 130  
 Vndir a tre he saw a trip of gate;  
 Than wes he fane, and in a huche him hid,  
 And fra the gait he stall a littill kid.

Syne our the huche vnto the fe him hyis,  
 And tuk the kid rycht be the hornis twane, 135  
 And in the wattir owthir twyfs or thryfs  
 He dowkit him, and thus gait cowth he fane;  
 Ga doun fchir Kid, cum vp fchir Salmound agane,  
 Quhill he wes deid, syne to the land him drewch,  
 And of that new made Salmond eit ennewch. 140

Thus fynaly fillit with tendir meit,  
 Vnto a den for dreid he hes him drest,  
 Vndir a busk, quhair that the sone cowth beit,

To beke his breift and bellye he thocht best;  
 And rakleslye he said, quhair he coud rest,  
 Strakand his wambe agane this sonnes hete,  
 Vpoun this bellye ware sett a bolt full mete.

Fol. 314. a.  
 145

Quhen this was said, the kepare of the gayte,  
 Carefull in hert his kid was stollin away,  
 On everye fyde full warlye culd he wayte,  
 Till at the last he saw quhair Lowrence lay;  
 His bow he bent, a flane with fedderis gray  
 He hailit to the heid, or evir he sterd,  
 The Fox fast he prikkit to the erd.

150

Now, quod the Fox, alace, and welloway,  
 Gorrit I am, and may no forther gane;  
 Me think no man may speke a word in play,  
 Bot now on dayis in ernist it is tane.  
 The hird him hynt, and out he drew a flane,  
 And for his kid, and vthir violence,  
 He tuke his skyn and maid a recompence.

155

160

*Moralitas.*

This fuddane deid, and vnprouifit end,  
 Off this fals Tod, without contritioun,  
 Exemple is exhortand folk to mend,  
 For dreid of sic alyke conclusioun;  
 For monye gois now to confessioun  
 Can nocht repent, nor for thair synnis greit,  
 Becaus thaj think thair lustye lyfe so sweit.

165

Sum bene also throw confuetude and ryte  
 Vincuft with carnall sensualitie,  
 Suppose thaj be as for the tyme contryte,  
 Can nane forbere, nor fra thair synnis flee,

170

Ws drawis nature so in propertie  
 Off beift and man, that nedis thaj mon do,  
 As thaj of lang tyme hawe hantit thame to. 175

Beware, guid folk, and dreid this suddane schote,  
 Quhilk fmytis foir withouttin refistene,  
 Attent wyislye, and in your hartis note,  
 Aganis Deid may no man mak defence. 180  
 Ceifs of your fyn, remord your conscience,  
 Do wilfull pennance here, and ye fall wend,  
 Eftir your deid, to joy withouttin end.

*Explicit exemplum veritatis et falsitatis.*

---

CCCXX.

*Fable V.*

*The Fox tryed before the Lyon.*

THIS foirfaid Fox, thus deid for his misdede,  
 Had nocht a sone was gottin ryghtuullye,  
 That to his airchip mycht of law succede,  
 Except ane sone, the quhilk in lemanrye<sup>1</sup>  
 He gottin had in purchase priuely, 5  
 And to his name was clepit Fader Were,  
 That lufit wele with pultry tig and tere.

It followis wele be reafoun naturale,  
 And gree be gree, of rycht comparifoun,  
 Off evill cummys war, of ware cummys warft of all,  
 Off wrangus get cummys wrang successioun. 10

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *lemanrye*.

This Fox, bastard of generations,  
 Off verrye kynd behuifit to be fals,  
 So was his grantfadir and his fader ais.

As nature will, sekand his fode he sent. 15 *Fol. 314. b.*  
 Off caifs he fand his faderis caryon.  
 Naikit, new flane, and till him is he went.  
 Tuke vp his hede, syne on his kneis fel down.  
 Thankand grete God of that conclusioun;  
 And said, Now fall I brouk, sen I am aire, 20  
 The boundis quhare he wont was to repaire.

Fy, covetous, vnkynd and venomous,  
 The sone was fayn he fand his fader dede.  
 Be sudane schote, for deid is odious,  
 That he mycht rax and regne into his stede: 25  
 Dredand nothing that famin lyife to lede.  
 In flouth and reif as he had done before;  
 Bot to the end entent he tuke no more.

Yit, nevirtheles, for faderlye pitee,  
 The caryon vpoun his bak he tais; 30  
 Now find I wele this prouerbe trew, quod he,  
 Ay rynnys the Fox als lang as he fut hais;  
 Syne with his cors vnto a petpot gais,  
 Off watere full, and keft him in the depe,  
 And to the Devill his banis gaue to kepe. 35

O, fulich man, ploungit in warldlynes,  
 To conquest wrangwils guidis, gold or rent,  
 To put thy saule in pane and hevynes,  
 To riche thyne air quhilk estir yow be went;  
 Haue he thy gude he takis small entent 40  
 To sing or say for thy saluatioun,  
 Fra thow be dede done is thy deuotioun.

This Tod to rest he carit to a crag,  
 And herd a buftoufs bugill brymly blawe,  
 Quhilk, as him thocht, maid all this warld to wag; 45  
 Than ftert I wp and cumand nere I fawe  
 Ane Vnicorne femely lanfand our lawe;  
 With horne in hand, and bufte on breft he bure,  
 A purfevant femelye, I yow affure.

Vnto a bank, quhair he mycht fe about 50  
 On euerye fyde, in hafte he coud him hye,  
 Put furth his voce full loud and gave a fchout,  
 And, Oyas, oyas, twifs or thrifs coud cry;  
 With that the beftis in the feildis nere by  
 All meruailand quhat fic a cry fuld mene, 55  
 Govand agaft thaj gadderit on a grene.

Out of his bufte a bill fone coud he braide,  
 And red the text withouttyn tarying;  
 Commaundand filence, fadly thus he faid,  
 We, noble Lyoun, of all beiftis king, 60  
 Greting to God ay leftand but ending,  
 To brutall beftis and irracionall,  
 I fend, as to my fubieftis grete and fmall.

My celfitude and hie magnificence  
 Lattis yow witt furthwith incontinent, 65  
 Thinkis to morne, with riall diligence,  
 Vpoun this hill to hald a parliament;  
 Straitlye thairfore I geve commandiment  
 For to compeir before my tribunall,  
 Vnder all pane and parrell that may fall. 70

The morowing come, and Phebus with his bemys  
 Confumit had the myfty cloudis gray:  
 The ground was grene, and as the gold it glemys, Fol. 315.a.  
 With grefis growand gudeli grete and gay;

The spice than spred to spring on euery spray, 75  
 The Lark, the Mauifs, and the Merle so hee,  
 Suetlye can sing trippand fra tree to tree.

Thre Leopardis come, a croun<sup>1</sup> of maffy gold  
 Berand, thaj brocht vnto that hillis hicht,  
 With jaspis junyt, and riall rubies rold, 80  
 And monye diuerfs dyamantis wele dicht,  
 With pollis proud a palyoun down thaj picht:  
 And in that trone thair fat a wild Lyoun,  
 In rob riale, with ceptur, fuerd and croun.

Efter the tennour of the crye before, 85  
 That gais on fut all bestis in the erd,  
 Rycht as thaj ware commandit without more,  
 Before thair lord the Lyon thaj comperd:  
 And quhat thaj ware, as Tod Laurence me lerd,  
 I fall reherfs a pairt of ewery kynd, 90  
 Als far as now occurris to my mynd.

The Menataur, a monftour merveloufs,  
 Bellorophant, that beift of bastarde,  
 The Warwolf and the Pegafs perolufs,  
 Transformit be assent of focerre: 95  
 The Lynx, the Tegir full of tyrrane;  
 The Oliphant and eik the Dromodare,  
 The Camell with his cran craig furth culd care.

The Leopard, as I haif taute beforne,  
 The Antelop, the Sparth furth culd hir speid, 100  
 The paynttit Panther, and the Vnicorne,  
 The Raynder ran throuch rever, ron and reid,  
 The jolye Jonet, and the gentill Steid,  
 The Aifs, the Mwill, the Horfs of ewerye kynd,  
 The De, the Re, the hornit Hairt, the Hynd. 105

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *crans* or *crans*.

The Bull, the Beir, the Bugill and the Bair,  
 The Wodwyfs, Wildcat, and the wild Wolfyne,  
 The hard bak Hurtchoun, and the hyrpilland Hair,  
 Bayth Ottour, Aip, and pennytt Porcapyne,  
 The guckit Gait, the fyllye Scheip, the Suyne, 110  
 The Bauer bakon, and the batterand Brok,  
 The Fumard, with the Fyber, furth culd flok.

The gay Grwhund, the Sleuthhund furth can flyd,  
 With Doggis all dyuerfs and deferent,  
 The Rattoun ran, the Globert furth culd glyd; 115  
 The quherland Quhithrat with the Wafyll wentt,  
 The Fythow that hes furrit mony ane fent;  
 The Martryk, with the Cunnyng and the Con,  
 The Lurdane lane, and eik the Lerron:

The Mermiffat the Modewart could leid, 120 Fol. 315. b.  
 Becaus that natour denyit had hir fycht.  
 Thus dresfit thai all furth, for dreid of deid,  
 The Mufk, the litill Mowfs with all hir mycht,  
 In haift haykit vnto that hillis hycht;  
 And mony ane kynd of beift that I nocht knaw, 125  
 Befoir thair lord ilkane thai lowtit law.

Seand thir beiftis at his bidding bown,  
 He gave a braide, and blenkit all about,  
 Than flatlingis to his feit thai fell all doun,  
 For dreid of deid thay drowpit all in dout. 130  
 The Lyoun lukit quhen he saw thame lout,  
 And bad thaim, with ane countenance full fweit,  
 Be nocht afferit, bot stand vpoun your feit.

I lat you wit, my mycht is merceabill,  
 And fteris none that ar to me prostrat; 135  
 Angrye, aufterne, and als vnameabill,  
 To all that standis aganis myne estait.



I rug, I ryve all beiftis that makis debait  
 Aganis the mycht of my magnefecence,  
 Se none pretend to pryde in my prefence. 140

My celsitude, and my hie maiestye,  
 With mycht and mercye myngit falbe ay,  
 The laweft heir I may rycht fone vp hie,  
 And mak him maifter ouer yow all I may. 145  
 The Dromadair, gif he will mak deray,  
 Or the greit Cameill, thocht thai be neuir fa croufs,  
 I can thame law as litill as ane mowfs.

Se neir be twenty mylis quhair I am,  
 The Kid ga falfie be the Wolf syde,  
 Se Tod Lowrye luke nocht vpoun the Lamb, 150  
 Na revand beiftis nowther ryn nor ryde.  
 Thay cucheit all and eftir this wes cryit,  
 The iuftice bad anone the court do fenfs,  
 The futis call, and foirfalt all abfenfs.

The Panthere with his payntit coit of armour 155  
 Fenfit the court, as he of law efferit,  
 Tod Laurence lukit vp quhair he could lowr,  
 And ftert on fute, all ftoneift and all fterit.  
 Ryvand his hair, he rarit with a reird,  
 Quakand for dreid, ran fichand could he fay, 160  
 Allace, this hour allace, this wofull day.

I wait this fuddane femblay that I fe, Fol. 316. a.  
 Havand the poyntis of a parliament,  
 Is maid to mar sic misdoaris<sup>1</sup> as me.  
 Thairfoir and I me fchaw I wilbe fchent, 165  
 I wilbe focht gif I be red abfent:  
 To byde or fle it makis no remeid,  
 All is alyke, thair followis nocht bot deid.

<sup>1</sup> This word is not diftinct.

Perplexit thus in to his mynd can mene,  
With falsheid quhow he mycht him self defend; 170  
His hude he drew far doun attour his ene,  
And wynkand with the ane e, furth can wend;  
Clyncheand he come, that he fuld nocht be kend,  
And for dreddour that he fuld thoill a reift,  
He playit bukhud anone, fra beift to beift. 175

Compering thus he come befor the king,  
In ordour sett as to thair stait efferit;  
Off euerye kynd he gart ane pairt furth bring,  
And awfulye he spak, and at thame speirit,  
Gif thair wis ony beift in to this erd 180  
Absent, and thair gart thaim all deiplye swere,  
And thai faid, Nay except ane gray stude Meir.

Go mak ane message sone vnto that stude.  
The court than cryit, My lord, quha fall that be?  
Cum heir, Lowrye, lurkand vndir ane hude; 185  
A lord, mercye, lo I have bot ane e.  
Hurt in the hanch, and crukit ye may fe;  
The Wolf is bettir in ambaffadry,  
And mair cunning in clergie than I.

Braiding he faid, Go furth, ye brybouris bayth; 190  
And thai to ga withoutin tareying,  
Our ron and riyce thai ran togidder rayth,  
And fand the Meir at meit in the morning;  
How, quod the Tod, Madame go to the king,  
The court is callit, and ye ar contumax. 195  
Lat be, Laurence, your carping and your knax.

Maistres, quod the Tod, to the court ye mon,  
The Lyoun hes commandit you in deid.  
Laurence, tak you the flirdome and the fon,

I have a respit heir and ye will rede. 200  
 I can nocht spell a word, fa God me speid:  
 Heir is the Wolf, a nobill clerk at all,  
 And of this message he is principall.

He is autentik and a man of aige,  
 And hes the practik of the chancellor; 205  
 Lat him ga luke, and reid your priuilege,  
 And I fall stand, and beir you witnes by.  
 Quhair is your respit, quod the Wolf, in hy.  
 Sir, it is heir vndir my hoife weill hid.  
 Hald vp your hele, quod he; and fa scho did. 210

Thocht he wes brynt throucht pryde, yit he presumis  
 To luke doun law, quhair that thir lettres lay;  
 With that the Mere scho gird him on the gumys, Fol. 316. b.  
 And strake the hattrell of his hede away.  
 Half out of lyfe, lenand doun he lay; 215  
 Alace, quod Lourence, Lupus, that thow art lost.  
 His conyng, quod the Mere, was wirth sum cost.

Lourans, will thow nocht luke vpoun my letter,  
 Sen that the Wolf thairof can nothing wyn?  
 Nay, be Sanct Bryde, quod he, me think far better 220  
 To slepe in hele and in ane vnhurt skyn.  
 A scrow I fand, and thus writtin thairin,  
 For fyve schillingis I wald nocht anys faltum  
 Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

With brokin scalp and bludye chekis rede, 225  
 This Wolf wepand on his wayis went,  
 Off his maynye merkand to gete remede;  
 To tell the king the caifs was his entent.  
 Schir, quod the Tod, bid still vpoun the bent,

And fra your browis welche away the blude, 230  
And tak a drink, for it will do yow gude.

To fech water this fraudfull Fox furth fure,  
Sidlingis a bank he focht vnto a fike;  
Off caifs he metis, cumand fra the mure,  
A trip of Lambis danfand on a dike. 235  
This traytour Tod, this tyran and this tike,  
The fatteft of the flock he fellit has,  
And ete his fill, fyne to the Wolf he gais.

Thay drank but tary, and thare jounay takis  
Befoir the king, fyne knelit on thare knee. 240  
Quhare is the Mere, fchir Tod, was contumax?  
Than Lourance faid, My lord fpere nocht at me;  
This new maid doctour of diuinitee,  
With his rede cap, can tell yow wele yneuch.  
With that the Lyon and the lave thaj leuch. 245

Tell on the caifs, fchir Lourence, lat ws here.  
This witty Wolf, this noble clerk of aige,  
On your behalf he bad the Mere compere;  
And fcho allegit till a preuilege,  
Cum nere and fe, and ye fall have your vage; 250  
Becaufs he red hir respit plane and wele,  
Yone rede bannete fcho raucht him with hir hele.

The Lyoun faid, Be yone rede cap I ken  
This tale is trew, quha tent vnto it takis;  
The gretteft clerkis ar nocht the wyffeft men; 255  
A mannis hurt ane other happy makis.  
As thaj ware carpand chufgatis in knakis,  
And all the court in garray and in gam,  
Sa com the Yow, the moder of the Lam.

Before the iustice down on knees fell, 260  
 Put furth hir playnt on this wifs wofullye;  
 This harlot here, this hursoun hund of hell,  
 He werryit hes my Lam full doggitlye,  
 Within a myle, incontrare of your cry.  
 For Goddis lufe, my lord, gif me the lawe 265  
 Off this lymmar. With that Lourence lete drawe.

Bide, quod the Lyon, lemmar, lat ws fe Fol. 317.a.  
 Giff this be fuyth the sely Yow has faid.  
 A, foueranc lord, sauf your mercy, quod he,  
 My purpois was with him bot to haue plaid. 270  
 Cauffles he fell as he had bene affraid,  
 For drede of dede he duschit our a dike,  
 And brak his nek. Thow leis, quod scho, fals tike.

His dede be practik may be preuit eth,  
 Thy gorry gomys and thy bludy snout; 275  
 The woll, the flesche, yit stikkis in thy teth,  
 And that is euident eneuch but dout.  
 The Justice bad go cheifs a firs a bout,  
 And so thaj did, and fand that he was fals  
 Off murthour, thift, and party trefoun als. 280

Thaj band him fast, the Justice bad belyve  
 To geve the dome, and tak of all his clathis.  
 The Wolf, that new maid doctour, coud him schryve;  
 Syne furth with him vnto the gallowis gais,  
 And at the ledder fute his leue he tais; 285  
 The Ape was bafare and bad him fone ascend,  
 And hangit him; and thus he maid ane end.

*Moralitas.*

Rycht as the mynoure in his mynorall,  
 Faire gold with fyre may fra the lede wele wyn,  
 Rycht sa vnder a fable figurall, 290

*THE FOX TRYED BEFORE THE LYON.*

921

A fad sentence may feke and efter fyn,  
As daylie dois thir doctouris of dyvyn,  
Apertly be oure leving can applye,  
And preue thare preching be a poefye.

290

271.10

The Lyon is this warld be liklynace,  
To quhom lowtis bayth emperour and king,  
And thinkis of this warld to get mare grace,  
And gapis for to get mare lifing;  
Sum for to reule and fum to rax and regne,  
Sum gadderis gere, fum gold, fum vther gude;  
To wyn this warld fum wikkis as thay wer wode.

295

300

This Mere is men of contemplatioun,  
Off pennance walkand in this wildernace,  
As monkis and othir men of religioun,  
That prefis God to pleifs in euery place;  
Abtrackit fra this warldis wretchidnes,  
In wilfull pouertee, fra pomp and all pryde,  
And fra this warld in mynd ar mortifyde.

305

This Wolf I likkin vnto fenfualitee,  
As quhen, like brutall bestis, we accord  
Our mynd all to this warldeis vanitee,  
Liking to tak and love him as our lord;  
Flee fast thairfra gif thow will rycht remord;  
Than fall reafoun rifs, rax and regne,  
And for thy faull thair is no better thing.

310

Hir lufe I likkin to the thocht of dede;  
Will thow remembere, Man, that thow man dee;  
Thow may brek fenfualiteis hede,  
And fieschlye luft away fra the fall flee;  
Wifs Salomon fais, Will thow nocht see,  
For as thow may thy fely faull now wyn,  
Think on thine end, thow fall nocht gladlye fyn.

315

Fol. 317. b.

320

This Tod I likin to temptatioun,  
 Berand to mynd monye thochtis vane,  
 That daylie fagis men of religioun,  
 Cryand to thame, Cum to the warld agane; 325  
 Bot quhen thaj see sensualitie neir flane,  
 And sudane dede with ithand panis fore,  
 He gois abak, and tempis him no more.

O Lord, eternall medeator, for ws maft meke,  
 Sitt down before thy Fader celestiall;<sup>1</sup> 330  
 For ws synnaris his celstitude beseke,  
 Ws to defend fra payne and perallis all;  
 And help ws vp vnto that hevinlye hall,  
 In glorie quhair we may se the fycht of God.  
 And thus endis the talking of the Tod. 335

*Explicit.*

---

CCCXXI.

*Fable VI.*

*Orpheus and Eurydice.*

THE nobilnes and grit magnificens  
 Of prince and lord, quhai list to magnifie,  
 His ancestre and lineall discens  
 Suld first extoll, and his genologie,  
 So that his harte he mycht inclyne thairby 5  
 The moir to vertew, and to worthinefs,  
 Herand reherfs his elderis gentilnefs.

<sup>1</sup> These lines originally were—

*O, Mary, myld medeatour of mercy meke,  
 Sitt down before thy sone celestiall;—*

and have been altered by the same hand.

It is contrair the lawis of nature  
 A gentill man to be degenerat,  
 Nocht following of his progenitour 10  
 The worthe rewl, and the lordly estait;  
 A ryall rynk for to be rusticat  
 Is bot a monsture in comparefoun,  
 Had in dispyt and full derisfouh.

I say this be the grit lordis of Grew, 15  
 Quhich fet thair hairt, and all thair haill curage,  
 Thair faderis steppis justly to perfew,  
 Eiking the wirschep of thair he lenage;  
 The anseane and sadwyfe men of age 20  
 Wer tendouris to yung and insolent,  
 To mak thame in all vertewis excellent.

Lyke as a strand or watter of a spring Fol. 318. a.  
 Haldis the sapour of the fontell well,  
 So did in Grece ilk lord and worthy king,  
 Of forbearis thay tuk knowlege and smell. 25  
 Among the quhilk of ane I think to tell;  
 Bot firft his gentill generatioun  
 I fall reherfs, with your correctioun.

Vpone the Mont of Elestone,  
 The most famous of all Arrabea, 30  
 A goddes dwelt, excellent in bewte,  
 Gentill of blude, callit Memoria;  
 Quhilk Jupiter that goddes to wyfe can ta,  
 And carnaly hir knew, and eftir fyne,  
 Apone a day bare him fair dochteris nyne. 35

The firft in Grew wes callit Euterpe,  
 In our language gud delectatioun;  
 The secound maid clippit Melpomyne,



As hony fueit in modelatioun;  
 Therfycore is gud instructioun 40  
 Of every thing, the thrid sister, I wifs;  
 Thus out of Grew in Latyne translait is.

Caliope, that madin mervaloufs,  
 The ferd sistir, of all mvsik maistres,  
 And mother to the king Schir Orpheoufs, 45  
 Quhilk throw his wyfe wes efter king of Traifs.  
 Clio, the fyift, that now is a goddefs,  
 In Latyne callit meditatioun,  
 Of every thing that hes creatioun.

The sext sister is callit Herato, 50  
 Quhilk drawis lyk to lyk in every thing;  
 The fevint lady was fair Polimio,  
 Quhilk couth a thowsand fangis fueitly sing;  
 Talia fyne, quhilk can our faulis bring  
 In profound wit, and grit agillite 55  
 Till vndirstand, and haif capacitie.

Vrania, the nynt and laft of all,  
 In Greik langage quha couth it rycht expound,  
 Is callit armony celestially,  
 Reiofing men with melody and found. 60  
 Amang thir nyne Calliope wes cround,  
 And maid a quene be mighty god Phebus,  
 Off quhome he gat this prince Schir Orpheoufs.

No wondir wes thocht he wes fair and wyfe, Fol. 318.b.  
 Gentill and gud, full of liberalitie, 65  
 His fader god, and his progenetryfe  
 A goddefs, finder of all armony;  
 Quhen he wes borne scho fet him on hir kne,  
 And gart him souk of hir twa paupis quhyte  
 The fueit lecour of all mvsik perfyte. 70

Increffand fone to manheid vp he drew,  
 Off ftatur large and frely fair of face;  
 [H]is noble fame fo far it fprang and grew,  
 Till at the laft the mighty quene of Trace,  
 Excelland fair, haboundand in richefs, 75  
 A meffage fend vnto that prince fo ying,  
 Requyrand him to wed hir and be king.

Euridices this lady had to name,  
 And quene fcho faw this prince fo gloriuf,  
 Hir erand to propone fcho thocht no fchame, 80  
 With wordis fueit, and blenkis amorous;  
 Said, Welcum, lord and lufe, Schir Orpheufs,  
 In this provynce ye falbe king and lord.  
 Thay kifsit fyne, and thus thay can accord.

Betuix Orpheufs and fair Euridices, 85  
 Fra thai wer weddit, on fra day to day,  
 The low of lufe cowth kyndill and increfs,  
 With mirth and blythnefs, folace, and with play  
 Off wardly joy; allace, quhat fall I fay?  
 Lyk till a flour that plesandly will fpring, 90  
 Quhilk fadis fone, and endis with mornyng.

I fay this be Euridices the quene,  
 Quhilk walkit furth in to a May mornyng,  
 Bot with a madyn vntill a medow grene,  
 To tak the air, and fe the flouris fpring; 95  
 Quhair in a fchaw, neir by this lady ying,  
 A bufteoufs hird callit Arrefteufs,  
 Kepand his beiftis, lay vndir a buf.

And quhen he faw this lady folitar,  
 Bairfut, with fhankis quhyter than the fnaw, 100  
 Preckit with luft, he thocht withoutin mair  
 Hir till opprefs, and to his cave hir draw;

Dreidand for evill scho fled quhen scho him saw,  
 And as scho ran all bairfute on a bufs,  
 Scho strampit on a serpent vennemufs.

105

This crewall vemome wes so penetrife,  
 As natur is of mortall pvsoun,  
 I[n] peiffis small this quenis harte can rife,  
 And scho annone fell on a deidly fwoun.  
 Seand this caifs Proserpyne maid hir<sup>1</sup> boun,  
 Quhilk clipit is the goddes infernall,  
 Ontill hir court this gentill quene can call.

Fol. 319.a.

110

And quhen scho vaneift was and vnwifible,  
 Hir madyn wepit with a wofull cheir,  
 Cryand with mony schowt and voce terrible,  
 Quhill at the last king Orpheus can heir,  
 And of hir cry the caufs sone cowth he speir.  
 Scho said, Allace, Euridicefs, your quene,  
 Is with the phary tane befor my ene.

115

This noble king, inflammit all in yre,  
 And rampand as a lyoun rewanufs,  
 With awfull luke, and ene glowand as fyre,  
 Sperid the maner, and the maid said thus;  
 Scho strampit on a serpent venemufs,  
 And fell on fwoun; with that the quene of fary  
 Clawcht hir vpsone, and furth with hir cowth cary.

120

125

Quhen scho had said, the king sichit full foir,  
 His hairt neir birft for verry dule and wo;  
 Half out of mynd he maid no tary moir,  
 Bot tuk his harp, and on to wod cowth go,  
 Wrinkand his handis, walkand to and fro,  
 Quhill he mycht stand, fyne fat down on a stane,  
 And till his harp thus gait maid his mone.

130

<sup>1</sup> Originally *him*, but corrected in the margin to *hir*.

O duffull herp, with mony dully string,  
 Turne all thy mirth and mvfik in murning, 135  
 And feifs of all thy futell fongis fueit;  
 Now weip with me, thy lord and cairfull king,  
 Quhilk loffit hes in erd all his lyking;  
 And all thy game thow change in gole and greit,  
 Thy goldin pynnis with mony teiris weit; 140  
 And all my pane foll till report thow preifs,  
 Cryand with me, in every steid and streit,  
 Quhair art thow gone, my lue, Ewridicefs?

Him to reiofs yit playit he a spring,  
 Quhill that the fowlis of the wid can fing, 145  
 And treis danfit with thair levis grene,  
 Him to deuod from his grit womenting;  
 Bot all in vane, that wailyeit no thing,  
 His hairt wes fo vpoun his lusty quene;  
 The bludy teiris sprang out of his ene, 150  
 Thair wes no folace mycht his fobbing feifs,  
 Bot cryit ay, with cairis cauld and kene,  
 Quhair art thow gone, my lue, Euridicefs?

Fol. 319. b.

Fair weill my place, fairweill plefandis and play  
 And wylcum woddis wyld, and wilfum way, 155  
 My wicket werd in wildirnefs to ware;  
 My rob ryell, and all my riche array,  
 Changit falbe in rude ruffet and gray,  
 My dyademe in till a hate of hair;  
 My bed falbe with beuer, brok and bair, 160  
 In buskis bene with mony busteoufs befs;  
 Withowttin fong, sayand with fiching fair,  
 Quhair art thow gone, my lue, Euridicefs?

I the befeik, my fair fadir, Phebus,  
 Haif pety of thy awin fone Orpheus; 165

Wait thou nocht weill I am thy sone and chyld;  
 Now heir my plaint pelfull and peteuks,  
 Direk me fro this deid so dolorufs,  
 Quhilk gois thus withouttin gilt begyld;  
 Lat nocht thy face with cluddis to be ourfyld, 170  
 Len me thy lycht, and lat me nocht go leifs,  
 To find that fair in fame that was neur fyld,  
 My lady quene, and lufe, Euridices.

O Jupiter, thou god celestiall,  
 And grantschir to my self, on the I call 175  
 To mend my mvrning and my drery mone,  
 Thow gif me forfs, that [I] nocht fant nor fall,  
 Till I hir fynd; forfuth seik hir I fall,  
 And nowthir stint nor stand for stok nor stone;  
 Throw thy godheid grant me quhair scho is gone, 180  
 Gar hir appeir, and put my hairt in pefs.  
 King Orpheus thus, with his harp allone,  
 Soir weipand for his wyfe Euridices.

Quhen endit wer thir songis lamentable,  
 He tuk his harp, and on his breift can hing, 185  
 Syne paffit to the hevin, as fayis the fable,  
 To seik his wyfe, bot that welyeid no thing.  
 By Wedlingis Streit he went but tareing,  
 Syne come down throw the speir of Saturne ald,  
 Quhilk fadir is to all the stormis cald. 190

Quhen scho wes focht outhrow that cauld regioun,  
 Till Jupiter his grandschir can he wend, Fol. 320.2.  
 Quhilk rewit soir his lamentatioun,  
 And gart his spheir be focht fro end to end;  
 Scho was nocht thair, and down he can descend 195  
 Till Mars, the god of battell and of stryfe,  
 And focht his spheir, yit gat he nocht his wyfe.

Than went he doun till his fadir Phebus,  
 God of the fone, with bemis bricht and cleir;  
 Bot quhen he saw his awin fone Orpheus 200  
 In sic a plicht, that changit all his cheir,  
 And gart annone ga feik throw all his spheir,  
 Bot all in vane, his lady come nocht thair;  
 He tuk his leif, and to Venus can fair.

Quhen he hir saw, he knelit and said thus, 205  
 Wait ye nocht weill I am your awin trew knyght,  
 In luve none leler than Schir Orpheus,  
 And ye of luve goddes, and most of micht,  
 Of my lady help me to get a sicht.  
 For fur, quod scho, ye mone feik neder mair. 210  
 Than fra Venus he tuk his leif but mair.

Till Mercury but tary is he gone,  
 Quhilk callit is the god of eloquens,  
 Bot of his wyfe thair gat he knowlege none;  
 With wofull hairt he passit doun frome thens, 215  
 On to the mone he maid no residens;  
 Thus frome the hevin he went onto the erd,  
 Yit be the way sum melody he lerd.

In his passage amang the planeitis all,  
 He hard a hevinly melody and found, 220  
 Passing all instrumentis musicall,  
 Caufit be rollyn of the speiris round;  
 Quhilk armony of all this mappamound,  
 Quhill moving seifs vnyt perpetuall,  
 Quhilk of this warld Pluto the saule can call. 225

Thair leirit he tonis proportionat,  
 As duplare, triplare and emetricus,  
 Enolius, and eik the quadruplait,

Epoddeus rycht hard and curius;  
 Off all thir sex, fueit and delicius, 230  
 Rycht consonant fyfe hevinly symphonyfs  
 Componyt ar, as clerkis can devyfe.

Firft diatefferone, full fueit, I wifs,  
 And dyapafone, femple and dowplait, Fol. 320. b.  
 And dyapenty, componyt with the dyfs; 235  
 Thir makis fyfe of thre mvltiplicat;  
 This mirry mvfik and mellefluat,  
 Compleit and full of nummeris od and evin,  
 Is caufit be the moving of the hevin.

Off sic mvfik to wryt I do bot doit, 240  
 Thairfoir of this mater a ftray I lay,  
 For in my lyfe I cowth nevir fmg a noit;  
 Bot I will tell how Orpheus tuk the way  
 To feik his wyfe attour the grauis gray,  
 Hungry and cauld, with mony wilfum wone, 245  
 Withouttin gyd, he and his harp allone.

He paffit furth the fpace of twenty dayis,  
 Fer and full fer, and ferrer than I can tell,  
 And ay he fand ftreitis and reddy wayis;  
 Till at the laft vnto the yet of Hell 250  
 He come, and thair he fand a porter fell,  
 With thre heidis, wes callit Serberus,  
 A hound of hell, a monftour mervellus.

Than Orpheus began to be agaft,  
 Quhen he beheld that vgly hellis hound, 255  
 He tuk his harp, and on it playit faft,  
 Till at the laft, throw fueitnes of the found,  
 This dog flepit and fell down on the ground;  
 Than Orpheus attour his wame in ftall,  
 And neddirmair he went, as ye heir fall. 260

He passit furth ontill a ryvir deip,  
 Our it a brig, and on it susteris thre,  
 Quhilk had the entre of the brig to keip,  
 Electo, Mygra and Thesaphone,  
 Turnit a quheill wes vgly for to se, 265  
 And on it spred a man hecht Exione,  
 Rolland about rycht windir wo begone.

Than Orpheus playd a joly spring,  
 The thre susteris full fast thay fell on sleip,  
 The vgly quheill seisit of hir quhirling; 270  
 Thus left wes none the entre for to keip;  
 Thane Exione out of the quheill gan creip,  
 And ftall away, and Orpheus annone,  
 Without stopping, atour the brig is gone.

Nocht far frome thyne he come vnto a flude, 275  
 Drubly and deip, and rythly doun can rin,  
 Quhair Tanelus nakit full thrifty stude, Fol. 321. b.  
 And yit the wattir yeid aboif his chin;  
 Quhen he gaipit thair wald no drop cum in,  
 Quhen he dowkit the watter wald discend, 280  
 Thus gat he nocht his thrift no mend.

Befoir his face ane napple hang also,  
 Fast at his mowth vpoun a twynid [threid<sup>1</sup>],  
 Quhen he gaipit it rollit to and fro,  
 And fled as it refusit him to feid. 285  
 Quhen Orpheus thus saw him suffir neid,  
 He tuk his harp and fast on it can clink,  
 The wattir stud, and Tantalus gat a drink.

Syne our a mvre, with thornis thik and scherp,  
 Wepand allone a wilsum way he went, 290  
 And had nocht bene throw suffrage of his harp,

<sup>1</sup> Blank in MS.; Aleson MS. has *threde*.



With fell pikis he had bene schorne and schent;  
 As he blenkit, besyd him on the bent  
 He saw lyand speldit a wofull wycht,  
 Nalit full fast, and Titius he hecht. 295

And on his breift thair fat a grifly grip,  
 Quhilk with his bill his belly throw can boir,  
 Both maw, myddret, hart, lever and trip,  
 He ruggit out, his panis was the moir.  
 Quhen Orpheus thus saw him suffir soir, 300  
 He tuke his herp and maid sueit melody,  
 The grip is fled, and Titius left his cry.

Beyond this mvre he fand a feirfull streit,  
 Myrk as the nycht, to pafs rycht dengerus,  
 For fliddrenes skant mycht he hald his feit, 305  
 In quhilk thair wes a stynk rycht odius,  
 That gydit him to hiddoufs Hellis houfs,  
 Quhair Rodomantus and Proserpina  
 Wer king and quene, and Orpheus in can ga.

O dully place, grundles deip dungeoun, 310  
 Furnefs of fyre, and stink intollerable,  
 Pit of dispair without remiffioun,  
 Thy meit wennome, thy drink is pvfonable,  
 Thy grit panis and to compt wnnwmerable;  
 Quhat creature cumis to dwell in the, 315  
 Is ay deand, and nevirmoir fall de.

Thair fand he mony cairfull king and quene,  
 With croun on heid with brafs full birnand, Fol. 321. b.  
 Quhilk in thair lyfe full maisterfull had bene,  
 And conquerouris of gold, riches and land. 320  
 Hector of Troy, and Priame, thair he fand,  
 And Alexander for his wrang conqueift;  
 Antiochus als for his foull incest.

And Julius Cefar for his foull crewaltie,  
 And Herod with his brudiris wyfe he faw, 325  
 And Nero for his grit iniquitie,  
 And Pilot for his breking of the law;  
 Syne vndir that he lukit, and cowth knaw  
 Crefus, that king none mychtiar on mold  
 For cuvatyfe, yet full of birnand gold. 330

Thair faw he Pharo, for the oppreffioun  
 Of Godis folk on quhilk the plaigis fell,  
 And Sawll, for the grit abufioun  
 Was iuftice to the folk of Ifraell;  
 Thair faw he Acob and quene Jefabell, 335  
 Quhilk filly Nabot, that wes a propheit trew,  
 For his wyne yaird withouttin mercy flew.

Thair faw he mony paip and cardynall,  
 In haly kirk quhilk did abufioun,  
 And bifchopis in thair pontificall, 340  
 Be fymonie and wrang intrufioun;  
 Abbottis and all men of religioun,  
 For evill difponyng of thair place and rent,  
 In flame of fyre wer bittirly torment.

Syne neddirmair he went quhair Pluto was 345  
 And Proferpyne, and hiddirwart he drew,  
 Ay playand on his harp quhair he cowth pafs;  
 Till at the laft Erudices he knew,  
 Lene and deidlyk, and peteoufs paill of hew,  
 Rycht warfche and wane, and walluid as the weid, 350  
 Hir lilly lyre wes lyk vnto the leid.

Quod he, My lady leill, and my delyt,  
 Full wo is me to fe yow changit thus;  
 Quhair is your rude as rofs with cheikis quhyte,

Your cristell ene with blenkis amorus, 355  
 Your lippis reid to kifs delicius?  
 Quod scho, As now I der nocht tell perfay,  
 Bot ye fall wit the caufs ane vther day.

Quod Pluto, Schir, thocht scho be lyk ane elf, Fol. 322.a.  
 Scho hes no caufs to pleny, and for quhy? 360  
 Scho fairis alfweill daylie as dois my felf,  
 Or king Herod for all his chevelry;  
 It is langour that putis hir in sic ply;  
 War scho at hame in hir cuntre of Trace,  
 Scho wald rewert full sone in [fax<sup>1</sup>] and face. 365

Than Orpheus befor Pluto fat down,  
 And in his handis quhit his herp can ta,  
 And playit mony sueit proportioun,  
 With baifs tonis in ipotdorica,  
 With gemilling in yporlerica; 370  
 Quhill at the laft for rewth and grit petie,  
 Thay weipit soir, that cowth him heir or fe.

Than Proserpine and Pluto bad him afs  
 His warefoun, and he wald haif rycht nocht  
 Bot licence with his wyfe away to pafs 375  
 To his cuntre, that he fo far had socht.  
 Quod Proserpyne, Sen I hir hiddir brocht,  
 We fall nocht parte without conditioun.  
 Quod he, Thairto I mak promissioun.

Euridices than be the hand thow tak, 380  
 And pafs thi way, bot vndirneth this pane,  
 Gife thow turnis or blenkis behind thy bak,  
 We fall hir haif to Hell for evir agane.

<sup>1</sup> Blank in MS.; Afton MS. has *fax*.

Thocht this was hard, yit Orpheus was fane,  
And on thay went, talkand of play and sport, 385  
Till thay almost come to the outward port.

Thus Orpheus, with inwart lufe repleit,  
So blindit was with grit effectioun,  
Penfyfe in hart apone his lady fueit,  
Remembrit nocht his hard conditioun. 390  
Quhat will ye moir? in schort conclusioun,  
He blent bakwart, and Pluto come annone,  
And on to Hell with hir agane is gone.

Allace, it wes grit pety for to heir  
Of Orpheus the weping and the wo, 395  
How his lady, that he had bocht so deir,  
Bot for a luk so sone wes tane him fro.  
Flatlingis he fell and micht no fordir go,  
And lay a quhile in swoun and extasy;  
Quhen he ourcome, this out of lufe gan cry. 400 Fol. 322. b.

Quhat art thou, luv, how fall I the defyne?  
Bittir and fueit, crewall and merciable,  
Plefand to sum, to vthir plent and pyne,  
Till sum constant, to vthir variable,  
Hard is thy law, thy bandis vnbreakable; 405  
Quho scheruis the, thocht thay be nevir so trew,  
Perchance sum tyme thay fall haif caufs to rew.

Now find I weill this proverb trew, quod he,  
Hart on the hurd, and handis on the foir,  
Quhair luv gois, on foris mone turne the e; 410  
I am expart, and wois me thairfoir,  
Bot for a luv my lady is forloir.  
Thus chydand on with luv, our burne and bent,  
A wofull wedo hamewart is he went.

*Moralitas.*

Now, wirthy folk, Boece, that senatour,	415
To wryt this fenyeit fable tuk in cure,	
In his gay Buke of Consolatioun,	
For our doctrene and gud instructioun;	
Quhilk in the self suppois it fenyeid be,	
And hid vndir the cloik of poetre,	420
Yit maister Trivat doctour Nicholafs,	
Quhilk in his tyme a noble theologe wafs,	
Applyis it to gud moralitie,	
Rycht full of frucht and seriositie.	
Fair Phebus is the god of sapience,	425
Caliope his wyfe is eloquence;	
Thir twa mareit gat Orpheus belyfe,	
Quhilk callit is the pairte intelletyfe	
Off mans faule, and vnderstanding fre,	
And seperat fra sensualitie.	430
Euridices is our effectioun,	
Be fantesie oft movit vp and down,	
Quhile to ressonne it castis the delyte.	
Quhyle to the flesche it settis the appetyte.	
Arestius, this [hird <sup>1</sup> ], that cowth perfew	435
Euridices, is nocht bot gud vertew,	
That billy is to keip our myndis clene,	
Bot quhen we fle outthrow the medow grene	
Fra vertew, till this warldis vane plesans,	Fol. 323.1
Myngit with cair and full of variance,	440
The serpentis stang, that is the deidly syn.	
That polownis the faule without and in,	
And than is deid and eik oppressit down	
Till wardly lust and all our affectioun	
Thane perfyte wildome weipis wondir soir.	445
Seand thus gait our appetyte misfair.	
And to the hevin he pullit vp belyfe.	

*Original from MS., taken from Adams MS.*

Schawand to ws the lyfe contemplatyfe,  
 The perfyte wit, and eik the fervent luv  
 We suld haif allway to the hevin abuve; 450  
 Bot feildin thair our appetyte is fundin,  
 It is so fast within the body bundin,  
 Thairfoir dounwart we cast our myndis e,  
 Blindit with lust and may nocht vpwartis fle,  
 Sould our desyre be focht vp in the spheiris, 455  
 Quhen it is tedderit in thir warldly breiris,  
 Quhyle on the flesch, quhyle on this warldis wrak,  
 And to the hevin full small intent we tak.  
 Sir Orpheus, thow seikis all in vane  
 Thy wyfe so he, thairfoir cum doun agane, 460  
 And [pas<sup>1</sup>] vnto the monfter mervellus,  
 With thre heidis, that we call Cerberus,  
 Quhilk fenyeid is to haif so mony heidis,  
 For to be takin thre maner of deidis.  
 The first is in the tendir yong bernage, 465  
 The secound deid is in the middill age,  
 The thrid is in greit eild quhen men ar tane.  
 Thus Cerberus to swelly sparis nane,  
 Bot quhen our mynd is myngit with sapience,  
 And plais vpoun the herp of eloquence; 470  
 That is to fay makis persuasioun,  
 To draw our will and our affectioun  
 In every eild fra fyn and fowll delyte,  
 The dog our sawll na power hes to byte.  
 The secound monstour ar the sistiris thre, 475  
 Electo, Migera, and Thesaphany,  
 Ar nocht ellis, in bukis as we reid,  
 Bot wicket thocht, ill word, and thrawart deid.  
 Electo is the bolling of the harte,  
 Mygera the wickit word inwart, 480  
 Thesaphony is operatioun,  
 That makis fynall executioun

<sup>1</sup> Omitted from MS.; taken from Asloan MS.

In deidly fyn, and thir thre turnis ay  
 The vgly quheill, is nocht ellis to say,  
 Bot warldly men sumtyme ar cassin he 485 Fol. 323. b.  
 Vpone the quheill, in gret prosperitie,  
 And with a quhirle, onwarly or thai wait,  
 Ar thrawin down to pure and law estait.  
 Off Exione that on the quheill wes spred,  
 I fall yow tell of sum pairte, as I haif red; 490  
 He was of lyfe brukle and lecheroufs,  
 And in that craft hardy and curagufs,  
 That he wald lue in to no lawar place  
 Bot Juno, quene of nature and goddace;  
 And on a day he went vp on the fky, 495  
 And focht Juno, thinkand with hir to ly.  
 Scho saw him cum and knew his foull intent;  
 A rany clud one fra the firmament  
 Scho gart discend and keft betuix thame two,  
 And in that clud his nature yeid him fro, 500  
 Off quhilk was generat the Sentowrifs,  
 Half man, half horfs, vpoun a ferly wifs.  
 Thane for the inwart crabing and offens,  
 That Juno tuke for his grit violens,  
 Scho fend him down vnto the sistiris thre, 505  
 Vpone a quheill ay turnyt for to be.  
 Bot quhen reffoun and perfyte fapience  
 Playis vpon the herp of eloquens,  
 And persuadis our fleschly appetyte  
 To leif the thocht of this warldly delyte, 510  
 Than feiffis of our hert the wickit will,  
 Fra frawart language than the tong is still,  
 Our synfull deidis fallis down on fleip,  
 Thane Exione out of the quheill gan creip;  
 That is to say, the grit folicitud, 515  
 Quhyle vp, quhyle down, to win this warldis gud,  
 Seiffis furthwith, and our affectioun

Waxis quiet in contemplioun.  
 This Tantalus, of quhome I spak of aire,  
 Quhill he levit he was a gay offlaire, 520  
 And on a nycht come travilland thairby  
 The god of riches, and tuk harbery  
 With Tantalus, and he till his supper  
 Slew his awin fone that was leif and deir,  
 Syne in a few, with spycis foddin weill, 525  
 He gart the god eit vp his flesche ilk deill.  
 For this dispyt, quhen he wes deid annone,  
 Was dampnit in the flud of Acherone,  
 Till suffer hungir, thrift, nakit and cawld,  
 Rycht wo begone, as I befoir haif tauld.<sup>1</sup> 530 Fol. 324. a.  
 This hungry man and thrifty Tantalus  
 Betaknis men gredy and couetoufs,  
 The god of riches that ar ay reddy  
 For to reffaif, and tak in harbery,  
 And till him fieth his fone in pecis fmall, 535  
 That is the flesch and blud with grit travell,  
 To full the bag, and neuir fund in thair hairt  
 Vpoun thame self to spend nor tak thair pairte.  
 Allace, in erd quhair is thair mair foly,  
 Than for to want and haif haboundantly, 540  
 Till haif distrefs on bed, on bak and burd,  
 And spair till wyn men of gold a hurd?  
 And in the nycht fleip soundly thay may nocht,  
 To gaddir geir so gredy is thair thocht.  
 Bot quhen reffoun and intelligence 545  
 Smytis vpoun the herp of conscience,  
 Schawand to ws quhat perrell on ilk fyd  
 That thai incur quhay will treft or confyd  
 Into this warldis vane prosperitie,  
 Quhilk hes thir sory properteis thre, 550  
 That is to say, gottin with grit labour,  
 Keipit with dreid, and tynt with grit dolour.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *tould*.



This grit avaris be grace quha vndirstud,  
 I trow suld leif thair grit solitude  
 Off ythand thochtis and he besines 555  
 To gaddir gold, syne leif in distres,  
 Bot he suld eit and drink quhen evir he list  
 Off cuvatyfe to slaik the birnand thrift.  
 This Titius lay nalit on the bent,  
 And the grip his bowellis revin and rent, 560  
 Quhill he levit he set alhis intentioun  
 To find the craft of diuinatioun,  
 And lyrit it vnto the spyne all,  
 To tell befoir sic thingis as wald befall;  
 Quhat lyfe, quhat deth, quhat destany and werd, 565  
 Provydit ware vnto every man on erd.  
 Appollo than for this abusioun,  
 Quhilk is the god of diuinatioun,  
 For he, vsurpit of his facultie,  
 Put him to hell, and thair remanis he. 570  
 Ilk man that heiris this conclusioun  
 Suld dreid to serfs be constillatioun  
 Thingis to fall vndir the firmament, Fol. 324. b.  
 Till ye or na quhilk ar indefferent,  
 Without profixit caufs and certane, 575  
 Quhilk nane in erd may know bot God allane.  
 Quhen Orpheus vpoun his harp can play,  
 That is our vndirstanding for to say,  
 Cryis, O man, recleme thi folich harte;  
 Will thow be God and tak on the his pairte, 580  
 To tell thingis to cum that neuir wilbe,  
 Quhilk God hes kepit in his preuetie?  
 Thow ma no mair offend to God of micht,  
 Na with thi spaying reif fra him his richt,  
 This perfyte wisdome with his melody 585  
 Fleyis the spreit of fenyeid profecy,  
 And drawis vpwart our affectioun<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be a line of

*ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.*

Fra wichcraft, fpaying and forfery,  
And fuperftitioun of aftrology,  
Saif allanerly sic maner of thingis, 590  
Quhilk vpoun trew and certane cauffis hingis,  
The quhilk mone cum to thair caus indure,  
On verry forfs and nocht throw avanture,  
As is the clippis and the coniunctioun  
Of fone and mone be calculatioun, 595  
The quhilk ar fundin in trew aftronomy,  
Be moving of the fpeiris in the fky;  
All thir to fpeik it may be tollerale,  
And none vdir quhilk no cauffis ftale.  
This vgly way, this myrk and dully freit, 600  
Is nocht ellis bot blinding of the fpreit,  
With myrk cluddis and myft of ignorance,  
Affetterrit in this warldis vane plefance,  
And biiffines of temporalite,  
To kene the felf a ftyme it may nocht fe, 605  
For scammeris on eftir effectioun  
Fra ill to war ale thus to hale gois down,  
That is wan howp throw lang hanting of fyn,  
And fowll difpair, that mony fallis in.  
Than Orpheus our reffoun is full wo, 610  
And twichis on his harp, and biddis ho,  
Till our defyre and fulich appetyte  
Bidis leif this warldis full deleyte.  
Than Pluto, god and quene of hellis fyre,  
Mone grant to reffoun on forfs the defyre. 615  
Than Orpheus hes wone Euridices,  
Quhen our defyre with reffoun makis pefs,  
And feikis vp to contemplatioun,  
Of fyn deftand the abutioun,  
Bot ilk man fuld be wyfe, and warly fe 620  
That he bakwart caft nocht his myndis e,  
Gifand consent, and delectatioun

Off fleschly lust for the affectioun;  
 For thane gois bakwart to the sone agane  
 Our appetyte as it befoir was flane, 625  
 In warldly lust and vane prosperite,  
 And makis reffoun wedow for to be.

Now pray we God, fen our affectioun  
 Is allway promp<sup>1</sup> and reddy to fall doun,  
 That he wald vndirput his haly hand 630  
 Of mantenans, and gife ws forfs to stand  
 In perfyte lue, as he is glorius.  
 And thus endis the taill of Orpheus.

*Finis quod* Mr. R[obert] H[enryson].

CCCCXXII.

*Fable VII.*

*The Bludy Serk.*

THIS hindir yeir I hard be tald,  
 Thair was a worthy king,  
 Dukis, erlis and barronis bald,  
 He had at his bidding.  
 The lord was anceane and ald, 5  
 And sexty yeiris cowth ring,  
 He had a dochter fair to fald,  
 A lusty lady ying.

Off all fairheid scho bur the flour,  
 And eik hir faderis air, 10  
 Off lusty laitis and he honour,  
 Meik bot and debonair.

<sup>1</sup> Originally *pomp*, and altered by a later hand.

Scho wynnit in a bigly bour,  
On fold wes none fo fair;  
Princis luvit hir paramour,  
In cuntreis our allquhair. 15

Thair dwelt alyt befyde the king  
A fowll gyane of ane,  
Stollin he hes the lady ying,  
Away with hir is gane, 20  
And keft hir in his dungering,  
Quhair licht fcho nicht fe nane; Fol. 325. b.  
Hungir and cauld, and grit thrifing  
Scho fand in to hir wame.

He wes the laithlieft on to luk 25  
That on the grund mycht gang;  
His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,  
Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.  
Thair wes nane that he ourtuk,  
In rycht or yit in wrang, 30  
Bot all in schondir he thame fchuke,  
The gyane wes fo ftrang.

He held the lady day and nycht  
Within his deip dungeoun,  
He wald nocht gif of hir a ficht, 35  
For gold nor yit ransoun,  
Bot gife the king mycht get a knycht  
To fecht with his perfoun,  
To fecht with him both day and nycht,  
Quhill ane wer dungin down. 40

The king gart feik baith fer and neir,  
Beth be fe and land,  
Off ony knycht gife he nicht heir  
Wald fecht with that gyand.

A worthy prince that had no peir 45  
 Hes tane the deid on hand,  
 For the luv of the lady cleir,  
 And held full trew cunnand.

That prince come prowdly to the toun  
 Of that gyane to heir, 50  
 And fawcht with him his awin perfoun,  
 And tuke him prefoneir;  
 And keft him in his awin dungeoun,  
 Allane withouttin feir,  
 With hungir, cauld and confufioun, 55  
 As full weill worthy weir.

Syne brak the bour, had hame the bricht,  
 Vnto hir fadir deir;  
 Sa evill wondit was the knycht  
 That he behuvit to de. 60  
 Vnlufum was his likame dicht,  
 His fark was all bludy;  
 In all the warld was thair a wicht  
 So peteoufs for to fy. Fol. 326. a.

The lady murnyt and maid grit mone, 65  
 With all hir mekle nicht;  
 I luvit nevir lufe bot one  
 That dulfully now is dicht.  
 God fen my lyfe wer fra me tone,  
 Or I had fene yone ficht, 70  
 Or ellis in begging evir to gone  
 Furth with yone curtafs knycht.

He said, Fair lady, now mone I  
 De, treftly ye me trow,  
 Tak ye my fark that is bludy, 75  
 And hing it forrow yow;

*THE BLUDY SERK.*

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Firft think on it, and fyne on me,  
Quhen men cumis yow to wow.  
The lady faid, Be Mary fre,  
Thairto I mak a wow. 80

Quhen that fcho lukit to the ferk,  
Scho thocht on the perfoun,  
And prayit for him with all hir harte,  
That lowfd hir of bandoun;  
Quhair fcho was wont to fit full merk, 85  
In that deip dungeoun,  
And evir quhill fcho wes in quert,  
That wafs hir a leffoun.

Sa weill the lady luvit the knycht,  
That no man wald fcho tak. 90  
Sa fuld we do our God of nicht,  
That did all for ws mak;  
Quhilk fullely to deid wes dicht,  
For finfull manis faik;  
Sa fuld we do both day and nycht, 95  
With prayaris to him mak.

*Moralitas.*

This king is lyk the Trinitie,  
Baith in Hevin and heir;  
The manis faule to the lady,  
The gyane to Lucefeir; 100  
The knycht to Chryft, that deit on tre,  
And coft our fynnis deir;  
The pit to Hell, with panis fell,  
The fyn to the woweir. Fol. 326. b.

The lady was wowd, bot scho said nay, 105  
 With men that wald hir wed;  
 Sa fuld we wryth all syn away,  
 That in our breiftis bred.  
 I pray to Jesu Chryft verrey,  
 For ws his blud that bled, 110  
 To be our help on domysday,  
 Quhair lawis ar straitly led.

The faule is Godis dochtir deir,  
 And eik his handewerk,  
 That was betrafit with Lucifeir, 115  
 Quha fittis in Hell full merk.  
 Borrowit with Chryftis angell cleir,  
 Hend men, will ye nocht herk?  
 For his lufe that bocht ws deir,  
 Think on the Bludy Serk. 120

*Finis quod* Mr. R. Henrici.

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CCCXXIII.

*Fable VIII.*

*The Cock and the Fewell.*

*Prolog.*

THOCHT fenyet fables of auld poetre  
 Be nocht grundit all vpoun trewth, yit than  
 Thair poleit termis of fueit retory  
 Ar rycht plefand vnto the heir of man;  
 And als the caufs quhi thay first began 5

Was to repreife the vyce of myfdoing  
Of man, be fegour of ane vthir thing.

In lyk maner as throw abuswous<sup>1</sup> erd,  
So it be lawborit with grit diligence,  
Springis the flouris and the cornis brerd, 10  
Hailfum and gud to manis fustenance;  
So fpringis thair a morall fueit sentence  
Out of the fcitell dyt of poetre,  
To gud purpoifs quha culd it rycht aply.

Thir nutis fchellis, thocht thai be hard and tuich, 15  
Thay hald the cirnall fueit and delectable;  
So lyis thair a doctryne wyfe anewch,  
And full of fruct, vndir a fenyeit fable.  
As clerkis fayis, it is rycht proffitable,  
Amang ernyft to myng a merry sport, 20  
To blyth the fpreit, and gar the tyme be fchort.

For as we fe the bow that ay is bent  
Wordis vnsmart, and dullis on the ftring,  
So dois the mynd, that is ay diligent  
In ernyft thocht and in fuddeing. 25  
With fad materis fum mirrines to myng  
Accordis weill; thus Ifop, I wifs,  
Dulcius arrident feria picta jocis.

Off this poyet, my masteris, with your leife,  
I me deffer to your correctioun, 30  
In moder tong of Latyne I wald preife  
To mak a maner of translatioun;  
Nocht of my felf, for vane prefumptioun,  
Bot be requeift and prayeris of a lord,  
Off quhome the name it neidis nocht record. 35

<sup>1</sup> This word is very indistinct in MS.



In hamely langage and in termes rud,  
 Me neidis wryt, for quhy, of eloquence  
 No rethory I neur vndirstud;  
 Thairfoir meikly I pray your reuerens,  
 Gife ye fynd ocht that throw my negligence 40  
 Or diminut, or yit superfluys,  
 Correct at your willis gratius.

Myne auctour in his fable tellis fow  
 That brutall beiftis spak and vndirstud,  
 And till gud purpoifs dispit and argow 45  
 A fylogysme propone, and eik exclud;  
 Putting axample and fymilitude,  
 How mony men in operatioun  
 Ar lyk to beiftis in thair conditioun.

No mervell is a man be lyk a beift, 50  
 Quhilk leivis ay in carnall fowll delyte,  
 That schame can nocht derenye nor arreift,  
 Bot takis all thair lust and appetyt,  
 Quhilk throw the custome and the dayly ryte,  
 Syn in the mynd is fa fast radicat, 55 Fol. 327. b.  
 That he in brutall beift be transformat.

This noble clerk, Yfop, as I haif towld,  
 In gay metir facound and purperat,  
 Be fegour wret his buk, for he nocht would  
 Tak the disdane of he, nor law estate. 60  
 And to begyn, first at a Cok he wrate,  
 Seikand his meit, quhilk fand a joly stane,  
 Off quhome the fable ye fall heir annone.

A Cok, sumtyme with fethreme fresch and gray,  
 Rycht cant and croufs, suppoifs he was bot pure, 65  
 Flew furth at a dounhill sone be day,



To get his denner fett was all his cure;  
 Screpand amang the afs, be auenture  
 He fand a joly Jasp, ryght pretious,  
 Was castin furth in fuowpyne of the houfs. 70

As madynis wantoun, and insolent,  
 That fane wald play, and on the streit be sene,  
 To fwopyne of the houfs takis no tent  
 Quhat be thairin, swa that the flure be clene;  
 Jowalis ar tynt, as oft tymes hes bene, 75  
 And in the fwowpyne is castin furth annone;  
 Perauentour swa wafs the famyn stone.

Swa mervelland vpone the stone, quod he,  
 O gentill gem, O riche and noble thing,  
 Thocht I the fynd, thow ganis nocht for me;  
 Thow art a jowall for ony warldly king. 80  
 It war pety thow fuld in this midding,  
 Be bvrit thus among this mvk and mwd,  
 And thow so deir, and worth so mekle gude.

It is pety I fuld the fynd, for quhy, 85  
 Thy grit vertew, nor yit thy cullour cleir,  
 I may nowthir extoll nor magnify,  
 And thow to me ma mak bot littill cheir.  
 To grit lordis thocht thow be leif and deir, Fol. 328. a.  
 I lawfe fer bettir thing of lefs awaill, 90  
 As cafe, or corne, to fill my tome entrell.

I had leuir go skraip heir with my nailis  
 Among this moll, and luk my lyvis fude,  
 As corne, or drafe, small worme, or [f]naillis,  
 Or ony meit wald do my stomok gude, 95  
 Nor of Jefpis a mekle multitude.  
 And thow agane, vpoun the famyn wyifs,  
 May me as now for thyne awaill dispyifs.

Thow hes no corne, and thairof I had neid;  
 Thy cullour dois bot comfort to the ficht, 100  
 And that is nocht annwch my wame to feid;  
 For wyfe men sayis that lukand wark was lycht.  
 [I wald haif fum meit, get it gif I nicht,<sup>1</sup>]  
 For hungry men may nocht weill leif on loikis;  
 Had I dry breid, I keipit nocht no kokis. 105

Quhair fuld thow mak thi tributatioun?  
 Quhair fuld thow dwell, bot in a ryall tour?  
 Quhair fuld thow sit, bot one a kingis croun,  
 Exalt in wirchep, and in gret honour?  
 Ryfs, gentill Jaspis, of all stonis the flour, 110  
 Out of this afs, and pafs quhair thow fuld be;  
 Thow ganis nocht for me, nor I for the.

Levand this jowall full law vpone the ground,  
 To feik fum meit this Cok his wayis went,  
 Bot quhen, or quhair, or quhow it was found, 115  
 As now I fit to hold no argument;  
 Bot of the inwart sentence and intent  
 Of this fable, as myne awtour dois wit,  
 I fall reherfs in rude and hamely dyt.

*Moralitas.*

This joly Jasp hes properteis sevin: 120  
 The firft, of collouris it is mervelloufs,  
 Pairte lyke the fyre, and pairte is lyk the hevin;  
 And makis a man stark and victorius,  
 Perfervis als fra caiffis perrelloufs.  
 Quha hes this ston fall haif gud hap to speid, 125  
 Off fyre nor fallis him neidis nocht to dreid.

<sup>1</sup> This line, omitted in Bannatyne MS., is supplied from Makculloch MS.

This gentill Jesp, oft different in hew,  
Betakinis perfyt prudens and cunnyng,  
Ornat with mony deidis of vertew,  
Moir excelland than ony erdly thing; 130  
Quhilk makis men in honour ay to ring,  
Happy, and stark to haif the victory  
Off all vicis, and sprituall ennemy.

Quha may be rycht hardy and gracious?  
Quha can enschew perrell and aventure? 135  
Quha can gowern citie and burchgus  
Without science? non, I yow ensure;  
It is the riches that evir fall indure,  
Quhilk motht nor mwst may nocht rwst nor ket,  
And to manis sawll it is eternall met. 140

This Cok defyring moir the fymple corne  
Thane ony Jasp, onto the fule is peir,  
Makand at science bot a knak and skorne,  
Quhilk can no gud, and als littill will leir;  
His hairt wamillis gud argumentis till heir, 145  
As to the fow, to quhome men for the nons  
In hir drafe troch wald saw the pretius stons.

Quha is ennemy to science and cunnyng,  
Bot ignorantis that vndirstandis nocht?  
Quhilk is so noble, pretius and ding, 150  
That may nocht with no erdly thing be bocht?  
Weill war the man of all vthir, that mocht  
All his lyfe dayis in perfyte study war,  
To get science, for him nedit no mair.

Bot now, allaifs, this Jasp is tynt and hid; 155  
We feik it nocht nor preissis it to find.  
Haif we riches, no bettir lyfe we bid,  
Off science thocht the faull be bair and blind.



Of this mater I do bot waiftis wind,  
 Thairfoir I feifs, and will no forder fay; 160  
 Go feik the Jasp quha lift, for thair it lay.

*Explicit, quod Mr. R[obert] H[enryson].*

CCCCXXIV.

*Fable IX.*

*The Moufs and the Paddock.*

VPONE a tyme, as Yfop can report,  
 A littill Moufs come till a rever fyd, Fol. 329. 2  
 Scho mycht nocht waid, hir schankis wer fo schort;  
 Scho cowth nocht fowme, scho<sup>1</sup> had no horfs till ryd;  
 Off verry forfs behuvit hir to byd, 5  
 And to and fro vpone that rever deip  
 Scho ran, cryane with mony peteufs peip.  
 Help our, help our, the silly Mowfs can cry,  
 For Godis lufe, sum body our this bryme.  
 With that a Paddok, on the wattir by, 10  
 Put vp hir heid and on the bank cowth clyme,  
 Quhilk be natur gowth dowk, and gaylie fwyme.  
 With voce full rawk, scho said on this maneir,  
 Gud morne, deme Mowfs, quhat is your erand heir?  
 Seis thow, quod scho, of corne yone joly flat, 15  
 Of ryp aitis, of beir, of peifs, and quheit;  
 I am hungry, and fane wald be thairat,  
 Bot I am stoppit heir be this wattir greit;  
 And on this fyd I get no thing till eit,  
 Bot hard nutis, quhilk with my teith I boir; 20  
 War I beyond, my feift wald be the moir.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *fo*.

I haif no boit, heir is no mareneir,  
 And thocht thair ware, I haif no frawcht to pay.  
 Quod scho, sistir, lat be your havy cheir,  
 Do my counfall, and I fall fynd the way, 25  
 Withowttin horfs, brig, boit, or yit gallay,  
 To bring yow our faifly, be nocht affeird,  
 And nocht to weit the campis of your beird.

I haif mervell than, quod the filly Mowfs,  
 How thow can fleit without feddir or fyn; 30  
 The reuer is so deip and dengeroufs,  
 Me think that thow suld drowin to wed thairin.  
 Tell me, thairfoir, quhat faculty or gyn  
 Thow hes to bring me our this wattir wan?  
 That to declair the Paddok thus began. 35

With my twa feit, quod scho, lukkin and braid,  
 In steid of airis, I row the streme full still;  
 Suppoifs the bruk be perrellus to waid,  
 Baith to and fro I swyme at my awin will.  
 I may nocht droun, for quhy, myne oppin gill 40  
 Devoydis ay the watter I reffaif;  
 Thairfoir to droun forfuth no dreid I haif. Fol. 329. b.

The Mowfs beheld onto hir fronsyt face,  
 Hir runclit beik, and hir lippis fyd,  
 Hir hyngand browis, and hir voce so hace, 45  
 Hir logrand leggis, and hir harlky hyd.  
 Scho ran abak, and on the Paddock cryd,  
 Gife I can any skeill of fyfnomy,  
 Thow hes fum pairte of frawd and als invy.

For clerkis sayis the inclinatioun 50  
 Of manis thocht perfavis commounly  
 Estir the corporall complexioun  
 Till gud or yll, as natur will apply;

A frawart will, a thrawin phisnomy.  
 The auld proverb is witnefs of this; Lorum 55  
 Distortum vultum, fequitur distortio morum.

Na, quod the Taid, that proverb is nocht trew,  
 For fair thingis oft tymes ar fowll fakin;  
 Thir bla berryis, thocht thay be blak of hew,  
 Ar gaddrit vp quhen prumrofs is forfakin. 60  
 The face may fail to be the hairtis taikin:  
 Thairfoir I fynd in Scriptour in a place,  
 Thow fuld nocht juge a man eftir his face.

Thocht I vnlufty be to luk vpone,  
 I haif no wyt quhy fuld I lakkit be; 65  
 War I als fare as joly Abfalone,  
 I am nocht cauffar of that grit bewte.  
 This differens in forme and qualite  
 Almychty God hes cawfit dame Nature  
 To prent and fet in every creature. 70

Off fum the face may be rycht flurifand,  
 With filkin tong and cheir most amorus,  
 With mynd inconstant, fals and variand,  
 Full of diffait, and menys cautelus.  
 Lat be preching, quod the hungry Moufs; 75  
 And be quhat craft thow gar me vndirftand,  
 How thow wald gyd me to the yondir land.

Thow wait, quod scho, a body that hes neid, Fol. 330.a.  
 To help thame selff fuld mony wayis cast;  
 Thairfoir go tak a dowble twynnit threid, 80  
 And bind thi leg to myne with knotis fast;  
 I fall the leir to fwyme, be nocht agast.  
 Is that thi counsale? quod the filly Moufs,  
 To preif that play it wer our perrelloufs.

Suld I be bund and fast quhair I am fre, 85  
 In howp of help, nay than eschrew ws baith,  
 For I mycht los both lyfe and libertie;  
 Gife it wer fa, quha mycht amend my skaith?  
 Bot gife thow fueir to me the murthour aith,  
 But frawd or gyle, to bring me our this flude 90  
 But hurt or harme, quod scho, in faith I dude.

Scho golkit vp, and to the hevin can cry,  
 How Jupiter, of Natur god and king,  
 I mak ane aith to the trewly, that I  
 This littill Moufs fall our the wattir bring. 95  
 This aith was maid. This Moufs, but perfawing  
 Of fals ingyne of this fals crabit Taid,  
 Tuk threid and band her leg, as scho hir bad.

Than fute for fute thay lap baith in the brime,  
 Bot in thair mynd thay wer rycht different; 100  
 The Mowfs thocht na thing bot to fleit and fwyme,  
 The Padok for to slay fet hir intent.  
 Quhen thai in mydwart of the streme wer went,  
 With all hir forfs the Paddok dowkit doun,  
 And thocht the Moufs without mercy to droun. 105

Persevand this, the Moufs on hir gan cry,  
 Tratour to God, and mansworne on to me,  
 Thow svoir the murthour aith faifly that I,  
 But harme or hurt, suld ferreid be and fre.  
 And quhen scho saw thair wafs bot do or dy, 110  
 Scho bowtit vp and foirfit hir to fwyme,  
 And preifit on the Taidis bak to clyme.

The dreid of deid hir strenthis gart increfs,  
 And fandit hir defend with mony mane;  
 The Mowfs vpwart, the Paddok doun can prefs, 115  
 Quhile to, quhile fra, quhile dowk, quhile vp agane.



This filly Moufs, this plungit in grit pane,  
Can fecht als lang as breth wes in hir breift,  
Till at the laft scho cryit for a preift.

Fol. 330. b.

Sichand thus gait a Gled fat on a twift,  
And to this wrechit battell tuk gud heid,  
And with a wifk, or owthir of thame wift,  
He claucht his cluke betuene thame in the threid;  
Syne to the land he flew with thame gud speid,  
Fane of that fang, pypand with mony pew;  
Syne lowfit thame, and bayth but pety flew.

120

125

Syne bowellit thame, that bowchir, with his bill,  
And bellyflawcht full fetly he thame flaid;  
Bot baith thair flesche wald skant be half a fill,  
And gutis als, vnto that gredy Gled.  
Off thair debait thus quhen I had owt red,  
He tuk his flicht and our the feildis he flaw;  
Gife this be trew, speir ye at thame that faw.

130

*Moralitas.*

My brother, gif thou will tak aduertens  
Till this fable, thou may perfaif and fe,  
It passis far alkynd of pestilens,  
A wicket mynd, with wirdis fair and fle.  
Be war thairfoir quhome with thou followis the;  
For thou war bettir beir of stone the barrow,  
Of sueitand ding and delffe quhill thou may dre,  
Na be machit with a wicket marrow.

135

140

A fals intent vndir a fare pretence  
Hes cawfit mony innocentis to de;  
Grit folly is thairfoir to gife credence  
Our sone to all that speikis fair to the.

145

A filkin tong, a hairt of crewelte,  
Smytis mair foir than ony schot of arrow;  
Brudir, gif thow be vyifs, I rid the fle  
To mache the with a frawart fenyeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit negligence 150  
To bind the fast quhair thow was frank and fre;  
Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defens  
To faif thy lyfe, or yit in libertie.  
This semple counsale, bruder, tak at me,  
And it to cwn perqueir; se nocht thow tarrow; 155  
Bettir but stryfe to leif allone in le,  
Than to be machit with a wicket marrow.

This hald in mynd; yit moir I fall the tell  
Quhat by thir beiftis may be figurat.  
This Paddock, vband in this flud to dwell, 160 Fol. 331. a.  
Is manis body, fwmand air and lait  
Into this warld, with cairis implicat;  
Now he, now law, quhyle plungit vp, and down,  
Ay in to perrell, and redy for to droun.

Now dolorus, now blyth as bird on breir; 165  
Now in fredome, now wardit in distres;  
Now haill, now found, now deid and brocht on beir;  
Now pure as Job, now rowand in riches;  
Now gownis gay, now brattis to imbrafs;  
Now full as fysche, now hungry as a hound; 170  
Now on the quheill, now wappit to the ground.

This littill Moufs thus knet hard be the chin,  
The faule of man betakin may in deid;  
Bundin, and fra the body may nocht twin,  
Quhill crewall Deid cum brek of lyfe the threid; 175  
The quhilk to droun fuld evir stand in dreid,

Of carnall lust be the suggestioun,  
 Quhilk drawis ay the faule, ay and haldis doun.

The waltir is the warld, ay walterand,  
 With mony wayis of tribulatioun, 180  
 In quhilk the faule and body ay waverand,  
 Standis distynyt and thair opinioun;  
 The spreit vpwart, the body preiffis doun;  
 The natur of the faule wald our be borne  
 Out of this warld vnto the hevinly trone. 185

This Gled is Deid, that cumis suddanly  
 As dois the theif, and endis this battell.  
 Be vegeland, thairfoir, and ay reddy.  
 For manis lyfe is brukle, and mortall;  
 My freind, thairfoir, mak the a strange castell 190  
 Of gud deidis, for Deid will the assay,  
 Thow wait nocht quhen: at evin, morne nor midday.

Adew, my freind, and gif that ony speiris  
 Of this fable so schortly I conclude;  
 Thow say, I left the laif vnto the freiris, 195  
 To mak a sample or similitud.  
 Now Chryst for ws that deit on the rud,  
 Of faule and lyf as thow art Saluour,  
 Grant ws to pass in till a blissit hour.

*Explicit, quod Maistir R[obert] H[enryson].*

## CCCCXXV.

*Fable X.**The Twa Myfs.*

**I**SOP, myne autour, makis mentioun Fol. 331. b.  
 Of twa Myfs, and thay war sifteris deir,  
 Off quhome the elder dwelt in a borrowis toun;  
 The yungir wend vp on land weill neir,  
 Rycht solitar, quhyle vndir busk and breir, 5  
 Quhyle in the corne, in vthir menis schecht,  
 As outlawis dois and levis on thair wacht.

The rurall Moufs in to the winter tyd  
 Had hungir, cauld, and tholit grit distres;  
 The tothir Moufs, that in the burgh can byd, 10  
 Was gilt bruther and maid ane fre burgefs;  
 Tolefre alwa, but custome mair and lefs,  
 And fredome had to ga quhair euir scho list,  
 Among the cheifs and meill in ark and kift.

A tyme quhen scho wes full and on fute fair 15  
 Scho tuk in mynd hir sifter vp on land,  
 And langit for hir cheir and hir weillfair,  
 And se quhat lyfe scho led vndir the wand.  
 Bairfute allone, with pykstaff in hir hand,  
 As pure pilgrim scho passit out of toun, 20  
 To seik hir sifter baith our daill and down.

Throw mony wilsum wayis cwth scho walk,  
 Throwcht mure and mofs, throwcht bank, busk and brayre,  
 Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,  
 Cum furth to me, myne fueit sifter deir; 25

Cry peip anis. With that the Mowfs quod heir,  
 And knew hir voce, as kynnys men will do  
 Be verry kynd, and furth scho come hir to.

The hairtly cheir, Lord God, gife ye had sene  
 Was kynd quhen thir sifteris twa wer met; 30  
 Quhilk that oft fyfs was schawin thame betuene,  
 For quhyle thai luche, and quhyle for joy thay gret,  
 Quhyle kissit sueit, and quhyle in armis plet;  
 And thus thay fure quhill sobirt wes thair meid,  
 Syne fute for fute onto thair chalmer yeid. 35

As I hard fay, it wes a femple wane,  
 Off fog and farne full maisterlie was maid,  
 A filly scheill vndir a erdfast stane,  
 Off quhilk the entre wes nocht he nor braid; Fol. 332. a.  
 And in the famyn than went but mair abaid, 40  
 Withouttin fyre or candill burnand bricht,  
 For commonly sic pykeris luvis nocht licht.

Quhen thay wer lugit thus, thir filly Myfs,  
 The yungast sifter vntill hir burtre hyid,  
 Brocht furth nuttis and peifs in steid of spyfs; 45  
 Gife thair was weilfair doit on thame befyid.  
 This burges Moufs prwmmgit<sup>1</sup> full of pryd,  
 And said, Siftir, is this your daly fude?  
 Quhy nocht, quod scho, think ye this meis nocht gude?

Na, be my faule, me think it bot a skorne. 50  
 Madame, quod scho, ye be the moir to blame;  
 My moder said, eftir that we wer borne,  
 That ye and I lay baith within hir wame;  
 I keip the ryt and custome of my deme,  
 And of my schir levand in pouertie, 55  
 For landis haif we none of propirtie.

<sup>1</sup> This word is very indistinct in MS.

My fair fiftir, quod scho, haif me excusit,  
 This rude dyet and I can nocht accord;  
 Till tendir meit my stomok ay is wfit,  
 For quhy, I fair als weill as ony lord; 60  
 Thir widderit peifs and nutis, or thai be bord,  
 Will brek my teith and mak my teith full sklendir,  
 Quhilk vfit wer befoir to metis tendir.

Weill, weill, fiftir, than quod the rurall Moufs,  
 Gife it yow pleifs sic thing as ye se heir, 65  
 Baith meit and drink, herbery and houfs,  
 Salbe your awin, will ye remane all yeir.  
 Ye fall it haif with blyth and hairtly cheir,  
 That fuld mak the meiffis that ar rude  
 Amang freindis rycht tendir, fueit and gude. 70

Quhat plefans is in feiftis delicat,  
 The quhilk ar gevin with a glowmand brow?  
 A gentill hairt is bettir recreat  
 With blyth vifage, than feche to him a cow;  
 A modicum is moir for till allow, 75  
 Sa that gud will be carver at the defs,  
 Than thrawin vilt and mony spyfit mefs.

For all this mery exortatioun  
 This burges Moufs had littill will to fing, Fol. 332. b.  
 But hevely scho keft hir vifage doun, 80  
 For all hir denteis scho cowth till hir bring;  
 Yit at the laft scho faid, half in hething,  
 Siftir, this wittell and your ryell feift  
 May weill fuffyifs for sic a rurall beift.

Lat be this hole, and cum vnto my place; 85  
 I fall yow schaw, be gude experience,  
 My Gud Fryday is bettir nor your Pafe,  
 My difche likking is wirth your haill expens,

I haif houffis anew of grit defenis,  
 Of cat, na fall, nor trap I haif no dreid. 90  
 I grant, quod scho, and on to geidir<sup>1</sup> yeid.

In skugry ay throw rankest girls and corne,  
 And wondir fly full preuely cowth thay creip;  
 The eldest was the gyd and went beforne,  
 The yunger till hir wayis tuke grit keip. 95  
 On nycht thay ran and on the day can sleip,  
 Quhill in a mornyng, or the laverok sang,  
 Thay fand the toun, and in blythly cowth gang.

Nocht fer fra thyne on till a worthy wane,  
 This burges brocht thame sone quhair thay suld be; 100  
 Without God speid thair harbery wes tane  
 In till a spens with vitall of grit plentie;  
 Bayth cheifs and butter vpone skelffis he,  
 With fische and flesche ennuche baith fresch and salt,  
 And sekkis full of groitis, baith meill and malt. 105

Eftir quhen thai disposit wer to dyne,  
 Withouttin grace thay wesche and went to meit,  
 With all curis that cukis can dewyne,  
 Motone and beif strikin in telyeis greit;  
 A lordis fair thus can thay counterfeit, 110  
 Exceptand a thing, thay drank the wattir cleir  
 In steid of wyne, bot yit thay maid gud cheir.

With blyth vpcast and mery contenans,  
 The eldir sistir sperit at hir gest  
 Gife that scho thocht be reffoun differans 115  
 Betuix that chalmer and hir sary nest.  
 Yit, deme, quod scho, bot how long will this left?  
 For evirmoir, I wait, and langir to.  
 Gif it be trew, ye ar at eifs, quod scho.

<sup>1</sup> The first letter of this word is almost illegible, having been re-written.

Till eik the cheir the furharg furth scho brocht,	120
A plait of groitis and a dische of meill,	Fol. 333. a.
Threfe caikis I trow scho sparit nocht	
Haboundantly about hir for to deill;	
Furmag full syne scho brocht in steid of geill;	
A quhyt candill, out of a coffer stall,	125
In steid of spyce to cresch thair teithis withall.	
Thus maid thay mirry quhile thay mycht no mair,	
And, Haill Yule, haill, thay cryit vp on he;	
Bot eftir joy oftymis cumis cair,	
And truble eftir gret prosperite.	130
Thus as thay fat in all thair solite,	
The spens come in, with keis in his hand,	
Oppinit the dur and thame at denner fand.	
Thay tareit nocht to wesche, as I suppois,	
Bot on to go quha mycht formest win;	135
The burges had a hoill, and in scho gois,	
Hir sifter had no place to hyd hir in;	
To se that filly Moufs it wes grit syn,	
So duffalait and will of all gud reid,	
For verry dreid scho fell in fwoun neir deid.	140
Bot as God wald it fell a happy caifs	
The spensar had no laifar for to byd,	
Nowdir to ferfs, to feik, nor char no[r] chaifs,	
Bot on he went and keft the dur vp wyd.	
This burges his passage weill hes spyd,	145
Out of hir hoill scho come, and cryit on he,	
How, fair sifter, cry peip, quhair evir thow be.	
This rurall Moufs lay flatlingis on the ground,	
And for the deid scho wes full dreidand,	
For till hir hairt straik mony wofull stound,	150
As in a fewer trymlit fute and hand;	



And quhen hir fistir in sic plyt hir fand,  
 For very pety scho began to greit,  
 Syne confortit hir with wirdis as huny fueit.

Quhy ly ye thus? ryfs vp, my fistir deir; 155  
 Cum till your meit, this perrell is ourpast.  
 The tothir anschirit with a hevy cheir,  
 I may nocht eit, so soir I am agast;  
 I had levir thir fourty dayis fast,  
 With wattir caill, or gnaw benis or peifs, 160  
 Than all your feist in this dreid and diseifs.

With fair trety yit gart scho hir<sup>1</sup> ryfs; Fol. 333.b.  
 To burd thay went and on togidder sat,  
 And skantly had thay drunken anis or twyfs,  
 Quhen income Gib Huntar, our joly cat, 165  
 And bad God speid; the burges vp with that,  
 And till hir hoill scho fled as fyre of flynt,  
 Bawdronis the tothir be the bak scho hint.

Fra fute to fute scho keft hir to and fra,  
 Quhyle vp, quhyle down, als tait as ony kid; 170  
 Quhyle wald scho lat hir ryn vndir the stra,  
 Quhyle wald scho wynk and play with hir bukhid.  
 Thus to the filly Moufs grit harme scho did,  
 Quhile at the last, throw fair fortoun and hap,  
 Betuix the dressfour and the wall scho crap. 175

Syne vp in haift behind the perraling  
 So he scho clam that Gilbert mycht nocht get hir,  
 And be the clukis craftely can hing,  
 Till he wes gone, hir cheir wes all the bettir;  
 Syne down scho lap, quhen thair wes nane to let hir, 180  
 Than on the burges Mowfs lowd cowth scho cry,  
 Fair weill, fistir, heir I thy feist defy.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *him*.

Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,  
 Thy gufs is gud, thy ganefall four as gall,  
 The fathugis<sup>1</sup> of thy fcheruice is bot fair, 185  
 So fall thow find heireftirwart may fall.  
 I thank yone courtyne and yone parpane wall  
 Of my defenfs now fra yone crewell beift;  
 Almychty God keip me fra sic a feift.

War I in to the place that [I] come fro, 190  
 For weill nor wo I fuld nevir cum agane.  
 With that fcho take hir leif, and furth can go,  
 Quhyle throw the corne, and quhyllis throw the plane;  
 Quhen fcho was furth and fre, fcho was rycht fane,  
 And mirrely mirkit vnto the mvre: 195  
 I can nocht tell how eftirwart fcho fure.

Bot I hard fay fcho passit to hir den,  
 Als warme as wow, fuppoifs it wes nocht greit,  
 Full beynly stuft, bayth but and ben,  
 Off peifs and nutis, benis, ry and quheit; 200 Fol. 334. a.  
 Quhen evir fcho lift fcho had ennuche till eit,  
 In quiet and eifs, withouttin dreid,  
 Bot till hir fisteris feift no moir fcho yeid.

*Moralitas.*

Freindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,  
 In this fable a gud moralitie; 205  
 As fitfchis myngit ar with noble feid,  
 So intermellit is aduerfitie  
 With erdly joy, so that no stait is fre,  
 Without truble or sum vexatioun;  
 And namely thay that clymis vp most he, 210  
 And nocht content of small possessioun.

<sup>1</sup> Or *fathugis*. Perhaps should have been written *fachingis*.

Bunt be symple lyte withoutin dread.  
 Bunt be your feik in quiete.  
 Quia hes emuche, of no moir hes he need.  
 Thocht it be lital in to quantite. 212  
 Gif haboundance, and bunt prosperie.  
 Gif tynis makis one evil concision:  
 The bestest lyte thairfor in this countre  
 Is of science, with small possession.

O wretched man, quailk this for to feid 220  
 Thy wame, and makis it a god to be.  
 Lake to the self, I warne the weill on deid.  
 The Cat curis, and to the Mouis hewis e.  
 Quhat dois awail thy feik and ryelie.  
 With dreidfull hairt and tribulation. 225  
 Thairfor best thing in erd, I say, for me.  
 Is merry hairt with small possession.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid.  
 It warmis weill and is worth gold to the:  
 And Salamone sayis, and ye will reid. 230  
 Vndir the hevin I can nocht bettir se,  
 Than ay be blyth and leif in honeste.  
 Quhairfor I may conclud, be this reffoun.  
 Off erdly joy it beiris most degre,  
 Blythnes in hairt, with small possession. 235

*Explicit, quod Maistir R[obert] H[enryson].*

## CCCXXVI.

*Fable XI.**The Dog, the Scheip and the Wolff.*

**I** SOPE a taill putis in memorie,  
 How that a Dog, becaufs that he wes pure,  
 Callit a Scheip vnto the consistory, Fol. 334. b.  
 A certane breid of him for to recure;  
 A frawdfull [Wolff] was juge that tyme, and bure 5  
 Auſtoritie and juridiſtioun,  
 And on the Scheip fend furth a ſtrait ſummoun.  
  
 For by the vſe and courſs of commoun ſtyle,  
 On this maner maid his ſitatioun:  
 I, maiftir Wolff, pairtles of frawd or gyle, 10  
 Vndir the panis of ſuſpentioun,  
 And gret curſing, and interdictioun,  
 Sir Scheip, I chaarge the ſtraitly to compeir,  
 And anſueir till a Dog befoir me heir.  
  
 Sir Corby Rawin was maid a peritour, 15  
 Quhilk pyket hes full mony ſchepis e,  
 His chaarge hes tane, and on the lettir bure,  
 Sommond the Scheip befoir the Wolff, that he  
 Peremptourly, within tha dayis thre,  
 Compeir vndir the panis in this bill, 20  
 And heir quhat burry Dog wald ſay him till.  
  
 This ſommond maid befoir witneſs ennew,  
 The Revin has till his office weill affeird,  
 Endorſit hes his writ, and on he flew;  
 The filly Scheip durſt lay no mowth till erd, 25

Till scho befoir that awfull juge apperd,  
 Be hour of caufs, quhilk that court vfit thane,  
 Quhen Esperus to schaw his face began.

The Fox wes clerk and notar in that caufs,  
 The Gled, the ~~f~~rip vp at the bar cowth stand, 30  
 As aduocatis expert in to the lawis,  
 The Doigis ply togiddir tuk on hand,  
 Quhilk wer confiderit stret in to ane band  
 Agane the Scheip to procure the sentens;  
 Thocht it wer fals thay haif no conscience. 35

The clerk callit the Scheip and he wes thair.  
 The aduocattis on this wyfs can propone,  
 A certane breid, worth fyve schillingis and mair,  
 Thow aw this Dog, quhilk the term is gone.  
 Of his<sup>1</sup> awin heid, but aduocat allone, 40 Fol. 335. a.  
 [The Scheip<sup>2</sup>] awysitly gaif anschier in that caifs,  
 Heir I declyne the iuge, the tyme and place.

This is my caus and motive in effect;  
 The law sayis it is rycht pereloufs  
 Till interply befoir a juge suspect; 45  
 And thow, schir Wolf, hes ay bene odius  
 To me, with thyne tuskis reuenus  
 Hes flane full mony kynnismen of myne;  
 Thairfoir as juge suspect I the declyne.

And schortly, of this court the memberis all, 50  
 Bayth assessouris, clerke and aduocat,  
 To me and myne ar ennemeis immortall,  
 And ay hes bene, as mony scheiphird watt;  
 This place, as for the tyme, is feriat,  
 In quhilk no jugeis fuld fit in consistory 55  
 So lait at evin, I yow accusis forthy.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *hir*. <sup>2</sup> Omitted from MS.

Quhen that the juge on this wyfe wes accusit,  
He bad the pairteis cheifs, with one assent,  
Twa arbitouris, as in the law is vsit,  
For to diffyd, and gife arbitrement, 60  
Quhiddir the Scheip suld byd in jugement  
Befoir the Wolf; and swa thay did but weir,  
Of quhome the names eftir ye fall heir.

The Beir, the Brok this mater tuk on hand,  
For to diffyd gife this exceptioun 65  
Wes of na strenth, or lawchfully mycht stand;  
And thairvpoun, as jugeis thay sat down,  
And held a lang quhyle disputatioun,  
Seikand full mony decretalis of the law,  
And glosis als the veritie to knaw. 70

Off fewall [law] mony volum thay rewoll,  
The codyfs and degestis new and ald;  
Prowe and contra, strait argument thay refoll,  
Sum a doctryne, and sum a niowthir hald;  
For pryfs nor prayer trow ye thay wald fald? 75  
Bot held the text and gloifs of the decreifs,  
As trew jugeis; I schrew thame that leifs. Fol. 335. b.

Schortly to mak ane end of this debait,  
The arbitrouris summar and plane  
The sentens gaif, and procesis fulminat, 80  
The Scheip suld pafs befor the Wolf agane,  
And end his pleid. Than was he no thing fane,  
For fra thair sentens he mycht nowayifs appeill;  
On clerkis doid, gife this sentence be leill.

The Scheip agane befor the Wolf derenyit, 85  
But aduocat, abasitly can stand.  
Vp raifs the Dog, and on the Scheip thus plenyit,

To the a fowme I payit befor hand  
 For certane breid; thairto a borch I fand,  
 That wrangusly the Scheip held fra him breid, 90  
 And he denyit, and so began the pleid.

Thus quhen the Scheip this stryfe had contestat,  
 The jugeis into the caufs furth cowth proceid;  
 Lawrence the actis and proces wrait,  
 And sone the ply vnto the end thay speid. 95  
 This curfit court corruptit all for meid,  
 Agane gud fayth, gud law and conscience,  
 For this fals Dog pronuncit the sentence.

And it to put in executioun,  
 The Wolf chairgeit the Scheip, without delay, 100  
 Vndir the pane of interdictioun,  
 The fowme of filuer, or the breid, to pay.  
 Off this sentens, allais, quhat fall we fay,  
 Quhilk dampnit hes the filly innocent,  
 And institut to wrangus jugement? 105

The Scheip, dreidand moir perfecutioun,  
 Obeyit the sentence, and cowth tak  
 His way vntill a merchand in the toun,  
 And fald his fleifs that he bur on his bak;  
 Syne bocht the breid, and to the Dog can mak 110  
 Reddy payment, as he foiriugeit wafs;  
 Nakit and bair syne to the feild cowth pafs.

*Moralitas.*

This filly Scheip may presnt the figure 115  
 Of pure commownis, that daylie ar opprest  
 Be tirrane men, that settis all thair cure,  
 With fals menyis to mak a wrang conquiest,

Fol. 336.a.

*THE DOG, THE SCHEIP AND THE WOLFF.*

In howp this present lyfe fall evir left;  
Bot all begyld thay will in schort tyme end,  
And eftir deid to crewall panis wend.

This Wolf I likin vnto a schiref stout, 120  
Quhilk byis a forfalt at the kingis hand,  
And hes with him a curfit assyis about,  
And dytis all the pure men vp of land,  
And fra the crowner lay on thame his wand;  
Suppois he be als trew as was Sanct Johine, 125  
Slane fall thay be, or with the juge compone.

This Revin I likin till a fals crownar,  
Quhilk hes a porteoufs of the endytment,  
And passis furth befor the iustice air,  
All misdoaris to bring till jugement. 130  
Bot luke gife he be of a trew intent,  
To skraip out Johine, and wryt in Will or Wate,  
And fo a bud at bayth the pairteis skat.

Off this fals Tod becaufs I spak befor,  
And of this Gled, quhat thay mycht signify, 135  
Off thair natur as now I speik no moir;  
Bot of the Scheip, and of his cairfull cry,  
I fall reherfs, for as I passit by  
Quhair that he lay, on caifs he lukit down,  
And hard him mak this lamentatioun. 140

Allace, quod he, this curfit consistory  
In middis now of wintir it is maid,  
Quhen Boreas, with blastis bittirly,  
With frawart frostis the flouris doun can faid;  
On bankis bair now may I mak no baid. 145  
And with that wurd in till a coif he crap,  
Fra hair weddir and frostis him to hap.



Quakand for cald, and mournyngis foir amang,  
 Keft vp his ene vnto the hevinis hicht,  
 And faid, O Lord, quhy flypis thow fo lang? 150 Fol. 336. b.  
 Walk and defcerne my caufs, groundit in richt;  
 Luk how I am, be frawd, maiftry and flycht,  
 Pelit full bair; and fo is mony one,  
 Now in this warld rycht wondir wo begone.

Se how the curfit fyn of cuvatyfs 155  
 Exylit hes bayth lufe, lawty and law;  
 Now few or nane will execute iuftice,  
 In falt of quhome the pure man is ourthraw.  
 The verity, albeid the juge know,  
 Thay ar fo blindit with affectioun, 160  
 But dreid, for meid, thay thoill the rycht go down.

Se thow nocht, Lord, this warld ourturnit is,  
 As quha wald chenge gud gold in leid or tyn;  
 The pure is pelit, the lord may do no mifs;  
 Now fymony is haldin for no fyn; 165  
 Now is he blyth with okir can moft wyn;  
 Gentreis is flane, and pety is ago.  
 Allace, Lord God, quhy tholis thow it fo?

Thow tholis this, bot for our grit offens  
 Thow fendis ws truble and plaigis foir, 170  
 As hungir, derth, wer and peftilens,  
 Bot few amendis thair lyfe now thairfoir.  
 We pure peple, as now may do no moir  
 Bot pray to the, fen we ar thus opprest  
 In to this erd, grant ws in hevin gud reft. 175

*Explicit, quod Maiftir R[obert] H[enryfon].*

## CCCXXVII.

*Fable XII.**The Wolff and the Lamb.*

**A** CREWALL Wolf, revanus and fell,  
 Vpone a tyme past till a revere,  
 Discending doun fra a roch out of a well,  
 To slaik his thrift, drank of the watter cleir.  
 Sa vpone caifs a silly Lame come neir, 5  
 Bot of this Wolf the Lame no thing he wist,  
 And in the streme lapit to cule his thrift.

Thus drang thay baith, bot nocht of ane intent;  
 The Wolffis thocht wes all in wicketnefs;  
 The silly Lame, meik and innocent, 10  
 Vpone the reuir by in ane vdir place,  
 Beneth the Wolf, he drank in ane littill space,  
 Quhill him thocht gude, prefomyng thair none ill; Fol. 337. a.  
 The Wolf this faw and rampand come him till,

With girnand teith, and angry auftre luke; 15  
 Said to the Lamb, Thow catyve wrechit thing,  
 How durst thou be so bald to fyle this bruke,  
 Quhair I fuld drink, with thy fowll flauering?  
 It wer almoufs the for till draw and hing,  
 That fuld prefome, with stinkand lippis will, 20  
 To hurt my drink, and this fair wattir spill.

The silly Lamb, quakand for verry dreid,  
 On kneis fell and faid, Schir, with your leif,  
 Suppoifs I dar nocht say thairof ye leid;  
 Bot, be my faule, I wait ye can nocht preife 25

That I did ony thing quhilk fuld yow greif;  
 Ye wait also your accusatioun  
 Felyeis fra trewth, and contrair till reffoun.

Thocht I can nocht, nature will me defend,  
 And of the deid perfyte experience; 30  
 All hevinly thing mone of the self descend,  
 Bot gif sum thing on foris mak refistence;  
 Thane may the streame be na wayis mak offens,  
 Na ryn bakwart; I drank beneth yow far,  
 Ergo, for me your drink is nevir the war. 35

Also my lippis, sen that I was a Lame,  
 Twichit no thing that was contagious,  
 Bot sowkit mylk fra pawpis of my dame,  
 Rycht naturall, suet and delicious.  
 Weill, quod the Wolf, thy langaige outragius 40  
 Cumis of kynd, sa your fader befor  
 Held me at hait als with boist and fchoir.

He wexit me, and than I cowth him warne  
 Within a yeir, and I brukit my heid  
 I fuld be wrokin on him, or on his haine. 45  
 For his exorbitant and thrawart pleid;  
 Thou sall doutles for his deidis be deid.  
 Sit, it is wrang, that for the iaderis gilt  
 The iakles some sall penceit be and spilt

Halt ye nocht hard quhat haly Scribesour sais,  
 Dreit with the mouth of God Almighty? 50  
 Of his awin deid ilk man sal heir the pails,  
 As gyne he syn, reward for werkis rycht.  
 For my trespass quhy fuld my some hand plecht?  
 Quhat do the mair lat thame iustene the game. 55  
 Is quhat the Wolf yet pleis thow agame?



I latt ye wit, quhen the fader offendis  
 [I] will cheris none of his successioun,  
 And of his bairnis may weill be tane amendis,  
 Vnto the nynt degre discending down: 60  
 The fadir thocht to mak a strang pvsoun,  
 And with his mowth in to my wattir spew.  
 Sir, quod the Lamb, tha twa ar nowthir trew.

The law sayis, and ye will vndirstand,  
 Thair suld no man, for wrang no[r] violens, 65  
 His aduerfar punneifs at his awin hand,  
 Without proces of law in audiens,  
 Quhilk suld haif leif to mak lawchfull defens,  
 And thairvpone summond peremptourly,  
 For to propone contra and reply. 70

Set me a lawfull court, I fall compeir  
 Befoir the Lyone, lord and leill justyfs,  
 And, be my hand, I oblifs me rycht heir,  
 That I fall byd ane vnsuspect assyfs.  
 This is the way, this is the justest wyfs; 75  
 Ye suld proceed thairfoir a summondis mak  
 Agane that day, to gif reffoun and tak.

Ha, quod the Wolf, wald thow intrufs reffoun,  
 Quhair wrang and reif suld dwell in properte?  
 That is a poynt of oppin fals tressoun, 80  
 For to gar rewth remane with crewelte.  
 Be Goddis wondis, fals tratour, thow fall de,  
 For thy trespas, and for thy faderis als.  
 With that annone he hint him be the hals.

The filly Lame mycht do no thing bot blait; 85  
 Sone wes he hedit; the Wolf wald do no grace,  
 Syne drank his blud and of his flesch can eit,

Till he was fow, fyne went away apace.  
 Off this murthour quhat fall I fay, allace?  
 Was this no rewth, was this nocht grit pete,  
 To heir this filly Lame but gilt thus de?

90 Fol. 338. a.

*Moralitas.*

The pure peple this Lamb may signify,  
 As malemen, merchandis and pure lauboreris,  
 Off quhome the lyfe is half a purgatory,  
 To wyn with lawty leving as effeiris.  
 The Wolf betakynis fals extorceneiris,  
 And oppreffouris of pure men, as we fe,  
 Be violens, be craft or futele.

95

Thre kynd of Wolffis in the world now ringis:  
 The first ar fals pervertaris of the lawis,  
 Quhilk vndir poleit termes falsset myngis,  
 Leitand that all wer gofpell that thay schawis,  
 Bot for a bud the trew men he ourthrawis,  
 Smorand the ryght, garrand the wrang proceid.  
 Off sic Wolffis hell fyre falbe thair meid.

100

105

Ane vthir kynd of Wolffis rewanus  
 Ar mychty men, haifand annwch plente,  
 Quhilk ar fo gredy and fo cowetufs,  
 Thay will nocht thoill in peax ane pureman be;  
 Suppoifs that he and his houfhald fuld de  
 For falt of fude, thairof thay gif no rak,  
 Bot our his heid his maling thay will tak.

110

O man, but mercy, quhat is in thy thocht  
 War than a Wolf, and thow cowth vndirstand?  
 Thow hes ennwch, the pure husband hes nocht

115

Bot cote and cruse vpone a clout of land.  
For Godis aw, how dar thow tak on hand,  
And thow in berne and byre so bene and big,  
To put him fra his tak, and gar him thig?

O man of law, lat be thy futelte, 120  
With nyfs jympis, and frawdys interkat;  
And think that God of his diuinite  
The wrang, the rycht, of all thy werkis wate.  
For preyer, pryce, for he no[r] law estait,  
Of fals querrell se thow mak no defens; 125  
Hald with the rycht, hurt nocht thy conscience.

The thrid Wolf is men of heretege,  
As lordis that hes landis be Godis lane, Fol. 338. b.  
And fettis to the maillairis a willage,  
For prayer, pryce and the gerfum tane; 130  
Syne vexis him, or half the terme be gane,  
With pykit querrellis, for to mak him fane  
To flitt, or pay the girfum new agane.

His horfs, his meir, he mone len to the laird,  
To drug and draw in court and cariege; 135  
His schirvand, or him self, may nocht be spard  
To fwynek or fueit, withouttin meit or wage,  
Lo as he standis in lawbour and boundage,  
That skantly may he purches by his maill,  
To leif vpone dry breid and wattir kaill. 140

Hes thow no rewth to gar thy tennent fueit  
In to thi lawbour, full faynt with hungry wame,  
And syne hes littill gude to drink or eit,  
Or his menye at evin quhen he cumis hame?  
Thow fuld be rad for rychtous Godis blame, 145  
For it cryis vengeance to the hevin so he,  
To gar a pure man wirk but meit or fe.

O thow, grit lord, that hes riches and rent,  
 Be nocht a Wolf thus to devoir the pure;  
 Think that no thing crewall nor violent 150  
 May in this warld perpetually indure:  
 This is a sentens suth I yow assure,  
 For till opprefs thow fall haif als grit pane,  
 As thow the pure anis with thy hand had flane.  
  
 God keip the Lame, that is the innocent, 155  
 Fra Wolffis byt, I mene extorteneiris;  
 God grant that wrangus men of fals intent  
 Be manifest, and pvneist as effeiris.  
 And God, as thow all rychtous prayer heiris,  
 Mot faif our king, and gif him hairt and hand 160  
 All sic Wolffis to benneifs of this land.

*Explicit, quod Maistir R[obert] H[enryson].*

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CCCXXVIII.

*Fable XIII.*

*The Lyon and the Moufs.*

**I**N myddis of June, that joly fueit sessoun,  
 Quhen that fair Phebus, with his bemis brycht,  
 Had dryit vp the dew fra daill and down, Fol. 339.a.  
 And all the land maid with his lemys lycht;  
 In a mornyng, betuix midday and nycht, 5  
 I raifs and put all slewth and sleip on fyd,  
 Ontill a wod I went allone but gyd.  
  
 Sueit wes the fmell of flouris quhyt and reid,  
 The noyis of birdis rycht delicious,

The bewis bred blwmyt abone my heid, 10  
 The grund growand with grefs gratius;  
 Off all plefans that place wes plenteus,  
 With fueit odour and birdis armony,  
 The mornyng myld, my mirth wes mair for thy.

The roiffis reid arreyit rone and ryfs, 15  
 The prumrofs and the purpour viola;  
 To heir it was a poynt of paradyfs,  
 Sic myrth the mavifs and the merle cowth ma.  
 The blofummis blyth brak vp on bank and bra,  
 The smell of herbis, and of fowlis cry, 20  
 Contending quha fuld haif the victory.

Me to conferf than fra the sonis heit,  
 Vndir the schaddow of an awthorne grene,  
 I lenyt doun amangis the flouris fueit,  
 Syne maid a corfs and clofit baith myne ene; 25  
 On fleip I fell amang the bewis bene,  
 And in my dreame, me thocht come throw the schaw  
 The faireft man befor that evir I faw.

His gown wes of a claith als quhyt as mylk,  
 His chymmeris wer of chamelet purpour broun, 30  
 His hude of fkarlet, bordowrit with filk,  
 In hekle wyfs vntill his girdill doun;  
 His bonat round wes of the auld fassoun;  
 His heid was quyt, his ene wes grene and gray,  
 With lokar hair quhilk our his fchulderis lay. 35

A roll of paper in his hand he bair,  
 A fwannis pen ftickand vndir his eir,  
 Ane ynkhorne, with a pretty gilt pennair,  
 A bag of filk, all at his belt he weir;  
 Thus wes he gudly grathit in his geir. 40



Of stature lerge and with a feirfull face;  
Evin quhair I lay he come a sturdy pace;

And said, God speid, my sone; and I wes fane      Fol. 339.b.  
Off that cowth word, and of his cumpany.  
With reuerence I saluft him agane,      45  
Welcum fader; and he sat doun me by;  
Displeifs yow nocht, my gud maiftir, thocht I  
Demand your birth, your faculty and name,  
Quhy ye come heir, or quhair ye dwell at hame.

My sone, said he, I am of gentill blude,      50  
My natall land is Rome withowttin nay,  
And in that toun first to the scoullis yude,  
And science studeit mony a day;  
And now my winnyng is in hevin for ay.  
Ifope I hecht, my wrytin and my werk      55  
Is cowth and kend to mony cunnand clerk.

O, maiftir Yfop, poet lawreat,  
God wait ye ar full deir welcum to me;  
Ar ye nocht he that all thir fabillis wrate,  
Quhilk in effect, suppoifs thay fenyeit be,      60  
Ar full of prowdens and moralite?  
Fair sone, said he, I am that samyne man.  
God wait gif that my hairt wes mirry than.

I said, Ifop, my maiftir venerable,  
I yow befeik hairtly for cherite,      65  
Ye wald dedene to tell a pretty feble,  
Concludand with a gud moralitie.  
Schakand his heid, he said, My sone, lat be,  
For quhat is worth to tell a fenyeit taill,  
Quhen haill preiching may no thing now awaill?      70

Now in this warld me think rycht few or nane  
 Till Godis word that hes deuotioun;  
 The eir is deiff, the hairt is hard as ftane,  
 Now oppin fyn without correctioun;  
 The e inclynand<sup>1</sup> to the erd ay down; 75  
 Sua rowffit is the warld with kanker blak,  
 That my taillis may littill succour mak.

Yit, gentill schir, faid I, for my requeist,  
 Nocht till displeifs your fadirheid, I pray,  
 Vndir the figure of sum brutall beist, 80  
 A morall fable ye wald dedene to fay;  
 Quha wate nor I may leir, and beir away Fol. 340.a.  
 Sum thing thairby, heireftir may awaill?  
 I grant; quod he, and thus begowth a taill.

A Lyone at his pray wery for ron, 85  
 To recreat his lymis and to rest,  
 Bekand his breift and belly at the son,  
 Vndir a tre lay in the fair forrest;  
 Sua come a trip of myfs out of thair nest,  
 Rycht tait and trig, all danfand in a gyfs, 90  
 And our the Lyone lanfit twyfs or thryfs.

He lay so still the myfs wes nocht afferd,  
 Bot to and fra attour him tuke thair traifs,  
 Sum tirlyt at the campis of his berd,  
 Sum sparit nocht to claw him on the faifs. 95  
 Mirry and glaid thus danfit thay a spaifs,  
 Quhill at the last the noble Lyoun wouk,  
 And with his pow the maiftir Mowfs he tuke.

Scho gaif a cry, and all the laif agast  
 Thair danfing left, and hid thame heir and thair; 100  
 Scho that wes tane cryit and weipit fast,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *inclymand*.

## THE LYON AND THE MOUSS

And said, Allais, for now and evir mair,  
 Now am I tane a wofull prefontair,  
 And for my gilt trestis incontinent  
 Of lyfe and deth to thoill the jugement. 105

Thane spak the Lyone to that cairfull Moufs,  
 Thow catyve wreche, and wyle vnworthy thing,  
 Our malapart and our presumptuous  
 Thow was, to mak our me thyne tripping;  
 Knew thow nocht weill I wes baith lord and king 110  
 Of all beiftis. Yis, quod the Moufs, I knaw,  
 Bot I misknew becaufs ye lay so law.

Lord, I befeik thy kingly ryalte,  
 Heir quhat I say, and tak in patience;  
 Confiddir first my semple pouerte, 115  
 And syne thy mighty he magnificens;  
 Se als fow thingis done by negligence,  
 Nocht of malyfs nor of promissioun,  
 Ever suld haif grace and remissioun.

We wer repleit, and had grit haboundance 120  
 Off alkyn fude, sic as till ws affeird;  
 The fueit sessoun prowokit ws to dans,  
 And mak sic mirth as nature to ws leird.  
 Ye lay so still and law vpone the erd, Fol. 340. b.  
 That, be my faule, we wend ye had bene deid, 125  
 Ellis wald we nocht dansit our your heid.

Thy fals excufs, the Lyoun said agane,  
 Sall nocht awaill a myt, I vndirta;  
 I put the caifs, I had bene deid or flane,  
 And syne my skin bene stoppit full of ftra, 130  
 Thocht thow had fund my figour lyand fwa,  
 Becaus it bair the prent of my perfoun,  
 Thow suld for dreid on kneis haif fallin down.

For thy trespas thou can mak na defens,  
 My noble perfoun thus to vilipend; 135  
 Of thy foris, nor thyne awin negligens,  
 For till excusis thou can no caufs pretend;  
 Thairfoir thou suffer fall a schamefull end,  
 And deid, sic as to tressoun is decryit,  
 Onto the gallows hangit be the feit. 140

A mercy, lord, at thy gentrice I as;  
 As thou art king of beistis coronat,  
 Sobir thy wreth, and lat thi yre ourpafs,  
 And mak thy mynd to mercy inclinat.  
 I grant offens is done to thyne estait, 145  
 Thairfoir I wirdy am to suffer deid,  
 Bot gife thy kingly mercy reik remeid.

In every juge mercy and rewth fuld be,  
 As assessoris and collateral;  
 Without mercy justice is crewelte, 150  
 As said is in the lawis spirituall;  
 Quhen rigour sittis in the tribunall,  
 The equity of law quha may sustene?  
 Rycht few or nane bot mercy go betuene.

Also ye know the honor trivmphall 155  
 Off all victor vpon the strenth dependis  
 Of his compeir, quhilk manly in battell  
 Throw juperdy of armes lang defendis.  
 Quhat pairte or lowing, quhen the battell endis,  
 Is said of him that ourcumis a man, 160  
 Him to defend that nowdir may no[r] can?

A thousand mys to keill, and eik devoir,  
 Is littill manheid vntill a strong Lyoun;  
 Full littill wirschep haif ye won thairfoir, Fol. 341. a.

To quhois strenth is no comparefoun. 165  
 It will degraid sum pairte of your renoun  
 Till slay a Mowfs, quhilk may mak no defens,  
 Bot askand mercy at your excellens.

Alfo it femys [nocht] to your celcitud,  
 Quhilk vñs daylie meitis delicius, 170  
 To fyle your teith or lippis with my blude.  
 Quhilk to your stomok is contagius.  
 Vnhelfum meit is of a fary Moufs,  
 And namely till a noble strang Lyoun.  
 Wont to be fed with gentill venyfoun. 175

My lyfe is littill, and my deid far lefs:  
 Yit and I leif I may, perauentour,  
 Supple your hienes beand in distrefs;  
 For oft is sene a small man of stature  
 Reskewit hes a lord of his honour, 180  
 Keipit that was in poynt to be ourthrawin;  
 Throw misfortoun sic caifs may be your awin.

Quhen this wes said, the Lyone his langege  
 Pasit, and thocht accordit till reffoun,  
 And gart mercy his crewell yre affuege, 185  
 And to the Moufs grantit remiffioun;  
 Oppynnit his pow, and scho on kneis fell down,  
 And baith hir handis vnto the hevin vpheld,  
 Cryand, Almychty God mot yow yeld.

Quhen scho wes gone, the Lyone yeid to hunt, 190  
 For he had nocht, bot leuit on his pray,  
 And flew baith tame and wyld, as he wes wunt,  
 And in the cuntre maid a grit dirray;  
 Till at the last the peple fand the way  
 This crewall Lyone how that thay micht him tak, 195  
 Off hempin coirdis strang nettis cowth thay mak.

And in a rod, quhair he wes wont to rin,  
 With rapis rude fra tre to tre it band,  
 Syne keft a raing on raw the wod within,  
 With hornis blast, and canettis fast calland. 200  
 The Lyone fled, and throw the rone rynnand,  
 Fell in the net, and hankit fute and heid;  
 For all his strenth he cowth mak no remeid.

Voluand about with hiddoufs rowmissing,  
 Quhyle to, quhyle fro, gif he mycht succour get; 205 Fol. 341. b.  
 Bot all in vane, that velyeit him no thing,  
 The moir he flang the fastir wes he knet;  
 The rapis rude was so about him plet  
 On every fyd, that succour saw he non,  
 Bot still lyand thus murnand maid his mone. 210

O lamit Lyoun, liggand heir so law,  
 Quhair is the mycht of thy magnificens,  
 Off quhome all brutall beift in erd stud aw,  
 And dred to luke vnto thy grit excellens?  
 But howp or help, but succour or defens, 215  
 In bandis strong heir mone I byd, allace,  
 Till I be flane, I fe non vthir grace.

Thair is no joy that will my harmis wraik,  
 Nor creatur do confort to my croun;  
 Quhay fall me bute, quhay fall thir bandis breik, 220  
 Quha fall me put fra pane of this presoun?  
 Be he had maid his lamentatioun,  
 Throw avintur the littill Mowfs come neir,  
 And of the Lyone hard the petows beir.

And suddanly it come in till hir mynd, 225  
 That it suld be the Lyone did hir grace,  
 And said, Now wer I fals, and rycht vnkynd,

## THE LYON AND THE MONIE

At this I gude hangaure my penceines  
 Now sic to me, and in with that sicne gane  
 In my flocks, and in thame that can cry,  
 In my aid help, and may come in in by. 278

And the Monie, this is the same Lyone,  
 And gude me grace quhen that I was tane,  
 As now is that hair bundin in praisone.  
 Quene me hurt, with her harrying and mane 279  
 As we can help if supple wair be tane.  
 As help to gyt a gud name for a actour;  
 Asewis him done, and thay said, Ta gud brother.

They take no karye that with was schery anawch;  
 As a thair schyn forschit he was gyt vouchin. 280  
 Now that thay can amangis the raipe twiche.  
 Now, behind him yaid abone him vouchin.  
 And schure the raipe of the mairis in schreuchin  
 As he bad him rye, and he start up anone.  
 And thankit thame syne in his wayis is gone. 281

Now is the Lyone fre of all dangein. 282  
 Louis and deliuerit all his liberie.  
 Be litill beittis of small powein.  
 As ye half hard bein as he had pete.  
 Quod I, Maister, is thair a moralite 283  
 In this fable? Ta, done, said he, rycht gude.  
 I pray yow, schir, quod I, ye wald concide.

### Moralite.

As I suppois, this mychty gay Lyon  
 May signify a prince or emporour,  
 A potestane, or yet a king with crown,  
 Quhillk wald be walkyng yd and gourmour. 284

MS. has *that* *or*.

**THE LYON AND THE MOUSS**

Of his peple, and takis no lawbour  
To rewill nor steir the land, nor justice keip,  
Bot lysis still in lustis, flewth and sleip.

The fair forrest, with levis loun and le, 260  
With fowlis song and flouris ferly sueit,  
Is bot the warld, and his prosperite  
As fals plesandis myngit with cair repleit.  
Rycht as the rofs, with frost and wintir weit,  
Faidis, so dois the warld, and thame diffavis, 265  
Quhilk in thair lust confidens havis.

Thir littill myfs ar bot the commonte,  
Wantone, vnwyfs, without correctioun;  
Thir lordis and princis, quhen that thay fe  
Of iustice makis non executioun, 270  
Thay dreid no thing to mak rebelloun,  
And difobey;<sup>1</sup> for quhy, thay stand none aw,  
That garis thame thair soveranis to misknaw.

Be this fable ye lordis of prudens  
May conciddir the vertew of pete, 275  
And to remyt sum tyme a grit offens,  
And metigat mercy with crewelty.  
Oft tyme is sene a man of small degre  
Hes quyt a commoun, baith for gude and ill,  
As lordis has done rigour, or grace him till. 280

Quha wait how fone a lord of greit renoun,  
Rolland in warldly lust and vane plesandis,  
May be ourthrawin, distroyit or put down,  
Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all varians  
Is haill maistres, and leder of the dans 285 Fol. 34<sup>a</sup>  
Till lusty men, and bindis thame so soir,  
That they no perrell can provyd befoir?

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *difobey*.



Thir crewall men, that stentit hes the nett,  
 In quhilk the Lyone suddanely wes tane,  
 Waitit alway amendis for till get, 290  
 For hurte men wrytis in the marble stane.  
 Moir till expone as now I latt allane,  
 Bot king and lord may weill wit quhat I mene;  
 Fegour heiros oftymis hes bene fene.

Quhen this was sayid, quod Ifope, My fair chyld, 295  
 Perfwaid the kirkmen ythandly to pray,  
 That tressone of this cuntre be exyld,  
 And justice ring, and lordis keip thair fey  
 Vnto thair fouerane lord both nycht and day.  
 And with that word he vaneift, and I woik, 300  
 Sync throw the schaw my jurney hamewart tuke.

*Explicit, quod Maistir R[obert] Henrysone.*

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CCCXXIX.

*Fable XIV.*

*The Thistle and the Rose.*

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis past,  
 And Appryll had, with hir siluer schouris,  
 Tane leif at nature with ane orient blast;  
 And lusty May, that mvddir is of flouris,  
 Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris 5  
 Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,  
 Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt;

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,  
 Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,  
 In at the window lukit by the day, 10  
 And halfit me, with visage paill and grene;  
 On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,  
 Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomering,  
 Se how the lusty morrow dois vp spring.

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed vpstude, 15  
 In weid depaynt of mony diuers hew,  
 Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,  
 In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,  
 Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,  
 Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys, 20  
 Quhill all the housis illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, scho said, awalk annone for schame, Fol. 343. a.  
 And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt;  
 The lork hes done the mirry day proclame,  
 To raifs vp luvaris with confort and delyt, 25  
 Yit nocht increffis thy curage to indyt,  
 Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,  
 Sangis to mak vndir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quod I, fall I vpryfs at morrow,  
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing? 30  
 Thai haif moir caufs to weip and plane thair sorrow,  
 Thy air it is nocht holfum nor benyng;  
 Lord Eolus dois in thy seffone ring;  
 So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,  
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne. 35

With that this lady fobirly did smyll,  
 And said, Vpryfs, and do thy observance;  
 Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,  
 For to discryve the Rofs of most plefance.

Of the birds how they sing and dance,  
 Illuminent our with orient skyis brycht,  
 And our lit richely with new afur lycht. 40

Quene this ves had, departit icha, this quene,  
 And ourt a luly gairding gent:  
 And that, no chaunc, full beithely becom,  
 To our our marcell (etir hir) I went 45  
 To our this gart, most iuce and redolent  
 Of our our flour, and our plantis freit,  
 And our our young of new down freit.

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Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist  
 Befoir hir hienes fuld annone compeir,  
 And every flour of vertew, most and leift,  
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,  
 As thay had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir, 75  
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,  
 Full law inclynnand with all dew reuerens.

With that annone scho fend the fwyft Ro  
 To bring in beistis of all conditioun;  
 The restles Sualow commandit scho also 80  
 To feche all fowll of small and greit renown;  
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,  
 Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,  
 Quhilk did furth swirk als swift as ony arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane e, 85  
 Baith beist, and bird and flour, befoir the quene,  
 And first the Lyone, gretast of degre,  
 Was callit thair, and he, most fair to sene,  
 With a full hardy contenance and kene,  
 Befoir dame Natur come, and did inclyne, 90  
 With visage bawld, and curage leonyne.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir,  
 Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,  
 Rycht strong of corporis, of fassoun fair, but feir,  
 Lusty of schaip, lycht of deliuerance, 95  
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;  
 On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,  
 With flour delycis sirculit lustely.

This lady liftit vp his cluvis cleir,  
 And leit him listly lene vpone hir kne, 100  
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,

And, fen thou art a king, thou be discreit;  
 Herb without vertew thou hald nocht of sic pryce 135  
 As herb of vertew and of odor fueit;  
 And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,  
 Hir fallow to the gudly flour delyce;  
 Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlichenefs,  
 Compar hir till the lilleis nobilnefs. 140

Nor hald non vdir flour in sic denty  
 As the fresche Rofs, of cullour reid and quhyt;  
 For gife thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty,  
 Conciddering that no flour is so perfyt,  
 So full of vertew, plesans and delyt, 145  
 So full of blisfull angeilik bewty,  
 Imperiall birth, honour and dignite. Fol. 344. b.

Than to the Rofs scho turnyt hir visage,  
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,  
 Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage, 150  
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,  
 But ony spot or macull doing spring;  
 Cum blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,  
 For our the laif thy bewty is renownd.

A coiftly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht, 155  
 This cumly quene did on hir heid incloifs,  
 Quhill all the land illumynit of the licht;  
 Quhairfoir me thocht all flouris did reiofs,  
 Crying attonis, Haill be, thou richeft Rofs.  
 Haill, hairbis empryce, haill, freschest quene of flouris, 160  
 To the be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,  
 Quhois mirthfull soun wes mervelus to heir;  
 The mavyfs song, Haill, Roifs most riche and richt,

CCCXXX.

*Fable XV.**The Goldin Terge.*

RYCHT as the sterne of day began to schyne,  
 Quhen gone to bed wes Vesper and Lucyne,  
 I raifs, and by a rofeir did me rest;  
 Vp sprang the goldin candill matutyne,  
 With cleir depurit bemys cristallyne,<sup>1</sup> 5  
 Glading the mirry fowlis in thair nest;  
 Or Phebus wes in purpour kaip reveft  
 Vp sprang the lark, the hevinis menstrall fyne  
 In May, in till a morrow mirthfullest.  
  
 Full angelik thir birdis fang thair houris, 10  
 Within thair courtingis grene, within thair bouris,  
 Apparrellit with quhayte and reid, with blumys sweit;  
 Ennammalit wes the feild with all cullouris,  
 The perlit droppis schuke in siluer schouris,  
 Quhill all in balme did branche and levis fleit. 15  
 Depairt fra Phebus/did Aurora greit;  
 Hir cristall teiris I saw hing on the flouris,  
 Quhilk he for lufe all drank vp with his heit.  
  
 For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,  
 The birdis fang vpoun the tendir croppis, 20  
 With courius nottis, as Venus chapell clarkis;  
 The roffis reid, now spreiding of thair knoppis,  
 Wer powderit bricht with hevinly beriall droppis,  
 Throw bemis reid, lemyng as ruby sparkis;  
 The skyis rang for schowtting of the larkis, 25  
 The purpour hevin, ourskalit in siluer floppis,  
 Ourgilt the treis, branchis, levis and barkis.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *cristalline*.

the

Doun thrwch ryfs ane rever ran with stremis,  
 So lustely vpoun the lykand lemis,  
 That all the laik as lamp did leme of licht, 30 Fol. 345. b.  
 Quhilk schaddowit all about with twynklyne glemis;  
 The bewis baitheit war in secound bemis  
 Throw the reflex of Phebus visage bricht;  
 On every fyde the ege raifs on hicht,  
 The bonk wes grene, the sone wes full of bemis, 35  
 The staneris cleir as sternis in frosty nicht.

The cristall air, the fapheir firmament,  
 The ruby skyis of the reid orient  
 Keft berial bemis on emerant bewis grene;  
 The rosy garth depaynt and redolent, 40  
 With purpour, asure, gold and gowlis gent,  
 Arrayit wes, be dame Flora the quene,  
 Sa nobilly, that joy wes for to sene;  
 The roche agane the rever resplendent  
 As low illuminit all the levis schene. 45

Quhat throw the mirry fowlis armony,  
 And throw the reveris soun that ran me by,  
 On Florayis mantill I sleipit quhair I lay,  
 Quhair sone vnto my dremis fantesy  
 I saw approche agane the orient sky, 50  
 And faill as blofome vpoun spray,  
 With mast of gold, bricht as the sterne of day,  
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustely,  
 [As falcoun swift defyrrouse of hir pray]<sup>1</sup>

And hard on burd vnto the blomit meidis, 55  
 Amangis the grene rispis and the reidis,  
 Arryvit scho, quhairfro annon thair landis  
 Ane hundreth ladeis, lustie in till weidis;

<sup>1</sup> This line, omitted from MS., is supplied from Chepman and Myllar's edition, 1508.

Als frefche as flouris that in the May vpspreidis,  
 In kirtillis grene, withowttin kell or bandis; 60  
 Thair bricht hair hang glitterand on the strandis  
 In trefis cleir, wypit with goldin threidis,  
 With pawpis quhyt and middillis small as wandis.

Discryve I wald, bot quha cowth weill indyte  
 How all the flouris with thair lilleis quhyte 65  
 Depaynte wes bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit?  
 Nocht thow, Homeir, als fair as thow cowth wryte,  
 For all thi ornat style most perfyte;  
 Nor yit thow, Tullius, quhais lippis sweit Fol. 346.a.  
 Off rethorik did in till termis fleit; 70  
 Your aureat toungis baith bene all to lyte,  
 For to compyle that paradyfs compleit.

Thair saw I Natur, and als dame Venus quene,  
 The frefche Aurora, and lady Flora schene,  
 Juno, Appollo<sup>1</sup> and Proserpina, 75  
 Diane, the goddes of cheft and woidis grene,  
 My lady Cleo, that help off makaris bene,  
 Thetes, Pallas and prudent Minerua,  
 Fair faynit Fortoun, and lemand Lucina,  
 Thir mighty quenis with corrownis mycht be sene, 80  
 With bemis bricht blyth as Lucifera.

Thair saw I May, of mirthfull monethis quene,  
 Betuix Apryle and June hir sisteris schene,  
 Within the gairdene walkand vp and doun,  
 Quhome of the fowlis glaidith all bedene; 85  
 Scho was full tendir in till hir yeiris grene.  
 Thair saw I Nature present hir a gown,  
 Riche to behald and noble of renoun,<sup>2</sup>  
 Off every hew that vndir the hevin hes bene  
 Depaynt, and braid be gud proportioun. 90

<sup>1</sup> So in MS., but perhaps an error in transcription for *Latona*.

<sup>2</sup> Originally *faffoun*.



Full lustely thir ladeis all in feir  
 Enterit within this park of maist pleseir,  
 Quhair that I lay heilit with levis ronk;  
 The mirry fowlis, blisfullest of cheir,  
 Saluft Nature, me thocht, in thair maneir, 95  
 And every blome on brenche, and eik on bonk,  
 Opnit and spred thair balmy levis donk,  
 Full law inclyneand to thair quene full cleir,  
 Quhome of thair noble nvriffing thay thonk.

Syne to dame Flora, on the samyn wyifs, 100  
 Thay salufs and thay thank a thowfsand fyifs;  
 And to dame Venus, luvis michty quene,  
 Thay fang ballattis of luv, as was the gyifs,  
 With amorous nottis moft lusty to devyifs,  
 As that thai had luv in thair hairtis grene; 105  
 Thair hony throttis opnit fro the splene,  
 With warbillis sweit did pers the hevinly skyifs,  
 Quhill lowd refownit the firmament serene.

Ane vthir court thair saw I subsequent,  
 Cupeid the king, a bow in hand ay bent, 110 Fol. 346. b.  
 And dreidfull arrowis grundin scherp and squair;  
 Thair saw I Mars, the god armipotent,  
 Awfull and sterne, strong and corpolent;  
 Thair saw I crabit Saturne, awld and hair,  
 His luk wes lyk for to perturb the air; 115  
 Thair was Marcourius, wyfe and eloquent,  
 Of rethorik that fand the flowris fair.

Thair wes the god of gardynis, Priapus;  
 Thair wes the god of wildernes, Phanus;  
 And Janus, god of entres dilectable; 120  
 Thair was the god of fludis, Neptunus;  
 Thair was the god of windis, Eolus,  
 With variant windis lyk till ane lord vnstable;

Thair was Bachus, the glader of the table;  
Thair was Pluto, that elriche incubus, 125  
In cloke of grene, his court vfit vn fable.

And every one of thir, in grene arrayit,  
One herp and lute full mirrely thay playit,  
And fang ballattis with mighty nottis cleir;  
Ladeis to danfs full sobirly affayit, 130  
Endlang the lusty rever so thay mayit,  
Thair observance rycht hevinly was to heir;  
Than crap I throw the levis and drew neir,  
Quhair that I was richt sudanly affrayit,  
All throw a luke, that I haif coft full deir. 135

And schortly for to speik, of luvis quene  
I was espyit, scho bad hir archeiris kene  
Go me areift, and thay no tyme delayit;  
Than ladeis fair lute fall thair mantilis grene,  
With bowis big in tressit hairis schene, 140  
Rycht suddanly thay had a feild arrayit;  
And yit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit,  
The pairty was to plefand for to sene,  
A woundir lusty bikar me affayit.

And first of all, with bow in hand ay bent, 145  
Come dame Bewty, richt as scho wald me schent;  
Syne followit all hir dammosallis in feir,  
With mony diuerfs awfull instrument,  
Vnto the preifs, Fair Having with hir went,  
Fyne Portratour, Plefance and lusty Cheir; 150  
Than come Ressoun, with scheild of gold fo cleir,  
In plait of maill, as Mars armipotent,  
Defendit me that noble chevelleir.

Syne tender Yowth come, with hir virgenis ying, Fol. 347. a.  
Grene Innocence, and schamefull Abasing, 155

And quaking Dreid, with humyll Obedience;  
 The Goldin Terge armit thame nothing;  
 Curage in thame wes nocht begun to spring;  
 Full sone thay dreid to do a violence;  
 Sueit Womanheid I saw cum in prefence, 160  
 Of artelye a warld scho did inbring,  
 Servit [with] ladeis full of reverence.

Scho led with hir Nurtour and Lawlines,  
 Continwance, Patience, Gud Fame, and Steidfastnes,  
 Discretioun, Gentilnes, and Confiderans, 165  
 Lefull Cumpany, and honest Befines,  
 Benigne Luk, myld Cheir, and Sobirnes;  
 All thir bure genyeis to do me grevance;  
 Bot Reffoun bure the Terge with sic constance,  
 Thair scherp assay nicht do to me no deirance, 170  
 For all thair preifs and awfull ordinance.

Vnto<sup>1</sup> the preifs perfewit He Degre,  
 Hir followit ay Estait and Dignitie,  
 Comparifoun, Honor and Nobill Arrey,  
 Will, Wantones, Renoun and Libertie, 175  
 Riches, Fredome, and eik Nobilitie:  
 Wit ye thay did thair baner he display;  
 A clud of arrowis as haill schour lowfit thay,  
 And schott, quhill waiftit wes thair artelye,  
 Syne went abak rebutit of the pray. 180

Quhen Venus perfautit had this rebute,  
 Diffemblance scho bad go mak perfute,  
 At all power to perfs the Goldin Terge;  
 And scho that was of dowbilnes the rute 185  
 Afskit hir choifs of archeiris in refute.  
 Venus the best bad hir to waill at lerge;  
 Scho tuke Prefens plicht anker of the berge,

<sup>1</sup> MS. here repeats *to*.

*THE GOLDIN TERGE.*

1001

And Fair Calling that weill a flane can schute,  
And Cheriffing for to compleit hir chairge.

Dame Hamelines scho tuke in cumpany, 190  
That hard wes, and heynd in archery,  
And brocht in Bewty to the feild agane,  
With all the choifs of Venus chevelly.  
Thay come and bikkerit vnabafitly,  
The schour of arrowis rappit on a raine; 195 Fol. 347. b.  
Perrellus Prefens, that mony fyre hes flane,  
The battell brocht on bordour hard me by,  
The falt was all the farar futh to fane.

Thik was the schott of grundin arrowis kene,  
Bot Reffoun with the Scheild of Gold fo schene, 200  
Weirly defendit quho foevir affayit;  
The awfull schour he manly did fustene,  
Quhill Prefens kest ane powder in his ene,  
And than as drukkin man he all forwayit;  
Quhen he wes drukin the fule with him thai playit, 205  
And benneift him amangis the bewis grene;  
That fair ficht me suddanly effrayit.

Than was I woundit till the deth full neir,  
And yoldin as ane wofull prefoneir  
To lady Bewty, in a moment space; 210  
Me thocht scho semit lustiar of cheir,  
Eftir that Reffoun had tynt his ene cleir,  
Than of befoir, and lovarly of face.  
Quhay was thow blindit, Reffoun, quhy, allace,  
And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir, 215  
And mercy seme, quhair that I fand no grace?

Diffimulance<sup>1</sup> was bissie me to fyle,  
And Fair Calling did oft vpoun me smyle,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *diffimulance*.

*THE GOLDIN TERGE.*

And Chirreffing me fed with wirdis fair;  
 New Acquittance enbrafit me a quhyle, 220  
 And favort me quhill men nicht ga ane myle,  
 Syne tuk hir leif, I faw hir nevir mair;  
 Than faw I Denger towart me repair,  
 I cowth eschew hir prefens be no wyle,  
 On fyd scho lukit with ane fremmit fare. 225

And at the last depairting cowth hir drefs,  
 And me deliuerit vnto Havines  
 For to remane, and scho in cure me tuke;  
 Be this the lord of windis with widnefs,  
 God Eolus, his bowgill blew I gefs, 230  
 That with the blast the leivis all to schuke,  
 And suddanly in the space of ane luke  
 All wes hyne went, thair wes bot wildirnefs,  
 Thair wes no moir bot birdis, bonk and bruke.

In twynkling of ane e to schip thay went, 235  
 And swift vp sail vnto the top thay stent,  
 And with swift cours attour the flude thay frak;  
 Thay fyrir gunis with polder violent,  
 Till that the reik raifs to the firmament,  
 The rochis all resoundit with the rak; 240  
 For reird it semit that the rane bow brak;  
 With spreit affrayit vpoun my feit I spent  
 Amangis the clewis, fo cairfull was the crak.

And as I did awalk of this fwowning,  
 The jowfull fowlis mirrely did sing 245  
 For mirth of Phebus tender bemis schene;  
 Sueit was the wapouris and soft the morrowing,  
 Hailfum the vaill depaynt with flouris ying,  
 The air intemperit, fobir and amene;  
 In quhyt and reid was all the erd besene, 250

Fol. 348.a.

Throw naturis noble fresch ennamaling,  
In mirthfull Maij, of every moneth quene.

O, reuerend Chaufer, rofs of rethouris all,  
As in our tounge ane<sup>1</sup> flour imperiall  
That raifs in Britane evir, quha reidis richt, 255  
Thow beiris of makaris the tryvmph royall;  
The fresch ennamallit termes celestiall  
This mater cowth hafe illuminit full bricht;  
Was thow nocht of our Inglis all the licht,  
Surmonting every tounge terrestriall, 260  
Als far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht?

O, morale Goweir, and Lidgait laureat,  
Your suggurat toungeis and lippis aureat  
Bene till our eiris caufs of grit delyte;  
Your angelik mowth[is] most mellifluat 265  
Our rude langage hes cleir illumynat,  
And hes ourgilt our speiche, that imperfyte  
Stude or your goldin pennis schup to wryt;  
This yle befor wes bair and diffolat  
Of rethorik, or lusty fresche indyte. 270

Thow littill quair, be evir obedient,  
Humyll, subiect and femple of intent,  
Befoir the face of every cunnyng wicht;  
I knaw quhat thow of rethorik hes spent; Fol. 348. b.  
Of hir lustie roifis redolent 275  
Is nane in to thy garland fett on hicht;  
Eschame thairfoir, and draw the out of sicht;  
Rude is thy weid, destitute, bair and rent,  
Weill aucht thow be affeir of the licht.

*Explicit, quod Dumbar, of the Goldin Terge.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *and*.

## CCCXXXI.

*Heir begynnis the Freiris of Berwik.*

**A**S it befell, and happinnit in to deid,  
 Vpoun a rever, the quhilk is callit Tweid;  
 At Tweidis mowth thair standis a nobill toun,  
 Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renovne,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quhair mony a lady bene fair of face, 5  
 And mony ane fresche lusty galland wafs.  
 In to this toun, the quhilk is callit Berwik,  
 Vpoun the fey thair standis nane it lyk,  
 For it is wallit weill abowt with stane,  
 And dowbill stankis castin mony ane; 10  
 And fyne the castell is so strang and wicht,  
 With strait towris and turattis he on hicht;  
 The wallis wrocht craftely withall;  
 The port cules most subtelly to fall,  
 Quhen that thame list to draw thame vpoun hicht; 15  
 That it nicht be of na maner of nicht  
 To win that hous be craft or subtelte.  
 Quhairfoir it is maist gud allutirly,  
 In to my tyme quhair evir I haif bene,  
 Moist fair, most gudly, most plefand to be sene; 20  
 The toвне, the wall, the castell and the land,  
 The he wallis vpoun the vpper hand,  
 The grit croce kirk, and eik the Masone Dew,  
 The Jacobene freiris of the quhyt hew,  
 The Carmeleitis, and the monkis eik; 25  
 The four ordouris wer nocht for to seik,  
 Thay wer all in this toun dwelling.  
 So appinnit in a Maij morning,  
 That twa of the Jacobyne freiris,  
 As thay wer wont and vfit mony yeiris 30

<sup>1</sup>The MS. has:

ed, evidently incorrectly.

*THE FREIRIS OF BERWIK.*

1005

To pafs amang thair brethir vpaland,  
Wer fend of thame best practifit and cunnand;  
Freir Allane, and Freir Robert the vder,  
Thir filly Freiris with wyffis weill cowlde gluder;  
Rycht wondir weill plefit thai all wyffis,  
And tawld thame tailis of haly fanctis lyffis,  
Quhill on a tyme thay purpofit to pafs hame;  
Bot verry tyrit and wett wes Freir Allane,  
For he wes awld, and nicht nocht wele travell,  
And als he had ane littill spyce of gravell.  
Freir Robert wes young, and verry hett of blude,  
And be the way he bure both clothis and hude,  
And all thair geir, for he wes strong and wicht.  
Be that it drew neir towart the nicht,  
As thay wer cumand towart the tovne full neir;  
Freir Allane faid than, Gud bruder deir,  
It is to lait, I dreid the yet be clofit,  
And we ar tyrit, and verry evill difpofit  
To luge owt of the toun, bot gif that we  
In fume gud houfs this nycht mot herbryt be.  
Swa wynnit thair ane woundir gude hofstillar,  
Without the toun, in till a fair manar,  
And Symon Lawrear wes his name;  
Ane fair blyth wyf he had, of ony ane,  
Bot Icho wes fumthing dynk and dengerous.  
The filly Freiris quhen thay come to the houfs,  
With fair hailfing and bekking courteslye,  
To thame fcho anſchirit agane in hye;  
Freir Robert ſperit eftir the gud man,  
And fcho agane anſchirit thame thane,  
He went fra hame, God wait, on Weddinſday,  
In the cuntre for to feik corne and hay,  
And vthir thingis quhairof we haif neid.  
Freir Robert faid, I pray grit God him ſpeid  
Him haill and found in to his travell,

Fol. 349.a.

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And hir defyrit the stowp to fill of aill,  
 That we may drink, for I am wondir dry.  
 With that the wyfe went furth richt schortly,  
 And fillit the stowp, and brocht in breid and cheifs;  
 Thay eit and drank, and satt at thair awin eifs. 70  
 Freir Allane said to the gudwyf in hye,  
 Cum hiddir, deme, and fett yow down me bye,  
 And fill the cop agane anis to me;  
 Freir Robert said, Full weill payit fall ye be.  
 The Freiris wer blyth, and mirry tailis cowlde tell, 75  
 And even with that thay hard the prayer bell  
 Off thair awin abbay, and than thay wer agast,  
 Becaus thay knew the yettis wer clofit fast, Fol. 349. b.  
 That thay on na wayis nicht gett entre.  
 Than the gudwyfe thay prayit for cheritie 80  
 To grant thame herbrye that ane nicht;  
 Bot scho to thame gaif anschir with grit hicht,  
 The gudman is fra hame, as I yow tald,  
 And God it wait, gif I durst be so bald  
 To herbry Freiris in this houfs with me, 85  
 Quhat wald Symon say, ha, benedicite,  
 Bot in his abfence I abusit his place?  
 Our deir Lady Mary keip fra sic cace,  
 And keip me owt of perrell and of schame.  
 Than auld Freir Allane said, Na, fair dame, 90  
 For Godis faik, heir me quhat I fall say,  
 In gud faith, we will both be deid or day;  
 The way is evill, and I am tyrir and wett,  
 Our yettis ar clofit that we may nocht in gett,  
 And to our abbay we can nocht win in; 95  
 To caufs ws perreifs but help ye haif grit fyn;  
 Thairfoir of verry neid we mon byd still,  
 And ws commit alhaill in to your will.  
 The gudwyf lukit vnto the Freiris tway,  
 And, at the laft, to thame culd scho say, 100

Ye byd nocht heir, be Him that ws all coft;  
 Bot gif ye list to lig vp in yone loft,  
 Quhilk is weill wrocht in to the hallis end,  
 Ye fall fynd stray, and clathis I fall yow fend;  
 Quhair, and ye list, pafs on baith in feir, 105  
 For on no wayis will I repair half heir.  
 Hir madin than scho send hir on befoir,  
 And hir thay followit baith withowttin moir;  
 Thay war full blyth, and did as scho thame kend,  
 And vp thay went, in to the hallis end, 110  
 In till a loft wes maid for corne and hay;  
 Scho maid thair bed, fyne past down but delay,  
 Clofit the trop and thay remanit still.  
 In to the loft thay wantit of thair will;  
 Freir Allane lay down as he best nicht; 115  
 Freir Robert said, I hecht to walk this nicht,  
 Quha wait perchance sum sport I ma espy?  
 Thus in the loft latt I thir Freiris ly,  
 And of the gudwyf now I will speik mair.  
 Scho wes richt blyth that thay wer clofit thair, 120  
 For scho had maid ane tryft that samyn nicht  
 Freir Johine hir luvis supper for to dicht;  
 And scho wald half none vder cumpany, Fol. 350. a.  
 Becaus Freir Johine that nicht with hir fowld ly,  
 Quha dwelland wes in to that samyne toun, 125  
 And ane Blak Freir he wes of grit renown.  
 He govirnit alhaill the abbacy;  
 Silwer and gold he had abundantly;  
 He had a prevy posterne of his awin,  
 Quhair he nicht ische, quhen that he list, vnknawin. 130  
 Now this in to the toun I leif him still,  
 Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will  
 To this fair wyfe, how scho the fyre cowlde belt,  
 And thristit on fatt caponis to the spelt;  
 And fatt danyng[is] to fyre did scho lay, 135

Syne bad the madin, In all the haift thow may,  
 To flawme, and turne, and roft thame tenderly.  
 And to hir chalmer fo fcho went in hy;  
 Scho pullit hir cunt, and gaif hit buffettis tway  
 Vpoun the cheikis, fyne till it coud fcho fay, 140  
 Ye fowld be blyth and glaid at my requeift,  
 Thir mvllis of youris ar callit to ane feift.  
 Scho cleithis hir in a kirtill of fyne reid,  
 Ane fair quhyt curch fcho puttis vpoun hir heid;  
 Hir kirtill wes of filk, and filwer fyne, 145  
 Hir vthir garmentis as the reid gold did fchyne;  
 On every finyer fcho weiris ringis two;  
 Scho was als prowde as ony papingo.  
 The burde fcho cuverit with clath of coftly greyne,  
 Hir napry aboif wes woundir weill befene. 150  
 Than but fcho went, to fe gif ony come,  
 Scho thocht full lang to meit hir lufe Freir Johine;  
 Syne fchortly did this Freir knok at the yett;  
 His knok fcho kend, and did fo him in lett.  
 Scho welcomit him in all hir beft maneir; 155  
 He thankit hir, and faid, My awin lufe deir,  
 Haif thair ane pair of boffis, gud and fyne,  
 Thay hald ane gallone full of Gafcone wyne;  
 And als ane pair of pertrikis richt new flane,  
 And eik ane creill full of breid of mane; 160  
 This I haif brocht to yow, my awin lufe deir,  
 Thairfoir, I pray yow, be blyth, and mak gud cheir;  
 Sen it is fo that Semon is fra hame,  
 I wilbe hamely now with yow, gud dame.  
 Scho fayis, Ye ar full hertly welcome heir 165  
 At ony tyme, quhen that ye lift appeir.  
 With that fcho fmylit woundir luftely;  
 He thriftit hir hand agane richt prevely,  
 Than in hett lufe thay talkit vderis till.

Fol. 350. b.

Thus at thair sport now will I leif thame still, 170



And tell yow off thir filly Freiris two  
 Wer lokit in the loft amang the stro:  
 Freir Allane in the loft still can ly;  
 Freir`Robert had ane littill jelofy,  
 For in his hairt he had ane perfaving, 175  
 And throw the burdis he maid with his botkin  
 A littill hoill on sic a wyifs maid he,  
 All that thay did thair down he nicht weill se,  
 And every word he herd that thay did fay.  
 Quhen scho wes prowde, richt woundir frefche and gay, 180  
 Scho callit him baith hert, lemmane and luve;  
 Lord God, gif than his curage wes aboif,  
 So prelat lyk fat he in to the chyre;  
 Scho rownis than ane piftill in his eir;  
 Thus sportand thame, and makand melody: 185  
 And quhen scho saw the supper wes reddy,  
 Scho gois belyfe and cuveris the burde annon,  
 And fyne the pair of bossis hes scho tone,  
 And sett thame doun vpoun the burde hir by.  
 And evin with that thay hard the gudman cry, 190  
 And knokand at the yett he cryit fast:  
 Quhen thay him hard then wer thay both agast:  
 And als Freir Johine wes in a fellone fray,  
 He stert vp fast, and wald haif bene away,  
 Bot all for nocht, he nicht no way win owt. 195  
 The gudwyfe spak than, with a vilage stowt,  
 Yone is Symone that makis all this fray,  
 That I nicht tholit full weill had bene away;  
 I fall him quyt, and I leif half a yeir,  
 That cummert hes ws thus<sup>1</sup> in sic maner, 200  
 Becaus for him we may nocht byd togidder;  
 I soir repent and wo is ye come hidder,  
 For we wer weill gif that ye wer away.  
 Quhat fall I do, allace? the Freir can say.  
 Hyd you, scho said, quhill he be brocht to rest, 205

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *this*.

In to yone troich, I think it for the best;  
 It lyis mekle and huge in all yone nwke,  
 It held a boll of meill quhen that we buke:  
 Than vndir it scho gart him creip in hy,  
 And bad him lurk thair verry quyetly; 210  
 Scho clofit him, and fyne went on hir way.  
 Quhat fall I do, allace? the Freir can say.  
 Syne to hir madin spedyly scho spak,  
 Go to the fyre, and the meitis fra it tak; 215  
 Be biffy als, and flokkin out the fyre;  
 Ga cloifs yone burd, and tak away the chyre,  
 And lok vp all in to yone almary,  
 Baith meit and drink, with wyne and aill put by;  
 The mayne breid als thow hyd it with the wyne;  
 That being done, thow fowp the houfs clene fyne, 220  
 That na apperance of feift be heir fene,  
 Bot sobirly our selffis dois sustene.  
 And fyne, withowttin ony mair delay,  
 Scho castis of haill hir fresch array;  
 Than went scho to hir bed annone, 225  
 And tholit him to knock his fill, Symone.  
 Quhen he for knocking tyrit wes, and cryid,  
 Abowt he went vnto the vdir fyd,  
 And on Alefone fast cold he cry;  
 And at the laft scho anschirit crabitly, 230  
 Ach, quha be this that knawis fa weill my name?  
 Go hens, scho sayis, for Symon is fra hame,  
 And I will herbry no gaiftis heir perfey;  
 Thairfoir I pray yow to wend on your way,  
 For at this tyme ye may nocht lugit be. 235  
 Than Symone said, Fair dame, ken ye nocht me?  
 I am your Symone and husband of this place.  
 Ar ye my spous Symone? scho sayis, allace,  
 Be misknawlege I had almaist misgane,  
 Quha wenit that ye fa lait wald haif cum hame? 240

Fol. 351. a.

Scho stertis vp and gettis licht in hy,  
 And oppinit than the yet full haiftely;  
 Scho tuk fra him his geir at all devyis,  
 Syne welcomit him on maift hairtly wyis.  
 He bad the madin kindill on the fyre, 245  
 Syne graith me meit, and tak ye all thy hyre.  
 The gudwyf said schortly, Ye me trow,  
 Heir is no meit that ganand is for yow.  
 How sa, fair deme, ga gait me cheifs and breid,  
 Ga fill the stowp, hald me no mair in pleid, 250  
 For I am verry tyrit, wett and cauld.  
 Than vp scho raifs, and durst nocht mair be bauld,  
 Cuverit the burde, thairon sett meit in hy,  
 Ane fowfit nolt fute, and scheinheid, haiftely;  
 And sum cauld meit scho brocht to him belyve,<sup>1</sup> 255  
 And fillit the stowp. The gudman than wes blyth;  
 Than fatt he down, and swoir be All hallow,  
 I fair richt weill and I had ane gud fallow:  
 Dame, eit with me and drink, gif that ye may.  
 Said the gudwyf, Devill inche cun may I;<sup>2</sup> 260  
 It wer mair meit in to your bed to be,  
 Fol. 351. b.  
 Than now to sit defyrand cumpany.  
 Freir Robert said, Allace, gud bruder deir,  
 I wald the gudman wist that we wer heir,  
 Quha wait perchance sum bettir wald he fair; 265  
 For sickerly my hairt will ay be fair  
 Gif yone scheinheid with Symon birneist be,  
 Sa mekill gud cheir being in the almerie:  
 And with that word he gaif ane hoist anone.  
 The gudman hard, and speirit, Quha is yone? 270  
 The gudwyf said, Yone ar Freiris tway.  
 Symone said, Tell me quhat Freiris be thay.  
 Yone is Freir Robert and filly Freir Allane,  
 That all this day hes travellit with grit pane;  
 Be thay come heir it wes so verry lait 275

<sup>1</sup>Originally *belyve*. <sup>2</sup>Originally *I may*.

Curfur wes rung, and clofit wes thair [yait;<sup>1</sup>]  
 And in yone loft I gaif thame harbrye.  
 The gudman said, Sa God haif pairt of me,  
 Tha Freiris twa ar hairtly welcome hidder,  
 Ga call thame doun, that we ma drink togidder. 280  
 The gudwyf said, I reid yow lat thame be,  
 Thay had levir sleip nor sit in cumpanye.  
 The gudman said vnto the maid [in] thone,  
 Go, pray thame baith to cum till me annone;  
 And fone the trop the madin oppinit than, 285  
 And bad thame baith cum doun to the gudman.  
 Freir Robert said, Now be sweit Sanct Jame,  
 The gudman is verry velcome hame,  
 And for his weifair dalie do we pray;  
 We fall annone cum doun to him, ye fay. 290  
 Than with that word thay start vp baith attone,  
 And doun the trop delyverly thay come,  
 Halfit Symone als fone as thay him se;  
 And he agane thame welcomit hairtfullie,  
 And said, Cum heir, myne awin bredir deir, 295  
 And fett yow doun fone befyd me heir,  
 For I am now allone, as ye may se;  
 Thairfoir sitt doun, and beir me cumpanye,  
 And tak yow pairt of sic gud as we haif.  
 Freir Allane said, Schir, I pray God yow faif, 300  
 For heir is now annwch of Godis gud.  
 Than Symon anschirit, Now, be the Rud,  
 Yit wald I gif ane croun of gold for me,  
 For sum gud meit and drink amangis ws thre.  
 Freir Robert said, Quhat drinkis wald ye craif, 305  
 Or quhat meitis defyre ye for to haif?  
 For I haif mony findry practikis feir, Fol. 352. a.  
 Beyond the fey in Pareis did I leir,  
 That I wald preve glaidly for your faik,  
 And for your demys that harbry coud ws maik. 310

<sup>1</sup> Or *gait*; omitted &

and supplied by a later hand.

I tak on hand, and ye will counfale keip,  
 That I fall gar yow fe, or ever I fleip,  
 Of the best meit that is in this cuntre;  
 Off Gascone wyne, gif ony in it be;  
 Or, be thair ony within ane hundreth myle, 315  
 It salbe heir within a bony quhyle.  
 The gudman had grit mervell of this taill,  
 And said, My hairt [will] neir be haill  
 Bot gif ye prove that practik or ye pairte,  
 To mak ane sport. And than the Freir vpstart, 320  
 He tuk his buk and to the flure<sup>1</sup> he gais;  
 He turnis it our, and reidis it a littill space,  
 And to the eist direct he turnis his face,  
 Syne to the west he turnit and lukit down,  
 And tuk his buk and red ane orisoun; 325  
 And ay his eyne wer on the almery,  
 And on the troch quhair that Freir Johine did ly.  
 Than fat he doun, and keft abak his hude,  
 He granit, and he glowrit, as he wer woid;  
 And quhyllis still he fatt in studeing, 330  
 And vthir quhyllis vpoun his buk reding;  
 And [quhyllis] with baith his handis he wald clap,  
 And vthir quhyllis wald he glour and gaip;  
 Syne in the fowth he turnit him abowt  
 Weill thryifs, and mair than lawly coud he lowt, 335  
 Quhen that he come neir the almery.  
 Thairat our dame had woundir grit invy,  
 For in hir hairt scho had ane perfaving  
 That he had knawin all hir govirning.  
 Scho saw him gif the almery sic a straik, 340  
 Vnto hir felf scho said, Full weill I wait  
 I am bot schent, he knawis full weill my thocht;  
 Quhat fall I do? Allace, that I wes wrocht;  
 Get Symon wit, it wilbe deir doing.  
 Be that the Freir had left his studeing, 345

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *freir*, evidently a mistake: *flure* is in the Maitland MS.



And on his feit he startis vp full fture,  
 And come agane, and feyit all his cure.  
 Now is it done, and ye fall haif playntie  
 Of breid and wyne, the best in this cuntre;  
 Thairfoir, fair dame, get vp deliverlie,<sup>1</sup> 350  
 And ga belyfe vnto yone almerie,  
 And oppin it; and se ye bring ws fyne Fol. 352. b.  
 Ane pair of boiffis full of Gascone wyne,  
 Thay had ane galloun and mair, that wait I weill;  
 And bring ws als the mayne breid in a creill: 355  
 Ane pair of cunyngis, fat and het py pand;  
 The caponis als ye fall ws bring fra hand;  
 Twa pair of pertrikis, I wait thair is no ma;  
 And eik of plueris se that ye bring ws twa.  
 The gudwyf wist it wes no variance; 360  
 Scho knew the Freir had sene hir govirnance;  
 Scho saw it wes no bute for to deny;  
 With that scho went vnto the almerie,  
 And oppinnit it, and than scho fand thair  
 All that the Freir had spokin of befoir. 365  
 Scho stert abak, as scho wer in a fray,  
 And fanyt hir, and smyland coud scho fay,  
 Ha, banedicitie, quhat may this bene?  
 Quha evir afoir hes sic a fairly sene?  
 Sa grit a mervell as now hes apnit heir, 370  
 Quhat fall I say? He is ane haly Freir,  
 He faid full fwth of all that he did fay.  
 Scho brocht all furth, and on the burd coud lay  
 Baith breid and wyne, and vthir thingis moir,  
 Cunyngis and caponis, as ye haif hard befoir; 375  
 Pertrikis and plueris befoir thame hes scho brocht.  
 The Freir knew weill and saw thair wantit nocht,  
 Bot all wes furth brocht, evin at his devyis.  
 And Symone saw it appinnit on this wyis,  
 He had grit wondir, and fweris be the mone 380

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *delivered*.

That Freir Robert weill his dett had done;  
 He may be callit ane man of grit science,  
 Sa suddanly maid all this purviance  
 Hes brocht ws heir throw his grit subtelte,  
 And throw his knowlege in filosofhie: 385  
 In ane gud tyme it wes quhen he come hidder;  
 Now fill the cop that we ma drink togidder,  
 And mak gud cheir eftir this langfum day,  
 For I haif riddin ane woundir willsome way.  
 Now God belovit, heir is suffisance 390  
 Vnto ws all throw your gud govirnance:  
 And than annone thay drank evin round abowt  
 Of Gascone wyne; the Freiris playit cop owt.  
 Thay sportit thame, and makis mirry cheir  
 With fangis lowd, baith Symone and the Freir; 395  
 And on this wyifs the lang nicht thay ourdraif;  
 No thing thay want that thay desyrd to haif.  
 Than Symon said to the gudwyf in hy,  
 Cum heir, fair dame, and sett yow down me by,  
 And tak pairte of sic gud as we haif heir, 400  
 And hairtly, I yow pray, to thank this Freir  
 Off his bening grit befinis and cure,  
 That he hes done to ws vpoun this flure,  
 And brocht ws meit and drink haboundantlie,  
 Quhairfoir of richt we aucht mirry to be. 405  
 Bot all thair sport, quhen thay wer maist at eifs,  
 Vnto our deme it wes bot littill pleifs,  
 For vther thing thair wes in to hir thocht;  
 Scho wes so red, hir hairt wes ay on flocht,  
 That throw the Freir scho fowld discoverit be, 410  
 To him scho lukit oft tymes effeiritlie,  
 And ay disparit in hart was scho,  
 That he had witt of all hir purveance to.  
 Thus<sup>1</sup> fatt scho still, and wist no vdir wane;  
 Quhat evir thay say, scho lute him all allane, 415

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *this*.

## THE FREIRIS OF BERWIK.

Bot scho drank with thame in to cumpany  
 With fenyete cheir, and hert full wo and hevye.  
 Bot thay wer blyth annwche, God watt, and fang,  
 For ay the wyne was rakand thame amang,  
 Quhill at the last thay woix richt blyth ilk one. 420  
 Than Symone said vnto the Freir annone.  
 I mervell mikill how that this may be.  
 In till schort tyme that ye in suddanlye  
 Hes brocht to us samony denteis deir.  
 Thairof haif ye no mervell, quod the Freir. 425  
 I haif me pege full prevy of my awin  
 Quhen evir I list will cum to me vnkawin.  
 And bring to me the thing as I will haif.  
 Quhat evir I list it neidis me rocht to craif  
 Thairfor be blyth, and tak in pacience. 430  
 And treit ye weill I schal do diligence.  
 Gif that ye list, or thinkis to haif mair.  
 It schal be haif and I schal stand thairfor.  
 Incontinent that samyn thil ye is.  
 Bot I protest that ye keep it previe. 435  
 Let no man wit that I can do the thing  
 Than Symone swair, and said, Be Heryonis King.  
 It schal be kept previe as for me.  
 Bot draue him your schirvane wald I be  
 Gif it yow pleis that we may drink merriter. 440  
 For I want naich gif ye na ay cum mair.  
 Quhen that we want our needis is as this  
 The Freir and, Nay, is not I haif Heryonis this.  
 Yow ar haif the richt of my schirvane 445  
 It can naich be, ye schal weill vnkawin.  
 That ye may be him grantin in his own spaci.  
 For ye amone wald go out of your spaci.  
 For is it wel and agy for us is.  
 I schal naich mair for us tak us is.  
 For long is it mair for us tak us is. 450

And namely now so lait in to the nicht;  
 Bot gif it wer on sic a maner wyifs  
 Him to translait or ellis dissagyifs  
 Fra his awin kynd in to ane vder stait.  
 Than Symone said, I mak no moir debait, 455  
 As pleifis yow so lyk is it to me,  
 As evir ye list, bot fane wald I him se.  
 In till quhat kynd fall I him gar appeir?  
 Than Symone said, In liknes of a Freir,  
 In quhyt cullour, richt as your self it war, 460  
 For quhyt cullour will na body deir.  
 Freir Robert said that swa it cowld nocht be,  
 For sic cauffis as he may weill foirfe,  
 That he compeir in to our habeit quhyt,  
 Vntill I ordour it wer a grit dispyte, 465  
 That ony sic vnworthy wicht as he  
 In till our habeit men sowld behald or se.  
 Bot sen it pleiffis yow that ar heir,  
 Ye fall him se in liknes of a Freir;  
 In habeit blak it was his kynd to weir, 470  
 Ye fall him se in liknes of a Freir.  
 Gif ye so do, and rewill yow at all wyifs  
 To hald yow cloifs and still at my devyifs,  
 Quhat evir it be ye owdir se or heir,  
 Ye speik no word, nor mak no kynd of steir, 475  
 Bot hald yow cloifs, quhill I haif done my cure.  
 Than said he, Semon, ye mone be on the flure,  
 Neirhand befyd with staff in to your hand;  
 Haif ye no dreid, I fall yow ay warrand.  
 Than Symon said, I assent that it be swa; 480  
 And vp he start, and gat a libberla  
 In to his hand, and on the flure he stert,  
 Sumthing effrayit, thocht stalwart was his hart.  
 Than to the Freir said Symone verry sone,  
 Now tell me, maister, quhat ye will haif done. 485

No thing, he said, bot hald yow cloifs and still;  
 Quhat evir I do tak ye gud tent thairtill,  
 And neir the dur ye hyd yow prevely,  
 And quhen I bid yow stryk, strek hardely,  
 In to the nek se that ye hit him richt. 490 Fol. 354.a.  
 That fall I warrand, quod he, with all my micht.  
 Thufs on the flure I leif him standand still,  
 Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will,  
 How that the Freir did take his buke in hy,  
 And [turnit] our the levis full befely, 495  
 Ane full lang space, and quhen he had done swa,  
 Towart the troch withowttin wordis ma  
 He goifs belyfe, and on this wyis sayis he,  
 Ha, how, Hurlybais, now I coniure the,  
 That thow vpryis and sone to me appeir, 500  
 In habeit blak in liknes of a freir;  
 Owt of this troch, quhair that thow dois ly,  
 Thow rax the sone, and mak no dyn nor cry;  
 Thow tumbill our the troch that we may se,  
 And vnto ws thow schaw the oppinlie; 505  
 And in this place se that thow no man greif,  
 Bot draw thy handis boith in to thy sleif,  
 And pull thy cowll down owttour thy face;  
 Thow may thank God that thow gettis sic a grace;  
 Thairfoir thow turfs the to thyne awin reflett, 510  
 Se this be done and mak no moir debait;  
 In thy depairting se thow mak no deray  
 Vnto no wicht, bot frely pafs thy way;  
 And in this place se that thow cum no moir,  
 Bot I command the, or ellis the charge befoir; 515  
 And our the stair se that thow ga gud speid;  
 Gif thow dois nocht on thy awin perrell beid.  
 With that the Freir, that vnder the troch lay,  
 Raxit him sone, bot he wes in a fray,  
 And vp he rais, and wist: bettir wayn, 520

Bot of the troch he tumlit our the stane;  
 Syne fra the famyn quhairin he thocht him lang,  
 Vnto the dur he preifit him to gang,  
 With hevy cheir and drery countenance,  
 For nevir befor him hapnit sic a chance. 525  
 And quhen Freir Robert saw him gangand by,  
 Vnto the Gudman full lowdly coud he cry,  
 Stryk, stryk herdely, for now is tyme to the.  
 With that Symone a felloun flap lait fle,  
 With his burdoun he hit him on the nek; 530  
 He wes sa ferce he fell owttour the sek,  
 And brak his heid vpoun ane mustard stane.  
 Be this Freir Johine attour the stair is gane  
 In sic wyis, that mist he hes the trap,  
 And in ane myr he fell, sic wes his hap, 535  
 Wes fourty futis of breid vndir the stair;  
 Yeit gat he vp with clething nothing fair;  
 Full drerelie vpoun his feit he stude,  
 And throw the myre full smertly than he hude,  
 And our the wall he clam richt haiftely, 540  
 Quhilk round abowt wes laid with stanis dry:  
 Off his eschaping in hairt he wes full fane,  
 I trow he falbe laith to cum agane.  
 With that Freir Robert stert abak and saw  
 Quhair the Gudman lay sa woundir law 545  
 Vpoun the flure, and bleidand wes his heid;  
 He stert to him, and went he had bene deid,  
 And clawcht him vp withowttin wordis moir,  
 And to the dur delyverly him bure;  
 And fra the wind wes blawin twyis in his face, 550  
 Than he ourcome within a lytill space;  
 And than Freir Robert franyt at him fast,  
 Quhat allit him to be fo soir agast.  
 He said, Yone Freir hes maid me thus gait say.  
 Lat be, quod he, the werft is all away;

Fol. 354. b.

Mak mirry, man, and se ye mvrne na mair,  
 Ye haif him strikin quyt owttour the stair.  
 I saw him flip, gif I the futh can tell,  
 Doun our the stair, in till a myr he fell;  
 Bot lat him go, he wes a graceles gaift, 560  
 And boun yow to your bed, for it is best.  
 Thus Symonis heid vpoun the stane wes brokin,  
 And our the stair the Freir in myre hes loppin,  
 And tap our taill he fyld wes woundir ill;  
 And Alefone on na wayifs gat hir will; 565  
 This is the story that hapnit of that Freir.  
 No moir thair is, bot Chryft ws help most deir.

*Finis.*

NOTE.—On Fol. 355 a. has been written by another and later hand a piece in five and a-half four-line stanzas, *Go, sweet Lynes, Loue will not take them*, and a separate piece of four lines, *Amongst the Monstors that we find*. 355 b. and 356 a. are blank. On 356 b. the same hand has inscribed a piece of 13 lines, *Once slumbring as I lay within my Bed*. All these, as not originally belonging to the MS., will be found in the Appendix.



## CCCXXXII.

*Heir begynnys Colkelbie Sow.*

Fol. 357. a.

Q UHEN riallest, moft redowttit and he,  
 Magnificat crownit kingis in maieſte,  
 Princis, duces and marquis curious,  
 Erlis, barronis and knyghttis chevelroufs,  
 And gentillmen of he genolegye, 5  
 As ſcutiferais and ſquieris full courtlye,  
 Ar aſſemblit and fett in a ryell ſe,  
 With namit folkis of he nobilite,  
 Thair talk that tyme in table honorable,  
 Befoir lordingis and ladeis amiable, 10  
 Is oft finging and fawis of ſolace,  
 Quhair melody is the mirthfull maiftrace;  
 Ermy deidis in auld dayis done afoir,  
 Croniculis, geftis, ſtores and mich moir;  
 Maneſtralis among mvſicianis merely, 15  
 To haif hairtis in hevinly armony,  
 So ſemis it weill that futhly ſo war ay.  
 Quhat is the world without plefance or play,  
 Bot paſſionale? Than lat ws mak ſum ſport  
 And recreatioun, the cumpany to confort. 20  
 Wold my lordis do ſe, quho wold begin it?  
 Quho fall furthſchaw, or quho fall firſt fall in it?  
 Quho<sup>1</sup> with diſcreit correſtioun of yow  
 Bot I, quho hath begune this mater now.  
 For begynnyng without end quhat availis, 25  
 Bot lyk a tre flureiſt quhair the fruct falis,  
 To quhich all man of quhat eſtair he be  
 With recent mynd fuld evir haif his e,  
 Nocht to begin flureiſt and fyne decrefs,  
 The langir lyfe the gud lofs than to ceſs? 30  
 Quhat falbe ſaid bot at his ending he

<sup>1</sup> *Sell* has been written here, but afterwards deleted by the writer.



Frome on fair ymp fell doun a widderit tre;  
 The lyfe is gone, the losf lefting is loft,  
 The begynnyng thay fay was bot a woft.  
 Quhairfoir ye men most honorable at all, 35  
 Quhich eternall wald haif memoriall,  
 Gyd yow so that first your God plesit be,  
 And obtene name and wirchep quhen ye de;  
 And quho will nocht eftir his gudly powere,  
 Considering his estait, go profess him a mertere, 40  
 Or sustene lak, so may he lykneit be,  
 A fair flureifs fadit in a falty tre.  
 All be my self is this fymylitude;  
 Suld I begin to sport and nocht conclude?  
 Than wold ye all belyve fay, Lo him yondir, 45  
 That fet to bourd and left it in a blondir:  
 Quhairfoir I will fay of my fantesfy  
 Sum solasing to glaid this cumpany;  
 Bot, for Godis lue and his appostill Petir,  
 Pardoun the fulich face of this mad metir. 50  
 Sen the sentence to feill is fantaftike  
 Lat the lettir and langage be such like;  
 Sen all the world changis somony facis  
 I trest I will cast caissis vpoun caissis.  
 And so lat se quhat cais ye think most nyce: 55  
 Wisdome vmquhile holdis the nycest wys,  
 So that it be sport in discretioun,  
 Without odius crewale comparisoun.  
 Perticular malice and all such thing removit,  
 The wys nycest the wisest quhile is provit, 60  
 For quhich, knawing myne vnssufficiency  
 To be compryfit perticiane with prudence,  
 I propone, nocht as wifs presumpteuous,  
 Bot rathir sport myne awin spereit to reiois,  
 And my lordis to heir that will deden, 65  
 Now I begin with Titill est, amen.

*Explicit Prohemium, et sequitur Prima Pars.*

[*Prima Pars.*]

Heir I gife yow caifs,  
 Vmquhile a merry man wais  
 Callit Cokkelbe:

<sup>1</sup> Fol. 358.a.

He had a simple blak fow,  
 And he sald hir bot how,  
 For penneis thre,  
 As eftir ye may see;<sup>2</sup>  
 And verrely as I hard  
 Thus the money he ward;  
 The first penny of the thre  
 For a girle<sup>3</sup> gaif he;  
 The secund fell in a furde;  
 The thrid he hid in a hurde.  
 Now quhilk penny of the thre  
 Wes best bestowit, say ye?  
 The loft penny wes vplefit,  
 The girle for the tyme plefit;

70

75

80

<sup>1</sup> This and the four following pages of the MS. are written in double columns.

<sup>2</sup> This line has been at first omitted, and afterwards added, seemingly by the original hand.

<sup>3</sup> *Maid* has been written on the margin.

Bot the penny that wes hid,	
I hold leift gude did;	85
For in old prouerbe we sing,	
Cumis littill gud of gaddering,	
Quhair wrechit awerice birnis,	
Hyding hurdis in to hirmis,	
And knawis nevir quhome till,	90
Latting wirschep to go will.	
Gret laubor is to get geir,	
And to conferue it is feir,	
And moir angir is to leifs	
Thir thre peruerft propirteifs,	95
I find in skarfs keping,	
And auaritious wynnyng,	
Quhair mesur is nocht maistrefs,	
Bot gaddering for gredenefs.	
The hid penny, thinkis me,	100
Wes werft bestowit of the thre,	
For it waifs fro the vse of man;	
Lat warldis gudis go than,	
With mesur and merines.	
Yit thair is moir of this cais,	105
The penny loft in the lak	
Wes fundin and vptak,	
And he that fand it did by,	
With the samyn penny,	
A littill pig <sup>1</sup> for his prow	110
Off Kolkelbeis sow.	
A harlot wynnit neir by,	
And scho wald mak a mangery,	
And had no substance at all,	
Bot this pur pig stall,	115
To furnifs a gret feift,	
Withouttin stufe bot this beift.	

<sup>1</sup> *Gryce* has been written on the margin.

And yit scho callit to hir cheir  
 On apostita freir,  
 A peruerft perdonair, 120  
 And praetand palmair,  
 A wich and a wobstare,  
 A milygant and a mychare,  
 A fond fule, a fariar,  
 A cairtar, a cariar, 125  
 A libbar and a lyar,  
 And riddill revar,  
 A tuttivillus, a tutlar,  
 And a fanyeit flatterar,  
 A forfarn falconar, 130  
 A malgratious millare,  
 A berward, a brawlar,  
 And ane aip ledar,  
 With a curfit custumar,  
 A tratlar, a tinklar, 135  
 And mony vthir in that hour,  
 Off all evill ordour.  
 First with a fulifch flour,  
 An ald monk, a lechour,  
 A drunken drechour, 140  
 A dowble toungeit counfalour,  
 A trumpour, a trvcour,  
 A hangman, a hafardour,  
 A tyrant, a tormentour,  
 A truphane, a tratlour, 145  
 A faynit nigramanfour,  
 A japer, a juglour,  
 A lafe that luvis bot for lour,  
 And a man merroure,  
 An evill wyffis mirroure, 150  
 In all thair semblance four,  
 With a noyefull nychtbour,

A lunatik, a fismatyk,	
An heretyk, a purspyk,	
A lumbard, a lolard,	55
Ane vfurar, a bard,	
Ane ypocreit in haly kirk,	
A burn grenge in the dirk,	
A schipman on se and fand,	
That takis lyfe and gud on hand,	160
And knawis nowthir courfs nor tyd,	
Bot presumpteoufs in pryd,	
Practing no thing expert,	
In cunnyng cumpafs nor kert.	Fol. 358.b.
A fkeg, a fcornar, a fkald,	165
A baleftrod and a bald,	
An vnthriftly dapill man,	
A rebald, a ruffian,	
A murderer of leil men,	
A reuifcher of wemen;	170
And two lerit men thame by,	
Schir Ockir and Schir Symony;	
Yit mony in a grit rout,	
For lak of rowme, ftud about.	
Now wald I wit at this feſte,	175
Quho fure beſt of this beſte;	
I hald the folk beſt fure,	
That ftud fer without the dure	
Fro this curſit cumpany,	
And menſles mangery.	180
Yit of this caifs thair is moir,	
The pure pig gaif a rore,	
Him to kill quhen thay pynit;	
So foir the filly pig quhrynit,	
Quhill all the fwyn thairabout	185
Ruſchit furth in a rout.	
I keip nocht now to commoun	

All beiftis for to blafoun  
 Of thair diuerfs naturis,  
 Complexionis and cullouris, 190  
 Quhom the law levis ete,  
 Or quho fuld be no manis meit;  
 Nor of the foulis of the are,  
 How fum with clofs feit thay fare,  
 And fum deuidit the nalis; 195  
 Nor of the fífche with thair fcalis.  
 All this I fet afyd now,  
 Haif at Cokilbeis fow;  
 For to fay the verite,  
 Luvand beiftis fwyne be, 200  
 Contrair houndis nature;  
 For brawle doggis at the dure  
 All fettis on the fory hound,  
 That lyis euir at the grund,  
 And he that cryis moft and roris, 205  
 Ourthrawin, fchent and moft foiris,  
 All the remanent him ruggis,  
 Sum be leggis, fum be luggis.  
 Thay ar luving to men,  
 Bot nocht to thame felf than, 210  
 For wo is him that hes royne;  
 Bot nocht fo of the fwyne,  
 And on of thame be ourthrawin,  
 That his cry may be knawin,  
 All the remanent that heiris 215  
 Cumis in thair beft maneiris,  
 To refkew as thay may;  
 So did thay this day.  
 That fowis fonis hard I nevir  
 Win fo grit wirfchep for euir, 220  
 For Stiftpill all the ftore  
 Rufchit out with a rore.

This pig, quhen thay hard him,	
Thay come golfand full grim;	
Mony long tuthit bore,	225
And mony galt come befoir,	
And mony grit gunnald;	
Gruntillot and Gamald,	
Wrotok and Writhneb,	
Hogy evir in the eb,	230
With the halkit hoglyn,	
Suely Suattis Swankyn,	
Baymell bred in the bog,	
Hog hoppit our hog;	
Mage of the Milhill,	235
Grom Gym of the Gill,	
The fuddill fow and the ford,	
Reid Kit that oft rord,	
Patypull of the Pappourtis,	
And Knvtknot of the Kuppourtis,	240
The gray, the gorot and the grym;	
Hurlhekill hoblit with him,	
Sigill Wrigill our fow,	
Gret bore Tusky the grow;	
Mony galt, mony gilt,	245
Come let the pig to be spilt.	
Rowch rumple out ran,	
Weill mo than I tell can,	
With sick a din and a dirdy,	
A garrray and a hirdy girdy,	250
The fulis all afferd wer,	
And the harlot hurt thare	
With bair Tuskyis tuth.	
And for to say the verry futh,	
In that fellon affray	255
The littill pig gat away,	
And ilk bore and ilk beift	

Defoulit the fulis of the feist;	
Sum mokit, menyeit and merrit;	
Thus wer thay fro the meit skerrit.	260
Is nocht this a nyce caifs?	
Bot yit a fer werfs it waifs;	
A new noyment and nois	Fol. 359.a.
With a rumour vprois,	
That of that caifs to degeft	265
It mycht be callit a tempest;	
For all the suynis awnaris	
Said feilis how the fulis fairis,	
And feis so curst a cumpany,	
Herand thair awin swyne cry,	270
With thir myligantis machit,	
Afferd the fulis had thame kachit,	
As to steill thame away.	
Than dyn raifs and dirray,	
Stok hornis blew stout,	275
Mony on ischit out;	
Gilby on his gray meir,	
And Fergy on his fow fair	
Hoge Hygin by the hand hint;	
And Symy that was fone brint,	280
With his lad Loury,	
And his goffep Gloury,	
Fergy in frunt paf,	
And Fynny followit him fast.	
Thurlgill thrang till a club	285
So ferfs, he flaw in a dub,	
Quhill Downy him abak drewgh;	
Than Rany of the Reidhewch,	
With Gregry the bowman,	
For lufe of his leman	290
Licht lap at a lyn;	
He felyeit and he fell in,	



And Hoge wes fa haifty,  
 That he fualterit him by,  
 Quhill Thoby carior him tuk 295  
 To land with a scheip cruk.  
 Schiphirdis schowit to schore,  
 And Fergy Flitfy yeid befor,  
 Chiftane of that cheif chak,  
 A ter stowp on his bak, 300  
 With his lad Luddroun,  
 And his hound Hunddroun;  
 Mony schiphird with him is,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fro brokis, brois and brymmis;  
 Off two ram crukit hornis 305  
 Thair baner on a birk born is,  
 With Barmyberd thair banerman,  
 And his coufing Cachcran.  
 Thair menstrall Diky Doyt  
 Fur befor with a floyt; 310  
 Than danfit Doby Drymouth  
 The fone schene in the fowth,  
 And as thay lukit on a lee,  
 Thay saw an vthir menye.  
 Than all thay fled full afferd, 315  
 And the maiftir schipherd,  
 Fergy Flitfy, befor  
 Thocht wes littill on his store,  
 His feit maid sic dynnyng,  
 He lakkit breth for rynnyng. 320  
 How, quod Hobby, herk me,  
 We neid nocht to fordir fle,  
 Yone folk our awin freindis ar,  
 I knaw be thair banar.  
 Than wer thay nevir half so fane, 325  
 And glaidly turnit all agane,  
 And knew be thair array,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *his*.

That all nolt hirdis wer thay  
 That ifchit out to the cry,  
 And thair baner borne by, 330  
 Of Crumhorne the cowis taill,  
 Feftnit on a lang flaill.  
 Befyd thair capitane, I trow,  
 Callit wes Colyne Cuckow,  
 And Davy Doyte of the dale 335  
 Was thair mad menstrale,  
 He blew on a pype he,  
 Maid of a borit bourtre;  
 Waytftath him by  
 Danfit ane Dandy. 340  
 The thrid fallowfchip he faw,  
 That thay windirweill knaw,  
 The fwyne hirdis in a rowt,  
 And Sueirbum with his snowt  
 Wes captane of thame thair, 345  
 And borne wes his banair,  
 Vpoun a fchule for to fchaw,  
 A flekkit fowis fkyne faw,  
 With terletheris tyit hy.  
 Quho bur it bot Botgy, 350  
 And Clarus the long clype  
 Playit on a bag pype;  
 Haggyfheid and Helly,  
 Ballybrass and Belly  
 Danfit, and his fone famyn. 355  
 Than all assemblit with a gamyn,  
 And all the menftralis attonis  
 Blew vp and playit for the nonis:  
 Schiphird, nolt hirdis,  
 And fuynehirdis out girdis, 360  
 For to dance merily.  
 A maiftir fwynehird Swanky,

And his coufing Copyn Cull,	Fol. 359. b.
Fowll of bellis fulfull,	
Led the dance and began	365
Play ws Joly lemmane.	
Sum trottit Tras and trenafs,	
Sum balterit The Bafs,	
Sum Perdowy, fum Trolly lolly,	
Sum Cok craw thow quhill day,	370
Twysbank and Terway,	
Sum Lincolme, fum Lindfay,	
Sum Joly lemman, dawis it nocht day,	
Sum Be yone wodfyd fingis,	
Sum Late, lait on evinnyngis,	375
Sum Joly Mertene with a mok,	
Sum Lulalow, lute cok.	
Sum bekkit, fum bingit,	
Sum crakkit, fum cringit,	
Sum movit Most mak revell,	380
Sum Symon fonis of Quhynfell,	
Sum Maiftir Peir de Conyate,	
And vthir fum in confate	
At lefer drest to dance.	
Sum Ourfute, fum Orliance,	385
Sum Rusty bully with a bek,	
And Every note in vtheris nek ;	
Sum vfit the danfis to deme	
Of Cipres and Boheme,	
Sum the faitis full yarne	390
Off Portingall and Naverne,	
Sum countirfutip the gyifs of Spane,	
Sum Italy, fum Almane,	
Sum noifit Napillis anone,	
And vthir fum of Arragone,	395
Sum the Cane of Tartary,	
Sum the Soldane of Surry,	

All his danfis defynd.  
 Sum Pretir Johine of grit Ind,  
 Sum as the Ethiopis vfit, 400  
 Sum futit and fum refufit,  
 Sum had danfis mony ma,  
 With all the danfis of Afia;  
 Sum of Affrickis age,  
 And principale of Cartage. 405  
 Thair preffit in Pery pull,  
 Full of bellis fulfull,  
 Maiftir Myngeis the mangeis,  
 Maiftir Tyngeis la tangeis,  
 Maiftir Totis la toutis, 410  
 And Roufty rottis the routis,  
 Maiftir Nykkis la nakkis,  
 And Sir Jakkis la jakk[is],  
 The Haryhurlere hufty,  
 And Calby the curft cufty. 415  
 Mony laddis, mony low[nis,<sup>1</sup>]  
 Knowf, knois, kynnis, culrownis,  
 Curris, kenseis and knavis  
 Inthrang and danfit in thravis;  
 With thame Towis the mowis, 420  
 And Hary with the reid howis.  
 Than all arrayit in a ring  
 Danfit My deir derling,  
 And all affentit in a fop  
 To The vfe of Ewrop; 425  
 That for fo much thay beleuit,  
 That expert and weill preuit,  
 Thay war in the eft warld,  
 As is heir breuely ourharld.  
 Thay conclud the vfe plane 430  
 Of ylandis in occiane,  
 And of the fermeland of France,

<sup>1</sup> Cut off by the inlaying of the MS.

And how the empriour dois dance	
Suefis in Suauia fyne,	
And als the reuir of Ryne;	435
Off Bretane the brod ile,	
Off Yrland and Argyle,	
Burgone and Breband,	
Hanyngo and Holland,	
Flanderis, Freiland and eik	440
Brandeburcht and Broinsweik,	
Dittmer and Baywer,	
Pruce, Poill and Pomer,	
Lubwick land and Lunaburcht,	
Malestrand and Makilburgh,	445
The steidis sevin and sevinty	
And all boindis thame by,	
The Rerall and Ruiland,	
Sclauia and Gotland,	
Denmark and Norroway.	450
All thair danfis and play	
Thay movit in thair mad muting,	
And all thay falit in futing,	
For merrit wes thair menstralis,	
Thair instrumentis in tonis felis,	455
And all thair plat pure panfis	
Coud no the fete of ony danfis	
Bot fuch thing as affeiris	
To hirdis and thair maneiris;	Fol. 360.a.
For thay hard speik of men gud,	460
And small thairof vndirftud,	
Bot hurlit furth vpoun heid,	
A Copyne Cull coud thame lede.	
And so thay wend thay weill danfit,	
And did bot praetit and pransit,	465
And quhen thay had all done,	
It was a tratlyng out of tone.	

Than thay began for to chyd,  
 Quhill Quhorlorehufty cryd,  
 Ceifs this brangling and bere, 470  
 Remembir quhy ye come here,  
 That ilk knave and ilk cust  
 Comprysit Horlorehuft  
 For a witte man commendit;  
 And thus thair danfing thay endit. 475  
 And so concluding thay past  
 To thair maiftiris als fast,  
 The silly pig to reskew  
 All the samyn ar thay met trew;  
 Be than wes machit on mold 480  
 Als mony as thay wold;  
 Lord God, so lowd as thay cryd,  
 Full oft the fulis thay defyd,  
 And on thame semblit attonis,  
 Bot thair wes breking of bonis; 485  
 Hold how he wes heir  
 Thay chace with a fresch cheir,  
 Fyll <sup>1</sup> on the foirfaid fottis,  
 And ourthrew all the ydiottis,  
 Both of the swyne and the men. 490  
 Be this ye may weill ken  
 That foly is no sapience,  
 For multitud in negligence  
 He seldin palme of victorie,  
 Bot God and gud wit gy; 495  
 And all this grit brawling,  
 Babling and vthir thing,  
 Wes for a pig as ye hard sayn,  
 Yit he eskapit<sup>2</sup> vnflane.  
 Now juge as ye list by, 500  
 For this is bot a fantesye,  
 And littill poynt of poetry,

<sup>1</sup> This word is doubtfull. <sup>2</sup> Originally written *heskapit*.

Bot sport to mak ws mirry;  
 And yit this is a strange caifs,  
 Bot eftirward this pig waifs 505  
 Growin to a grit boir.  
 Lo, such is this warldis glore,  
 Now law, now he,  
 Nothing stable we fe  
 In this warld of variance, 510  
 Yit fell a caifs and new chance.  
 This pig, quhen he a boir wes,  
 Off micht he grew maikles,  
 As to fecht for awant,  
 With antelop or oliphant, 515  
 Tigir, pard or pantere,  
 Bull, wolf or wyld bere,  
 With the awfull vnicorne,  
 Nor ony beift that wes borne;  
 For he faucht wichtly with Wad, 520  
 And with Melliager mad,  
 With Anteroufs [and] Hercules  
 He did a battell in pres,  
 And huntit was in the plane  
 Befoir the goddes Dyane, 525  
 Bot he eskapit harmeles,  
 And killit hundis in the chafe.  
 The rich king of Sydon  
 And his knychtis ilk on,  
 For thir bere afferd wer, 530  
 For vmquhile he wonit thair,  
 And gaif a battell curious  
 To Eglamoir of Artherus.  
 The vgly Worme nevir fo weill preuit  
 Quhill this bald bore leuit, 535  
 Nor yit as I vnderstand,  
 The Dragone in the Holy Land.

Is nocht this a nyce caifs,  
 That firft this pig fo pure waifs,  
 And in fo mony dengeris, 540  
 He efkapit with weris?  
 Ye may confaue be this twich,  
 That oft of littill cumis mich;  
 To contempt a fmall fo,  
 Quhill he haith grace to ryd or go 545  
 At liberty and fredome,  
 I hold it no wifdome,  
 Or for loif of pennyis  
 To fuffer honour perreis.  
 And thus is the cais endit 550  
 Of the penny that wes spendit,  
 That grew to fo grit prifs;  
 Scarfs fpending fkathis gentrifs.  
 Thus haif I tald yow a caifs  
 To fett yow in folais, 555  
 For our exceding ftudy  
 May caufs quhyte malancoly;  
 Thairfoir to mak ws mirryar  
 Thus did my fantefy fair,  
 And this hirdy girdy I, 560  
 And dirdy, cry yow mercy.

*Finis.*

[*Secunda Pars.*]

Off thir mokking meteris and mad matere, Fol. 360. b.  
 Your he reuerence, humly eft I requyre  
 All the hereris pardoun with pacience  
 My noyous noyifs, nycetie and negligence; 565  
 And to fatisfie my foirfaid fymple dyte,



In recompane of it now will I wryte  
 Of the secund penny, for the girle cost,  
 How it did thryve that onis was thrall half lost.  
 A yeir eftir, walking in his disport 570  
 By a rever, Cokelby saw refort  
 Ane auld blind man with a pretty maid,  
 Nocht twelf yeir old<sup>1</sup> I hold of age scho haid;  
 Bot futh to fay scho was nocht lyk to be  
 A wordly wicht, so windir fair we[s] sche; 575  
 So weill nurtourit as scho had nurisheit bene  
 In clofter or court, dochter to kyng or quene.  
 Innocentlie scho saluft on hir kne  
 This carlage man, this foirfaid Colkelbe;  
 Yit for to tell the werray treuth of it, 580  
 He was ane man boith of substance and wit,  
 And said, Dochter, haue Goddis blyffing and myne.  
 The auld man askit, Le pour amour deuine  
 Cherite, and he said, Father, cum to my houfs.  
 He had him home and gaif him fair almoufs, 585  
 And intentlie inquireit quhair he had  
 Gottin that fair innocent gudelie maid,  
 And gif scho war his dochter or kyn to fay.  
 He said, Suithlie scho is nother perfay;  
 Bot one palmar, ane honest man was he, 590  
 One aliane come frome beyond the se,  
 With his awin wyf, a blyffit creatour,  
 Lougeit with me, suppoifs that I be peur,  
 And throuch the will of God, so as it was,  
 Thay war weseit with fuddane foir seiknefs, 595  
 And deceiffit thairin boith in ane hour;  
 This little maid, this tender createur,  
 Was thair dochter, and beluiffit with me,  
 That leiddis me now fence my self may nocht se.  
 Colkelbe said, I beleif it is so, 600  
 Bot quhat cuntre that ewer thai folk come fro,

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *hold*.

It femis thai war of kynreid full potent,  
 Be the dochteris feris this innocent.  
 Bot, guid father, gif that ye wald aggree  
 To lat the maid remane heir still with me 605  
 For hir honour, and elfs so wald I reid yow,  
 Bot ye fall haif ane boy of myne to leid yow.  
 The blynd man said, Thre fones at home I haue,  
 And war I thair no moir gyding I crowe,  
 Bot fer the maide hath bene a quhill with me, 610  
 And ye hir haue I fuld the better be.  
 Cokkelby said, I had thre pennyis round, Fol. 361.a.  
 The first wes lost onys in a lak and found,  
 And with it cost a pig sum callis a gryfs,  
 Quhich increfcit to he wirchip and pryfs 615  
 So mervellous mony men of him reidis;  
 He wes the caus<sup>1</sup> of feill ferlifull deidis,  
 As his legend beiris witnes, luke quho so lift;  
 The secound penny I haif heir in my fift,  
 On lyis in hurd; this is the caifs of thame; 620  
 Thre silly pennyis futhly I hald the same.  
 The said secound penny I fall gife the  
 For this young maid, gif that thow will and sche,  
 With my favouris in tyme to cum alfo:  
 Thay agreit, and thus I lat thame go. 625  
 This Colkelby nvreift hir in his hous,  
 Quich grew so fair and verry verteoufs,  
 So gentill in all his gestis and appliable,  
 And sobir in schirulce and amiable,  
 That all that hir saw thay luvit hir as thair lyfe, 630  
 And specially this Colkelbeis wyfe,  
 A worschepfull woman in to hir hous,  
 Thay callit hir to name Bellamorous.  
 Betuix hir and hir husband Colkelby,  
 Thay had a sone callit Flanniflie; 635  
 Galland he wes and gud in all his feir,

<sup>1</sup> MS. repeats the caus.

And of all vthiris odly the best archeir  
 In ony land, rycht wirschepfull and wyfe,  
 Big of bonis, a strong man of dewyfe.  
 And, as his fader and moder did oft espy, 640  
 He coppeit this yong wench attentely  
 In his confait with sad degestioun,  
 Hir most plesand perfyte pure perfoun,  
 Hir fresche figour formyt of forme and fece,  
 Gevin to all gud fulfillit of Godis grace, 645  
 That all bonty and bewty that mycht be  
 Worthy compryffis thair of anewch had sche.  
 He lovit so weill thair was non vthir,  
 Bot with consent of freindis, fadir and moder,  
 He weddit hir to wyfe, wit ye for ay. 650  
 This amiable innocent Adria  
 Wes callit to name, and this in France fell  
 Into the first orising of it to tell,  
 Or it prevelit planeist and popelus,  
 Quhair now Pareis cite is situat thus. 655  
 This Colkelby wonit thair,<sup>1</sup> quhair the caifs  
 Of the pig, fulis, and all that soirfaid was,  
 Till on a tyme that he France the king  
 Roid to vefy the boundis thair as regne;  
 And in the place thair as Cokkelby dwelt, 660  
 A man of stoir<sup>2</sup> with fuch thing he delt,  
 For than non could haif craft cornis to win;  
 That king of mycht lugit in to his in,  
 And on the morne a grit schoting thay did cry,  
 Quhair Flanislie our all wan victory. 665  
 The king faw him so big a man and strong,  
 And gudly als, to tary yow nocht long,  
 For his body a squyer he him maid;  
 And in his weiris so weill he him behaid,  
 He was maid knyght in court to continew; 670  
 And than he send for his fair lady trew,

<sup>1</sup> *Thair* afterwards inserted. <sup>2</sup> This may be read *foir*.

Dame Adria, quhome the king did commend  
 In hir<sup>1</sup> chalmer vpoun the quene to attend;  
 Best belouit and most perfyte wes sche,  
 For hir<sup>1</sup> gestis and bewtie and bontie, 675  
 Our all the laif the ladeis that thair ware:  
 And Flannillie so weill in weiris him bare,  
 That the king eftir maid him erle ryall,  
 And a cornar of a cuntre feuerall,  
 Nocht than invent inhabit as it lay, 680  
 Gaif him be seile heretable for ay,  
 Quhich he plenyffit with peple and polefy,  
 And namit it eftir him and his lady,  
 This is to say Flannillie and Adria,  
 His hole erldome callit Flandria, 685  
 Flan fra the first sillab of Flannillie,  
 And Dria drevin fra Adria the fre,  
 The quhich famous erldome of Flanderis ay  
 Haldis of Frankland and Duchpeir to this day.  
 Off the secound penny thus come grit grace 690  
 With correctioun, and this I call a cace;  
 I reid nocht this in story autentyfe,  
 I did it leir at ane full auld wyfe,  
 My grit graundame, men callit hir Gurgunnald;  
 Scho knew the lyfe of mony faderis ald, 695  
 Notable gestis of peax and weiris in storye,  
 Fresch in hir mynd and recent of memorye,  
 Nochtwithstanding scho was weill sett in eild;  
 Hir aige I hald of sevin scoir of winteris heild,  
 And saw sumdeill; bot for to say the futh, 700  
 In to hir heid I treft was nocht a tuth,  
 Thairfoir grwew most gredely eit sche,  
 And laking teith famvlit hir faculte,  
 That few folk mycht confaue hir momling mowth,  
 Bot I that was expert thairin of yowth. 705  
 Than wald I say scho had grit grace of God;

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *his*.

Quhy so, quod scho, my son? and maid a nod. . . . . Fol. 362.a.  
 Madame, quod I, for thair be mony wyffis  
 Throw haboundance of spech that nevir tryffis, . . . .  
 And I wald chenge, mycht it be at my reid, . . . . . 710  
 For a gud toung all the teith in thair heid;  
 As ye ar now, so fuld thay nocht be nemit  
 Skaldis, baldis, and thairthrow schent and schamit.  
 Than angrit scho and said, Sanct Johine to borrow,  
 Thow licht boy, thow menis mekle sorrow, . . . . . 715  
 And fall do moir gife thow in lyfe may byd.  
 Madame, quod I, that tak I on your fyd.  
 Than wald scho preifs bett me in angry wyfs,  
 Bot weill was me, scho mycht nocht ryn nor ryfs,  
 And I wald vp and wisk away full wyld; . . . . . 720  
 Than wald scho flattir, Cum in agane, my chyld,  
 And thow fall haif, lo, standing in the skelf,  
 Quheit breid and reme, conferuit for my self.  
 Than sett scho me to leir littill at the scule,  
 Nowdir lyk to be a wyfman nor a fule, . . . . . 725  
 And oft with pyne scho maid me to report  
 Of hir tailis; and to conclud in schort,  
 Scho said, My sone, be this said taill thow fall  
 Lerne fyve wittis, and the first of thame all  
 Is to conciddir of fulis the foly; . . . . . 730  
 Set in nummer thay ryfs and multeply,  
 Thay may nevir moir fruct in felicity,  
 Thair ignorance requyris nocht it so be;  
 Experience and testimoniall  
 Off the saidis fulis, my sone, consaif thow fall, . . . . . 735  
 That a pure pig in thair possessioun  
 Thay had, and tuk for ferme conclusioun  
 To kill the samyn, and mak of it a feist;  
 And fyne thay war ourthrawin, most and leift,  
 For fory fwyne for thair golfing affraid, . . . . . 740  
 Till that the pig brak fra thame in a braid,

And fyne knavis ourcome thame with a crye;  
 Thairfoir, my fone, fra sic fulich foly,  
 And fallowfchip, keip the, for the firft wit.  
 The fecund is, my fone, will thow lerne it, 745  
 Presome nevir bot povert may prewaill,  
 Be it rychtwifs, aganis men of grit availl,  
 That ar nocht wyifs bot wrangufs in thair deidis,  
 In cas thai mak the quhiles vexit at nedis;  
 Witnes this pig, fone, be experience, 750  
 That was fangit in the fulis offence,  
 To be killit, and recouerit agane  
 To fo grit grace, as is foirfaid certane.  
 Thairfoir, my fone, leif nocht thy gud quarrell Fol. 362. b.  
 For apperance of dangeris and parrell, 755  
 For be thow juft God fall thy juge be  
 In all perrellis, and weill deliuer the;  
 And the danger paffit thow art als fure  
 As evir thow was, and ftranger<sup>1</sup> in nature,  
 To aventure agane in richtownace. 760  
 Bot quho fo will cowardly hyd his face  
 In defens of his juft actioun,  
 Quhen he treftis him for fuch fowll affectioun  
 Moft in furty, fuppreffit fone falhe be,  
 Quhair the richtoufs frome all feir fall go fre. 765  
 Lychtly nevir thy gud querrell for feir  
 Off all perrellis, dowl, damage or danger,  
 Suld it fo be, nevir fuld mertirdome  
 Fortefie fath nor win the fege of Rome;  
 Quho that fureft dois keip him foneft dois flyd, 770  
 Bot gud quarrell and grace God be thy gyd.  
 The thrid wit is, my fone, gif thow will ken,  
 Quhair evir thow feis grit wit in virtewifs men,  
 Thocht thay be pure, auld or yong specialy,  
 Contempne thame nocht, fone, and lo the, quhy, 775  
 This maid, this girle, this pure Adria, wes

<sup>1</sup>Indiftinct; poffibly *strange*.

Young faderles leuit, and eik modirles,  
 In strenghe lond, and yit the Holy Gost  
 Vpliftit hir for wit to wirschep most;  
 And in lykwayis hir lord erle Flannysle. 780  
 Quho wold haif thame opprest for thair pouirte,  
 Remembir now in such hicht as thay are,  
 Quhat may thay do to thair pairty contrare,  
 Thay may weill quyt and ouirthrow thame at all;  
 Dispyis nevir wyis vertewis in purall. 785  
 The serd wit is, lat nevir thy penny be,  
 Nor warldis gud, my sone, mastir of the;  
 For littill thing weill spendit may incres  
 To he honour, wirschep and grit<sup>1</sup> riches,  
 As did thir tuo pennyis spendit weill 790  
 Vpoun the pig and the pure damesell.  
 I neid no moir of thame to multeply,  
 Thow knawis befoir how thay did fructesfy,  
 Thairfoir hald nocht pennyis our pretious,  
 Bot suffer thame pass prospering commodious. 795  
 Forfuth a tyme a penny thow may spend,  
 That may awaill the to thy lyvis end,  
 Thairfoir, my sone, gife thow thinkis to indure,  
 Spend with mesure, for luk, wit and mesure. Fol. 363.a.  
 The syist wit is, my sone, set nevir thy harte 800  
 To mak an hurd, suffering honour by starte,  
 For littill watt thow how sone that thow may slid  
 Frome it slely, or it fra the to glid;  
 And at the leist in the hurd quhill it lyis,  
 It servis nowdir the warld nor multeplyis, 805  
 And gif thow deis it is vnknawin to men;  
 In avarice quhat cheir is with the then?  
 For quich this man, this worthy Colkelby,  
 That in his dayis gat nevir bot pennyis thre,  
 Saw two thryve weill, and the thrid did nocht, 810  
 Incontinent that penny out he brocht,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps *grit*.

And awowit to God in folempnit word,  
 That he fuld nevir study to mak ane hord.  
 Rycht fo, my fone, I chaarge the to dude,  
 Spend with wirchep and spair nocht Godis gud; 815  
 How littill wat thow ane vdir tyme quho may  
 Bruk thy wyfe and baggis eftir thy day.  
 Thus Gurgunnald, my grit grandame, me kend;  
 Haif I myffaid in ocht I fall amend.

*Explicit Secunda Pars.*[*Tertia Pars.*]

And with pardoun now of your he lordschippis, 820  
 And correctioun of your reuerend maisterfchippis,  
 Heir wald I tell of the thrid hid penny,  
 As I haif told yow two did fructefy.  
 This Cokelby concidering weill the cais,  
 That of wrechit awarice grew nevir grace, 825  
 Having in hairt the hole experience,  
 How that the two pennyis raifs in ascens,  
 Thocht he wald preve the thrid penny quhyle hid,  
 Quhilk for the tyme no fruct nor proffeit did,  
 To suffir it spreid in warld and fructefy. 830  
 And gif sum folk wald fay that I go by,  
 How fuld a penny fruct contrar nature,  
 Sen gold, siluer, mettell, and alkyn vre  
 Fynit be folkis, vanifis and nocht increffis,  
 Sum wold allege my lewit langage a lefs is, 835  
 Bot, or I waid moir in this wildirnas,<sup>1</sup>  
 Off fuch weir I will declair the cas.  
 Quhill that the vre is in the awin nature,  
 And nocht fynit nor forgit be manis cure,  
 So long the foris of the four elementis, 840  
 And most the erth mynisteris it nvtrimentis, Fol. 363.b.

<sup>1</sup> Originally *wildernes*, but altered by the writer.



To increffing as herbis, ftone or tre,  
 Frome thair orifing ftok cuttit quhill thay be,  
 And frome thair ferm firft rutit grund dewydit,  
 Thay may nocht than be natur fo abfcidit, 845  
 Do fructifie and flureifs as afoir,  
 Lyk as a man heidit he may no moir,  
 Bot that the faule throw grace of God only,  
 In fpirituell joyis only dois fructefy,  
 So the mettell, abfcidit be the man, 850  
 Nocht fructefeis of nature, bot quhat than?  
 Manly refoun, and wit of Godis gift,  
 Fyndis menis the money to vplift,  
 And multeply in moir memor and mycht,  
 Than evir it did in erd quhill it plycht. 855  
 For quhy, fo long as it lay on the ground,  
 It was vnfynit as fruct nevirmoir found,  
 And quhan it was vptak be manis wit,  
 Throw out the warld alway welcome wes it,  
 And fet in cas and meniffit a lyte, 860  
 Vfit and handlit be men : yit quhair a myte  
 Failis thairof manis wit bringis agane  
 A thowfand pundis fynit out of vris plane;  
 The examplis that quhofo hath a vertew,  
 Vfs it wyfly eft fyifs ten frome it grew. 865  
 And in fchort my long legend quho fo leftis,  
 The euwangell the trewth thairof attestis,  
 Goddis awin word, quhich tuk frome on fule man  
 A pure penny having no moir as than,  
 And gaif the wyfs that had ten pennyis tald; 870  
 Bot quhy was that? for the fule man no wald  
 Difpone wyfly his penny, bot abusit it,  
 Hyd it, and he that had ten weil them vfit,  
 Thairfoir God tuk frome the vnverteous men  
 A penny, and gaif to the gud having ten; 875  
 Rycht fo he that hes fcienc, and it abusit,

Nocht following fast the frucht, bot it refusis,  
 God will it geif to him that hes far moir.  
 I cast me nocht alday to gloifs in gloir,  
 Or to langar legendis that ar prolix, 880  
 Thairfoir I turne vnto my first text,  
 As to declair the thrid penny, quhyle hid,  
 Eftir out brocht, and gydit grace it did,  
 As followis heir quho lykis to adwert, Fol. 364. a.  
 Throw confaitis of Colkelby expert; 885  
 Lyk [t]o fede fawin in erd mortificat  
 Flouris money fructis vinificat;  
 Lyk martiris killit off quhome the mirreitis ryfis,  
 Sanctis in hevin quhome sinfull man suppryfis;  
 And herkynnis how, befyd this Colkelby, 890  
 Thair duelt a man was rich of stoir and fie,  
 Quhair Bodyvincant castell standis now in plane,  
 His big nyctbour men callit him Blenblowane;  
 A wirthy wyfe had he weddit, and sche  
 Was callit Sufane, on quhome a fone gat he, 895  
 And Colkelby was goffep to the same,  
 And he callit him Cokalb to his rycht name.  
 Colkelby with the said thrid penny bocht  
 Xxiiij hen heggis, and with thame focht  
 To his gud fone, for godfadirly reward, 900  
 Him to remembir as schawit is eftirward.  
 Susan angrit heirat, as oft woman is,  
 Quhile passionat that all confaitis kennis,  
 Tuk in disdane this gift, this symple thing,  
 And said, Goffap, beir hame your pure offring; 905  
 Mene ye to mok my fone and me, no moir  
 I will heirof; fure it away thairfoir.  
 He said, I fall keip thame to my gud fone;  
 And had thame home to his place quhair he wone,  
 And chairgeit fone his henwyfe to do hir cure, 910  
 And mak thame frucht. Than to set thame scho fure:

Hir best brod hen callit lady Pekar pes,  
 And young Cokrell, hir lord and lemman wes,  
 Scho maid brud on thir eggis, that in schort space  
 Twenty-four chikkynis of thame scho hes, 915  
 Twelf maill and twell famell be croniculis cleir;  
 And quhat thay war with thair names we fall heir.  
 The first wes the samyn Chantecleir to luke,  
 Off quhome Chaucer treitis in to his buke,  
 And his lady Partlot, sifter and wyfe, 920  
 Quhilk wes no lyfe in detis of that lyfe;  
 For quhy, folkis levit be naturall lawis than.  
 The tuthir bruthir was clipit Cok Cademan,  
 He tuk to wyfe his fair trew sifter Toppok;  
 Kok Crawdoun was the thrid, and his wyfe Coppok; 925  
 And to compt just the fourt, Cok Lyk ouris,  
 And littill Hen pen his pretty paramouris;  
 The fyft lord was Lyricok in hall, Fol. 364. b.  
 And Kekilcroufs thay did his lady call.  
 Reid Kittilcok that sat on reid caill stok, 930  
 And Feklefaw fareft of all the flok  
 Was the sext; and Cok Rusty the sevin,  
 Dame Strange his wyfe, quhilk had a stout stevin;  
 Cokky the aucht, his lady clepit Lerok;  
 Cok Nokus the nynt spowfit his sifter Erok; 935  
 Cok Coby the tent and Sprutok his speciall;  
 Cok Obenar the levint, his maik thay call  
 Dame Juliane; the twelf wes Cok Jawbert,  
 And lady Wagtaill his joy and all his hairt.  
 So stout a stoir come of thir brethir twelf 940  
 And thair sifteris, I can nocht say my self  
 The fyftie pairte thay wer so fructeous,  
 And at schristis evin sum wes so battaloufs,  
 That he wald win to his maistir in feild  
 Fourty florans with bill and spuris beild. 945  
 Sum of this stoir this Cokkelby did fell,

Sum auld, sum yung, sum eggis in the schell,  
 And coft thairwith vthir ware, and so it turnit,  
 This penny, that xv yeir it nocht soiornit,  
 He mvlteplyit moir than a thowfand pound. 950  
 Than his gud sone he callit to him a ffound,  
 Befoir his fader, moder and freindis all,  
 And faid, Cakkalb, my sone, reffaif thow fall  
 All thir gudis, for justly thay ar thyne,  
 Off thy chyld gift, storit throw grace devyne, 955  
 Fro xxiiij hen eggis quiche I the gaif  
 Set, thi moder, sone, wald thame nocht reffaif.  
 Than as ye hard he tald all the caifs;  
 This Cokelb grew eftir to fo grit richefs  
 Throw this penny, he grew the michtiest man 960  
 In ony realme. Quhat did the penny than?  
 First hid in hurde, to vertew nocht applyit,  
 And syne outbrocht that so fer fructefyit:  
 Thairfoir, my sone, study nevir in thy day  
 With auarice warldis gud in hurd till ley, 965  
 Nor be thow nocht disparit of Godis grace.  
 The thrid penny this was, and the last caice,  
 As my beledame, old Gurgunnald, told me,  
 I allege non vthir auctorite. Fol. 365.a.  
 In this sentence maid on revill rail, 970  
 Quhich femys most to be a wyfis taill.  
 With correctioun quhite now I thus conclud,  
 God that ws bocht with his awin bliffit blud,  
 Both yow and me to confarue he deden,  
 Throw meik mirreitis of his only Sone, amen. 975

*Explicit Tertia Pars et Ultima.*

## CCCXXXIII.

[Robene sat on gud grene Hill.]

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,  
 Kepand a flok of fe;  
 Mirry Makyne said him till,  
 Robene, thow rew on me;  
 I haif the lovit lowd and still, 5  
 Thir yeiris two or thre;  
 My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,  
 Downtlefs but dreid I de.

Robene anschirit, Be the rude,  
 Na thing of lufe I knaw, 10  
 But keipis my scheip vndir yone wid.  
 Lo, quhair thay raik on raw.  
 Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,  
 Makyne, to me thow schaw;  
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude, 15  
 Fane wald I leir that law.

At luvis lair gife thow will leir,  
 Tak thair ane A B C;  
 Be heynd, courtafs and fair of feir,  
 Wyfe, hardy and fre; 20  
 So that no denger do the deir,  
 Quhat dule in dern thow dre;  
 Preifs the with pane at all poweir,  
 Be patient and previe.

Robene anschirit hir agane, 25  
 I wait nocht quhat is lufe,  
 Bot I haif mervell intertane,  
 Quhat makis the this wanruse.

**ROBENE SAT ON GUD GRENE HILL.**

1051

The weddir is fair and I am fane,  
My scheip gois haill aboif,  
And we wald play ws in this plane,  
Thay wald ws bayth reproif.

30

Robene, tak tent vnto my taill,  
And wirk all as I reid,  
And thow fall haif my hairt all haill,  
Eik and my madinheid.  
Sen God fendis bute for baill,  
And for mvrning remeid,  
I dern with the, bot gif I daill  
Dowtles I am bot deid.

Fol. 365. b.

35

40

Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,  
And ye will meit me heir,  
Peraenture my scheip ma gang befyd,  
Quhill we haif liggit full neir.  
Bot mawgre haif I and I byd  
Fra thay begin to steir;  
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd,  
Makyn, than mak gud cheir.

45

Robene, thow reivis me rois and rest,  
I luev bot the allone.  
Makyne, adew, the fone gois west,  
The day is neir hand gone.  
Robene, in dule I am so drest,  
That lufe wilbe my bone.  
Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thow lift,  
For lemman I lid none.

50

55

Robene, I stand in sic a ftyll,  
I ficht, and that full fair.  
Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle,  
At hame God gif I wair.

60

*ROBENE SAT ON GUD GRENE HILL.*

My huny, Robene, talk ane quhill,  
 Gif thow will do na mair.  
 Makyne, sum vthir man begyle,  
 For hamewart I will fair.

Robene on his wayis went, 65  
 Als licht as leif of tre;  
 Mawkin mvrnit in hir intent,  
 And trowd him nevir to fe.  
 Robene brayd attour the bent,  
 Than Mawkyne cryit on hie, 70  
 Now ma thow fing, for I am schent,  
 Quhat alis lufe at me?

Mawkyne went hame withowttin fail,  
 Full wery eftir cowth weip;  
 Than Robene in a fulfair dail 75  
 Affemblit all his scheip. Fol. 366.a  
 Be that sum pairte of Mawkynis aill  
 Outthrow his hairt cowd creip;  
 He fallowit hir fast thair till affaill,  
 And till hir tuke gude keip. 80

Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,  
 A word for ony thing,  
 For all my luv it falbe thyne  
 Withowttin depairting.  
 All haill, thy harte for till haif myne 85  
 Is all my cuvating,  
 My scheip to morne quhill houris nyne  
 Will neid of no keping.

Robene, thow hes hard founng and fay,  
 In gestis and storeis auld, 90  
 The man that will nocht quhen he may  
 Sall haif nocht<sup>1</sup> quhen he wald.

<sup>1</sup> Originally *He fall nocht*, and altered by the writer.

I pray to Jezu every day,  
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,  
 That firft preiffis with the to play, 95  
 Be firth, forreft or fawld.

Makyne, the nicht is foft and dry,  
 The wedder is warme and fair,  
 And the grene woid rycht neir ws by,  
 To walk attour all quhair. 100  
 Thair ma na janglour ws efpy,  
 That is to lufe contrair,  
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,  
 Vnfene we ma repair.

Robene, that warld is all away, 105  
 And quyt brocht till ane end,  
 And nevir agane thairto perfay,  
 Sall it be as thow wend;  
 For of my pane thow maid it play,  
 And all in vane I fpend; 110  
 As thow hes done, fa fall I fay,  
 Mvrne on, I think to mend.

Mawkyne, the howp of all my heill,  
 My hairt on the is fett,  
 And evirmair to the be leill, 115  
 Quhill I may leif but lett;  
 Nevir to faill as vtheris feill,  
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.  
 Robene, with the I will nocht deill;  
 Adew, for thus we mett. Fol. 366. b. 120

Malkyne went hame blyth annewche,  
 Attour the holttis hair;  
 Robene mvrnit, and Malkyne lewche;  
 Scho fang, he fichit fair,



THEY ARE THE FIRST OF THE WORLD  
 TO KNOW THE NAME  
 OF THE FIRST OF THE WORLD  
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102

103

*THE SECOUND PROLOGGE.*

1055

Sen thow art drawin fa compendius,  
Fra flowand Latyne in to vulgar profe,  
Schaw now quhat princis bene maift vicius,  
And quha hes bene of chevalry the rofe; 20  
Quhay did thair kingrik in maift honor joifs,  
And with thair blude our liberteis hes coft,  
Regarding nocht to die amang thair fois,  
Sa that thay nicht in memory be brocht.

Schaw be quhat denger and difficill wayis 25  
Oure antecessouris, at thair vttir michtis,  
Hes brocht this realme with honour to our dayis,  
Ay fechtand for thair liberteis and richtis  
With Romanis, Danis, Inglismen, and Pichtis,  
As courtas redaris may throw thy proces ken; 30  
Thairfoir thow ganis for na cative wichtis,  
Allanerly bot vnto nobill men.

And to sic perfonis as covettis for to heir  
The velyeand deidis of our progenitouris,  
And how this cuntre, baith in peice and weir, 35  
Bene governit vnto thir present houris;  
How forcy chiftanis, in mony bludy stouris,  
(As now is blawin be my vulgar pen)  
Maift velyeandly wan landis and honouris,  
And for thair vertew callit nobill men. 40

For nobilnes sumtyme the loving is,  
That cumis be meritis of our elderis gone, Fol. 367. b.  
As Arristotill wryttis in his Rethorikis,  
Amang nobillis, quha castin thame repone,  
Mone drefs thair lyfe and deidis one be one, 45  
To mak thame worthie to haif memorie,  
For honor to thair prince or natione,  
To be in gloir to thair posteritie.

Ane vthir kynd thair is of nobilnes  
 That cumis be infusioun naturall, 50  
 And makis ane man fa full of gentilnes,  
 Sa courtas, plefand and fa liberall,  
 That every man dois him ane nobill call:  
 The hyoun is fa nobill (as men tellis)  
 He can not rege aganis the beiftis small, 55  
 Bot on thame quhilkis his maieftie rebellis.  
  
 The awfull churle is of ane vthir kynd,  
 Thocht he be borne to vyleft servitude,  
 Thair may na gentrice synk in to his mynd  
 To help his freind or nichtbour with his gude: 60  
 The bludy wolf is of the famyne stude.  
 He feiris grit beiftis, and ragis on the small,  
 And levis in slawchter, terranny and blude,  
 But ony mercy quhair he may ouerthrall.  
  
 This man is borne ane nobill, thow will say, 65  
 And gevin to slewth and lust immoderat,  
 All that his elderis wan he puttis away,  
 And fra thair vertew is degenerat:  
 The moir his elderis fame is elevat,  
 The moir thair hyfe to honor till approche, 70  
 Thair fame and loving ay interminat,  
 The moir is ay vnto his vyce reproche  
  
 Amangis the oist of Greikis as we hard  
 Two knichtis war, Achilles and Teriete,  
 [That ane maist vailyeand, this othir maist coward, 75  
 Bettir is to be (says Juvinall the poete)  
 Terietis son, havand Achilles iprete,  
 With manly force his purpos to fulfill,  
 Than to be lord of every land and strete,  
 And fyne maist coward, cumin of Achill.<sup>1</sup>] 80

<sup>1</sup> As folios 366 and 369 are missing, only two lines of this stanza are found in the MS. Stanzas 11 to 26 are wanting, and the first line of the 27th. The imperfect stanzas are completed from Bellenden's Brece. Edin., 1821.

THE SECOUND PROLOGGE.

1057

[Schaw how young knyghtis fuld be men of weir,  
 With hardy fpreit at every jepordie, Fol. 370.a.  
 Lyk as thair elderis bene fa mony yeir,  
 Ay to defend thair realme and libertie,  
 That thay not, be thair flewth and cowartrie, 85  
 The fame and honor of thair elderis tyne;  
 Appryfe ilk stait in to thair awin degrie,  
 Ay as thay leif in morall disciptyne.

Schaw furth ilk king, quhill thow cum to the prince,  
 That regnis now in grit felicitie, 90  
 Quhais antient bluid, be hie preheminance,  
 Decorit is in maist excellent grie,  
 (Withowt compair) of hie nobilitie,  
 With giftis mo of nature to him gevin,  
 Gif nane abufit in his yowtheid be, 95  
 Than evir was gevin to nobill vndir hevin.

Thocht thow pas furth (as bird implume,) to licht,  
 His gratius eiris vnto my work implore,  
 Quhair he may see, as in ane mirrour bricht,  
 So notable storeis baith of vice and glore, 100  
 Quhilk nevir was fene in to this tung afore;  
 Quhairthrow he may, be prudent governyng,  
 Als weill his honor as his realme decore,  
 And be ane vertewis and ane nobill king.

*Finis. Compyld be Maistir Johine Bellenden,  
 Archedene of Murray, contenit in the  
 Volome of the Scottis Croniculis, be him  
 translatit in our vulgar Tung.*

[The following "Table," originally very imperfect, has been largely added to by a later hand, said by Dr. David Laing to be that of Bishop Percy, who had the MS. on loan shortly after it was given to the Advocates' Library. A few items have been added by other pens at a later date, here marked with \*, and several still omitted are now given within brackets [ ]. The Table seems originally to have been made only after the various folios now missing were lost, as, with two exceptions, which are noted, it does not contain any references to the pieces they contained. Additions to the MS. by later pens than that of the original compiler, and which have been placed in an Appendix, are here distinguished by a prefixed A.]

FOLLOWIS THE TABLE OF THE HAILL  
BUIK.

A.	LEIP	Fol. 370. b.
A big bricht man fering a deir yeir for to cum,	161	
Absent I am richt soir aganis my will, . . . .	237	
Allace, fo fobir is the micht, . . . .	269	
Allone as I went vp and doun, . . . .	46	
All richteous thingis the quhilk dois now proceid,	79	
All to lue, and not to fenyie, . . . .	134	
All thais that lift of wemen ill to speik, . . .	275	
Ane mvrelandis man of vplandis mak, . . .	59	
Ane aigit man thryis fourtie yeir, . . . .	268	
As Phebus bricht in spheir meridiane, . . .	230	
As yung Aurora with crystall haill. Callit the		
Freir of Tungland, . . . .	117	
At matyne houre in mydis of the nicht, . . .	52	
<i>And with pardown now, etc.</i> [Colkelbie fow], .	363	
<i>As it befell and hapnit in to deid,</i> . . . .	348	
<i>A yung man chiftane witles,</i> . . . .	125	
<i>Allace, departing ground of wo,</i> . . . .	225	
<i>All for ane is my mane,</i> . . . .	229	
<i>Ane laid<sup>1</sup> may lufe a lady of estait,</i> . . . .	244	
<i>A cok sumtyme with federein,</i> . . . .	327	
<i>A crewal wolf, etc.,</i> . . . .	336	
<i>A lyon at his prey, etc.,</i> . . . .	340	
<i>As I suppois, etc.</i> [The lyon and the moufs],	342	
[And be thow drunkin thow fuld nocht think,	145]	
<sup>^</sup> [Amongst the monstres that we find, . . .	355]	

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *lord*, which has been altered from *laird*.

## B.

	LEAF
Baith fair and gude and womanlie, . . . .	222
Be chance bot evin this vdir day, . . . .	127
Be governour, baith gude and gracious, . . .	87
Be gracious, grund and gait of sapience, . .	86
Be mirry, bretheryne, ane and all, . . . .	160
Being ourquhelmd with dolor and with cair, <sup>1</sup> .	232
Be myrry, man, and tak not far in mynd, . .	98
Be richteous, regent, and weill exerfs thy ceure,	86
Bruther, be wyifs, I counfall the, . . . .	259
Brycht sterne of bewty, etc., . . . .	222
Betuix twelf houris and ellevin, . . . .	110
Be ye ane luvar, think ye not that ye fowld, .	213
<i>Be glaid, all ye that luvaris bene,</i> . . . .	229

## C.

Certane godly verffis of the fawle, the con- science, etc., . . . .	15
Certane gude counfallis, verry morall, etc., .	74
Certane mirry epigrammis of Maiftir Haywod, Inglistman, . . . .	159
Certane interluddis of Schir Daud Lyndsfayis play, . . . .	164
Certane wyifs sentencis owt of morale filosofaphy,	85
Chryft crownyt king and empriour, . . . .	38
Chryfte, qui lux es et dies, . . . .	21
Compacience perffis, rewth and mercy stowundis,	33
Confidder, hairt, my trew intent, . . . .	235
Confidder, man, all is bot vanitie, . . . .	50
Cowkelbeis fow, . . . .	357
Cum, Haly Spreit most superne, . . . .	22
Cupeid, vnto quhois commandiment. Quod Chaufeir, . . . .	269

<sup>1</sup> Not in MS., folio 232 being missing.

THE TABLE.

1061

D.

Depairt, depairt, depairt, allace, I most depairt,	245
Devorit with dreme, devyfyng in my slumber, .	60
Devyne power of michtis maift, . . .	104
Devyce, <sup>1</sup> prowes and eik humilitie, . . .	262
Done is a battell on the dragone fell, . . .	35
* Dik and Durie, <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	295
^ * Dantie and dortie, . . . . .	210
<i>Down by ane rivir as I red,</i> . . . . .	48
<i>Dirtie Dumbair, &amp;c.,</i> . . . . .	147
<i>Dathun deuils son,</i> . . . . .	148

E.

Etarnall King that sittis in hevin so hie, . . .	39
Epigrammis aganis wemen, . . . . .	258
<i>Eftir geving I speik of taking,</i> . . . . .	62

F.

Fol. 371. a.

Fair weill, my hairt, fair weill, bayth freind and fo,	225
Fals titlaris now in court growis rank, . . .	67
Fresche fragrant floure off bewty soverane, . .	219
Favoure is fair in luvis lair, . . . . .	251
Floure of all fairheid, gif I fall found the fra, .	227
For helth of body cover weill thyne heid, . . .	73
For to declair the hie magnificens, . . . . .	216-277
Foure manar of folk ar evill to knaw, . . . .	64
Fredome, honor, and nobilnes, . . . . .	64
Fra raige of yowth the rynk hes run, . . . .	280
Full oft I mvfe, and hes in thocht, . . . . .	98-115

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *Devyne*; Bishop Percy repeats the entry correctly.

<sup>2</sup> Not in MS., folio 295 being missing.



Furth ovir the mold at morrow as I ment, . . .	265
Fane wald I lufe, bot quhair abowt, . . .	255
<i>Furth throw ane forest, . . .</i>	44
<i>Four mener of men ar evil to pleis, . . .</i>	66
<i>Fals claterand kensy, &amp;c., . . .</i>	139
<i>Fyndlay M'Connoquhy, &amp;c., . . .</i>	163
<i>Freindis, heir may ye find, . . .</i>	334

## G.

Gife no lufe is, O God, quhat feill I fo, . . .	230
God, be his word, his work began. Callit the creatioun, . . .	12
God, for thy grace, thow keip no moir fylence,	14
Guk, guk, gud day, schir, gaip quhill ye gett it,	141
*God and Sanct Petir as thay went owt thair way,	162
<i>Gife langour makis, . . .</i>	244
<i>Gife that in virtew, . . .</i>	85
<i>Gife ye wald lufe, . . .</i>	230
<i>^ Go sweit lines, . . .</i>	355
[God, that is maist glorious, . . .]	375]
[God is a substance for evir durable, . . .]	1]

## H.

Haif hairt, my hairt, ye hairt of hairtis hale, . .	228
Hale, Godis sone, of michtis maist, . . .	28
Happy is he hes hald him fre. The first psalme,	16
He plasmatour of thingis vniuersale. Callit the tent prolog of Virgell, . . .	9
Hence, hairt, with hir that moift depairt, . .	235
He that hes gold and grit riches, . . .	115
How fowld I rewill me, or quhat wayis, . .	65

# THE TABLE.

1063

*Hery, hary, hubilſchow. Callit the drochis	LEIF
pairt of the play, . . . . .	118
<i>How ſould my feble body fure,</i> . . . . .	244
<i>Heir I gif yow caiſs.</i> [Colkelbie ſow], . . . . .	358
[He that hes na will to wirk, . . . . .]	145]
[Heir endis this buik, writtin in tyme of peſt, . . . . .]	375]
[Heir haif ye, luvaris, ballatis at your will, . . . . .]	211]

## I.

I am as I am, and ſo will I be, . . . . .	250
Jeruſalem reioiſs for joy, . . . . .	27
Jefu Chryſt that deit on tre, . . . . .	93
I haif a littill Flemyng berge, . . . . .	123
I mak it kend, he that will ſpend, . . . . .	113
I mervell of thir vane fantaſtik men, . . . . .	239
I, Maifter Andro Kennedy. Callit his awin	
teſtament, . . . . .	154
I mett my lady weill arrayit, . . . . .	143
I mvſe and mervellis in my mynd, . . . . .	254
In all this warld no man may wit, . . . . .	257
In Joune the jem of joy and gem, . . . . .	255
In grit tribulation, . . . . .	74
In Tiberus tyme, the trew emperour, . . . . .	136
I ſaw ane rob riche of hew, . . . . .	81
In ſomer quhen the flouris will ſmell, . . . . .	141
In May as that Awrora did vp ſpring, . . . . .	283
<i>I think thir men are very fals,</i> . . . . .	279
<i>In the middis of May,</i> . . . . .	302
<i>Iſop, myn auclour, makis mencion,</i> . . . . .	331
<i>Iſop a taill puttis in memory,</i> . . . . .	334
<i>In middis of June that, etc.,</i> . . . . .	338
<i>It that I gife I haif,</i> . . . . .	147
<i>Ierſche bribour,</i> . . . . .	148

<i>Jack, quod his fader.</i>	161	
<i>In May in a morning, etc.,</i>	225	
<i>I will be plame, and lufe attane.</i>	237	
In bitternes of faule call vnto mynd.	70	Fol. 371. b.
Irkit I am of langfum luvis lair,	253	
I saw, me thocht, this hindir nycht,	143	
It cumis yow luvaris to be laill, etc.,	236	
In to my hairt imprentit is so soir,	220	
In to the nycht, quhen to ilk wicht, naturdirectis reft,	248	
In to this world I see sic variance,	69	
I that in helth was and glaidnes,	108	
In secreit place, this hinder nicht,	103	
I yeid the gait was nevir gane,	155	
* In Awchtirmwchty thair dwelt a man,	120	
* It is my purpoifs to discryve,	162	
<sup>a</sup> [Iff thow canst not leif chaft,	374]	
<sup>a</sup> [In seventeen hundred twenty-four,	374]	

## L.

Ladeis be war, that plesand ar,	276
Lamenting soir my werd, etc.,	248
Langar to leif, allace,	251
Lanterne of luv, and lady fair of hew,	235
Leif luv, and lat me leif allone,	247
Larges, lerges, lerges, hay; lerges of this new yeirday,	95
Lettiris of gold writtin I fand,	50
Liftis lordis, I fall yow tell,	114
Lord God deliuer me, allace. The 51 psalme,	16
Lo, quhat it is to luv,	286
Lord God, my hairt is in distres,	264
Lucyna fchynnyng in fylence of the nicht,	133

THE TABLE.

1065

	LEIF
Luvaris, lat be the freneffy of lufe, . . . .	122
Luve pryffis but comparefone, . . . .	213
Luve that is hett can no fkill, . . . .	265
<sup>A</sup> * Lyk as the litle emmitt heath hir gall, . . . .	211
<i>Lait, lait on fleip, as I was laid,</i> . . . .	231
<i>Leif luve, my luve, no langar, etc.,</i> . . . .	281
<i>Leive we this widow glaid, etc.,</i> . . . .	312

M.

Ma commendationis of humilitie, . . . .	223
Maift amene rofeir, etc., . . . .	219
Man of maift fragilitie, . . . .	69
Man, fen thy lyfe is ay in weir, . . . .	136
May is the moneth maift amene, . . . .	157
Memento, homo, quod cinis es, . . . .	47
Me mervellis of this grit confufioun, . . . .	78
Mony man makis ryme, and luikis to no reffone, . . . .	134
Moving in mynd of mony diuerfs thing, . . . .	71
Mvving allone this hinder nicht, . . . .	63
My gud dame was a gay wyf, etc., . . . .	135
My hairt is gone, confort is none, . . . .	267
My hairt is loft only for luve of one, . . . .	217
My luve was fals and full of flattry, . . . .	260
My hairt repoifs the and the reft, . . . .	239
My hairt is plicht vnto my hairt benyng, . . . .	234
My hairt is heich aboif, my bodyis full of blifs, . . . .	231
My hairt is quyte, and no delyte, . . . .	256
<i>Mervelling in mind quhat ailis, etc.,</i> . . . .	245
<i>My bruder, gif thou wilt tak advertens.</i> [The mous and the paddock], . . . .	330
<i>My wofull hairt me floundis throw the vainis,</i> . . . .	31
<i>My forufull pane and wo for to complane,</i> . . . .	224
<i>My trewth is plicht unto my lufe bening,</i> . . . .	234

	LEIF	
<i>My dullit corfs dois hairtly recommend,</i> . . .	238	
My hairt is thrald, begone me fro, . . .	222	Fol. 372.a.
My mynd quhen I compefs and cast, . . .	65	
My wofull werd complene I may richt soir, . . .	226	
<sup>A</sup> <i>My mistrefs is in musik passing skilful,</i> . . .	210	
[My friendis, thir storeis subsequeut, . . .	298]	
<sup>A</sup> [Much meat doth gluttony procure, . . .	374]	

## N.

Now cumis aige quhair yewth hes bene, etc., . . .	284
Now glaidly every lyvis creature, . . .	27
Now is our king in tendir aige, . . .	93
Now in this mirthfull tyme of May, . . .	222
Now of wemen this I say for me, . . .	278
<i>Nixt that a turnament was tryid,</i> . . .	111
<sup>A</sup> <i>Now, goffop, I must nedis be gon,</i> . . .	210
<i>No wonder is,</i> . . .	235
<i>Now culit is dame Venus brand,</i> . . .	284
<i>Now, wirthy folk, Boece, that senatour.</i> [Orpheus and Euridice], . . .	322
<i>Now, wirthy folk, suppois this be a fabill.</i> [The fox and the cock], . . .	312

## O.

O, createuris creat of me, your Creatour, . . .	41
O, Cupeid, king, quhome to fowld I complene, . . .	224
O, eterne God, of power infinit, . . .	24
Off Februar the fyiftene nicht. Callit the tur- nament of the tailliour and the fowttar, . . .	110
Off cullowris cleir quha lyikis to weir, . . .	125
Off gifing and takand. Discretioun in asking, . . .	61, 62
Off every joy most joyfull joy it is, . . .	221

# THE TABLE.

1067

	LEAF
Off luve and trewith with lang continewance, .	220
Off all the gud creaturis of Godis creating, .	15
O, foly hairt fetterit in fantesye, . . . . .	212
Off luve quha lykis to haif joy or confort, .	213
Off the pedderis, . . . . .	162
Oft tymes is bettir hald nor len, . . . . .	80
O, gallandis all, I cry and call, . . . . .	138
O, God, in tyme that all thingis did begyn, .	82
O, hiche of hicht, and licht of licht most cleir,	21
O, Lord, my God, sen I am brocht to grit distres,	14
O, Lord, my God, on quhome I do depend, .	41
O, maistres myne till yow I me commend, .	220
O, moift heich and eternall King, . . . . .	20
O, man, vnthankfull to thy Creator, . . . . .	37
O, man, remembir and prent in to thy mynd, .	35
Omnipotent Fader, Sone and Haly Gaift, . .	30
O, mortall man, remembir nycht and day, . .	48
O, mortall man, behald, tak tent to me, . .	55
O, man, transformit and vnnaturall, . . . .	287
Oppressit hairt indeure, . . . . .	246
O, synfull man, in to this mortall see, . . .	57
O, wickit women, wilfull and variable, . .	263
O, wretchit, infarnall, crewall element, . .	227
O, wretchit man, full of iniquitie, . . . . .	76
O, woundit spreit and sawle in to exyle, . .	32
<i>Off Lentoun in the first morning,</i> . . . . .	48
<i>Off every asking,</i> . . . . .	61
<i>Off luve quha lykis to haif,</i> . . . . .	213
<i>O, maistres mild, haif mind on me,</i> . . . .	227
<i>O, lusty May,</i> . . . . .	229
<i>Only to yow, in erd,</i> . . . . .	237
<i>O, lusty flour of youth, bening, etc.,</i> . . .	238
<i>Once slumbering as I lay, etc.,</i> . . . . .	356
<i>Off thir mokking metre, etc.</i> [Colkelbie sow], .	360

## THE TABLE.

^ [Of feing and feiling, . . . . .	177]
[On blyndman to supper an vder bad, . . .	159]

## P.

Panfing in hairt with spreit opprest, . . .	245
Panfing of lue quhat lyif it leidis, . . .	288
Pernitious peple. Callit the defence of Crissell	
Sandelandis, . . . . .	124
Precelland prince, havand prerogatyve, . .	88

## Q.

Fol. 372. b.

Quha dowttis dremis is bot fanteffy, . . .	101
Quhair lue is kendlit confortles, . . .	243
Quha hes gude malt and makis ill drink, . .	145
Quha is perfyte to put in wryte, . . .	236
Quha lykis to lue, or that law pruve, . . .	285
Quhat art thow, lue, for till allow, . . .	248
Quha wald behald of lue the chance, . . .	281
Quha wald thair bodeis hald in hail, . . .	72
Quhen be devyne deliberatioun, . . .	39
Quhen doctouris preichis to wyn the joy eternall,	89
Quhen I think on my lady deir, . . .	217
Quhen Flora had ourfrett the firth, . . .	218
Quhen Phebus fair with bemis bricht, . . .	249
Quhen Phebus in to the west ryffis at morrow,	266
Quhen that the mone hes dominatioun, . . .	266
Quhen Merche was with varient windis past, .	342
Quhat menis this, quhat is this wounder vre, .	281
Quhen silver Dyane, full of bemis bricht, . .	4
Quhen Tayis bank was blumit bricht, . . .	229
Quhome to fall I complene my wo, . . .	84

THE TABLE.

1069

Quhylome in Greice, that noble regioun, . . .	45
Quhen goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram.	
Callit the banar of pety, . . . . .	I
Quhy fowld not Allane honorit be, . . . .	107
Quhen fair Flora, the goddes of the flouris, .	55
Quhome fowld I wyte of my mischance, . .	287
* Quhen I come by yone telyeouris stall, . .	144
<i>Quhen he was yung and clad in grene,</i> . . .	107
<i>Quhen ye wer pleisit to pleise, etc.,</i> . . .	253
<i>Quhy fowld I [lurve], but gif I wer luvit,<sup>1</sup></i> .	253
<i>Quhat meneth this, quhat, etc.,</i> . . . .	281
<i>Quhen ryallest, most redowbtit and hie,</i> . .	357

R.

Returne thy hairt hamewart agane, . . . .	252
Robene fat on gud grene hill, . . . . .	365
Rolling in my remembrance, . . . . .	94
Rorate celi desuper, . . . . .	27
Richt airly on Ask Wadinsday, . . . . .	137
Richt fane wald I my quentance mak with schir Penny, . . . . .	144
Robyns Jok, etc., . . . . .	137
<i>Richt famous pepill ye sall understand,</i> . .	164
<i>Richt as the glafs,</i> . . . . .	239
<i>Richt as the miner.</i> [The fox tryed before the lyon], . . . . .	317
<i>Richt as the sterne of day began to schine,</i> .	345

S.

Sanct Saluatour, fend silvir sorrow, . . .	113
Sayweill is ane worthy gud thing, . . . .	83

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *usft*.



Schir, fen of men ar diuerfs fortis, . . .	LEIF 96	
Schir, yit remembir as of befoir, . . .	94	
Sen that I am a priffoner, . . .	214	
Sen throw vertew increffis nobilnes, . . .	58	
So fremmit is my fortoun and my werd, . . .	246	
<i>Sir John the Rofs,</i> . . .	147	
<i>Support your fervand, peirlefs paramour,</i> . . .	228	
Sons hes ay bene exylit owt of ficht, . . .	64	Fol. 373.a.
So pryis me as ye think caufs quhy, . . .	250	
Spair me, gud Lord, and mak me clene, . . .	22	
Syme and his bruder, . . .	145	
Sym of Lyntoun, be the ramis horne, . . .	142	
Suppois I war in court moift hie, . . .	89	
Sumtyme this warld fo fteidfast was and ftable, . . .	67	
Suftene, abftene, keip weill in to your mynd, . . .	83	
Surrexit Dominus de fepulchro, . . .	34	
*Sir Johine Reules curling, etc., . . .	105	
[Sueit hairt, fen I, your friend, . . .]	239]	
[Sen man luvis for leill lue, etc., . . .]	265]	
^[Sould I wrestle in difpair, . . .]	97]	

## T.

Tak heid and harkin to my taill, . . .	71
That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir, . . .	246
The beiftly luft, the furius appetyte, . . .	262
Thankit be God and his appoftillis twelf, . . .	263
The fabillis of Yfop begynis, . . .	299
The fable of Orpheus and Ewridices, . . .	317
The freiris of Berwik begynnys, . . .	349
Thair is not ane winche that I fee, . . .	256
The bewty of hir amorus ene, . . .	218
The moir I lue and ferve at all my strenth, . . .	249
The flytting betuix Dumbar and Kennedy, . . .	147

THE TABLE.

1971

The Howllatt, . . . . .	302
The goldin terge, . . . . .	343
The nyne ordour of knavis, . . . . .	158
The sterne is riffin for our redemptioun, . . . . .	30
The richtieufs funtane of halefull sapience, . . . . .	92
Thingis In kind defyris thingis lyke, . . . . .	79
The turnament betuix Johine Syme and William Adamfone, . . . . .	130
This hindir nycht neir by the hour of nyne, . . . . .	88
This hindir nicht in Dumpharmeling, . . . . .	116
This I propone in my carping, . . . . .	132
This nicht in my sleip I was agast, . . . . .	132
This nicht befoir the dawing cleir, . . . . .	115
Thir billis ar brevit to birdis in speciall, . . . . .	278
Thir ladeis fair that makis repair, . . . . .	261
Thir lenterne dayis ar luvely lang, . . . . .	252
This wark quha sa fall heir or reid, . . . . .	258
This warld is bot fenyeit fair, . . . . .	80
Thir lusty verffis of he nobilitie, . . . . .	45
To dwell in court, my freind, gif thow list, . . . . .	68
To the he, potent, blisfull Trinitie, . . . . .	37
To the, O most mercifull Saviour, Jesus, . . . . .	17
Thow that hes bene obedient, . . . . .	34
To yow that hes the harbery of my hart, . . . . .	218
To luv vnluvit it is ane pane, . . . . .	256
* The wyfe of Ochtermwchty and hir gudman, . . . . .	121
The grit debait and turnament, . . . . .	130
Thow leis, loun, thow leis, . . . . .	139
Thow leis, loun, be this licht, . . . . .	140
Thair is no story that I of heir, . . . . .	145
Thocht I in grit distrefs, . . . . .	247
The beistly luve, the furious, etc., . . . . .	262
Thankit be God and his apostolis, . . . . .	263
The he prudence and wirking, etc., . . . . .	299

	LEIF	
<i>Thocht brutale beiftis be irrational,</i> . . . . .	310	
<i>The forsaide fox, etc.,</i> . . . . .	314	
<i>This suddaine deid, etc.</i> [The fox and the wolf],	314	
<i>The nobilnes and grit magnificence,</i> . . . . .	317	
<i>This hinder yeir I heard betald,</i> . . . . .	325	
<i>This king is like the Trinite.</i> [The bludy ferk],	326	
<i>Thocht fenyet fablis of auld, etc.,</i> . . . . .	326	
<i>This joly jasper hes properteis.</i> [The cock and the jewell], . . . . .	328	
<i>This feilly scheip may present.</i> [The dog, the scheip, and the wolf], . . . . .	336	
<i>The pure pepill this lamb, &amp;c.</i> [The wolf and the lamb], . . . . .	338	
<i>To speik of gift or almous deedis,</i> . . . . .	61	
<i>This wairful thocht mine e hes wrocht,</i> . . . . .	226	
The well of vertew, and floure of womanheid,	218	Fol. 373. b.
The vse of court richt weill ye knaw, . . . . .	261	
The second prolog of the proheme of the cronicle of Scotland, . . . . .	366	
The prolog of the fourt buik of Virgill, . . . . .	291	
<i>Thow marcial buke, pafs to the nobill prince,</i> . . . . .	366	
[The grittest trefour, without comparifon, . . . . .]	43]	
[To gyd thy tung, imprent thir thre, <sup>1</sup> . . . . .]	83]	
[Thair wes ane channone in this toun, . . . . .]	145]	
[Troll Trotter on befoir, . . . . .]	157]	

## W.

Wald my gud lady luv me best, . . . . .	215
Wald my gud lady that I luv, . . . . .	228
Walking allone amang thir leivis grene, . . . . .	53
Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene, . . . . .	99

<sup>1</sup> The original compiler of the Table has taken the second line of this piece, *Imprent thir thre*, classing it under I.

THE TABLE.

1073

Was nocht gud king Salamon, . . . . .	LEIF 215
We that ar heir in Hevins glory. Callit Dum- bars derge, . . . . .	102
Wylcum, illustrat lady and our quene, . . . .	90
We lordis hes choffin a chiftane mervellus, . .	78
We that ar bocht with Chryiftis blude, . . . .	29
Within a garth vndir a reid roseir, . . . . .	57
With lawde and prayis my fawle hes magnifeit. Callit the fong of Mary, . . . . .	25
^ * Whyt as the egg, . . . . .	210
<i>With bemis schene, thow bright Cytherea,</i> . .	291
[Wha hes gud malt, and makis ill drynk, . . . .]	145]
^ [Why fould we fo much defpyse, . . . . .]	374]

U.

<i>Vertew in all wirkis is gretly to be prayfed,</i> . .	85
<i>Up, helfum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp,</i> . .	242
<i>Upon a tyme, as Yfop can report,</i> . . . . .	328

Y.

Ye blindit luvaris luik, . . . . .	289
Ye lusty ladeis luik, . . . . .	128
Ye fonis of men, be mirry and glaid, . . . .	23
Ye that contreit ar and confest, . . . . .	24
<i>Ye Inglishe hursone,</i> . . . . .	163
[Ye reverend redaris, . . . . .]	1]

Heir hendis the Tabill of this Buik.

[Folio 374 a, originally left blank, contains several pieces written by a later hand—*A Songe in praise of Tobacco*, 8 lines; *Meditations on Tobacco*, 4 stanzas of 5 lines; and *A Songe*, 14 stanzas of 3 lines. Folio 374 b, also originally left blank, contains a piece by Allan Ramsay, *On the Ever Green's being gathered out of this Manuscript, &c.*, dated July 6th, 1726, 4 stanzas of 4 lines. These will all be found in the Appendix.]

*Off Begynnyng and Ending.*

Fol. 375.a.

**G**OD, that is maift gloriſus, was the mighty begynnar  
 Off all thingis that in Hevin or erd hes thair being,  
 Quha was withowt begynnyng, he is the only helpar  
 And furrherrar of gude workis to cum till gud ending.  
 Withowt counſale and avyſement begin nocht ony thing, 5  
 Bot confidder weill the end, and wey it diſcreitly,  
 For happelly it prefervis baith ſawle and body.

*Finis.*

*The Wryttar to the Redare.*

**H**EIR endis this buik, writtin in tyme of peft,  
 Quhen we fra labor was compeld to reft  
 In to the thre last monethis of this yeir,  
 Frome oure Redimaris birth, to knaw it heir,  
 Ane thowfand is, fyve hundreth, threfcoir awcht;  
 Off this purpoifs namair it neiddis be tawcht,  
 Swa till conclude, God grant ws all gude end,  
 And eftir deth eternall lyfe ws fend.

*Finis.*

1568.



## APPENDIX,

## No. I.

[The following thirteen pieces have been written on blank spaces in the Manuscript, at various dates subsequent to its completion, and by other pens than that of George Bannatyne:—]

## I.

*Should I wrestle in Dispair.*

Fol. 97. a.

Sould I wrestle in dispair,  
 Die becaus a womans fair?  
 Sall my cheikis wax paille with cair,  
 Caufs anvther rofy ar?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flourie meidis in May,  
 If she be not so to me,  
 Quhat cair I how fair she be?

5

Sall my foolish hart be pynd,  
 Caufs I fee a woman kind,  
 Or meik disposed nature  
 Joyned with a comelie stature?  
 Be she meiker, kynder than  
 Turtle dow or pelican,  
 If she be not so [to] me,  
 Quhat cair I how kind she be?

10

15

Sall a woman fueit of voyce  
 Mak my foolische hart rejoyce,



Or the pleafouris of hir tounge  
 Be the meinis to do me wrong? 20  
 If ſhe had ſo ſueit a mind,  
 Abone the race of woman kind,  
 If ſhe be not ſo to me,  
 Quhat cair I how ſueit ſhe be?

Sal a womans goodnes move 25  
 Me to perifche for hir love,  
 Or a womanis merit is knawin  
 Cauſis me quyt forgett my awin?  
 Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt,  
 As may merite name of beſt, 30  
 If ſhe be not ſo to me,  
 Quhat cair I how guid ſhe be?

Sall a woman trewlie wyis  
 Drow amazment from myne eyes,  
 Wondring that from ſuche a creatour 35  
 Wiſdome thus ſould come by nature,  
 And comprehend the beſt of thingis  
 That from the well of wiſdome ſpringis,  
 If ſhe be not ſo to me,  
 Quhat cair I how wyſe ſhe be? 40

[Finis.]

II.<sup>1</sup>*Off seing and feiling Money.*

LACKING spectakillis can thow see money, Johine? Fol. 177. a.  
 Ye, bot having spectakkills I can felle<sup>2</sup> none.

[*Quod*] Haywod.

---

## III.

*[Dantie and dortie to all Manis Eyes.]*

DANTIE and dortie to all manis eyes, Fol. 210. b.  
 I wifs I had bord thee, dantie and dortie,  
 And given the fourtie betuixt the thighis,  
 Dantie and dortie to all manis eyes.

[*Finis.*]

---

## IV.

*[Whyt as the Egg, rid as the Skarlet.]*

WHYT as the egg, rid as the skarlet,  
 Sueet as the fegg, whyt as the egg;  
 Lay over your legg, tak in a varlet,  
 Whyt as the egg, rid as the skarlet.

[*Finis.*]

<sup>1</sup> The two lines of this epigram have been slightly erased.

<sup>2</sup> MS. has *haif*, an evident mistake in transcription.

## V.

[*Now, Gossip, I must neidis begon.*]

**N**OW, gossip, I must neidis begon,  
 And leive my prettie pinnage to your guyde;  
 Look wele about yow, lippen hir to none,  
 But to your selfe, and be ay streight besyd;  
 Som raclefs roig may hasard hir to ryde, 5  
 And namlie at ane anker in the night;  
 Bot quhen ye wey rekin wele your tyd,  
 And quhen ye shoot alongis the shoar keip fyght.  
 Stand to your takill and main top tie,  
 Heis vp your foirsaill to the hous<sup>1</sup> on hie, 10  
 In with your bot and boldlie bound for sie;  
 Beir vp hir beugh albeit she fould ly over,  
 Hald vp hir helme hardlie to the wind,  
 And stand not for a glafs, steir three or four,  
 Rather then ony vther enter in. 15  
 Bot fra the feill your bowling once begin  
 To mak forfalded flapping on the mast,  
 Cast lous the fukfheit, the bonnet and the blind,  
 Let hir ly by, ye must abyde the blast.  
 And quhen ye feill that all the perrill is past, 20  
 And that the wind is rowine, let her stryk to;  
 Beir vp of new with courage yet avast,  
 Surmount no farder than your courfs can do;  
 If she be laik it may be soon espyed,  
 The pompstaff and the maner holls will tryt. 25

*Finis.*

<sup>1</sup> This word is doubtful.

## VI.

[*My Mistres is in Musik passing skilfull.*]

MY mistres is in musik passing skilfull,  
 Sche singis and playis hir pairt at the first syght,  
 Bot in hir play she is exceeding willfull,  
 And will not play bot for hir awin delight,  
 Nor touch one string, nor play on pleasant strain, 5  
 Except ye tak hir on the mirrie vaine.

Also she hath ane fweet delicious tuich,  
 Vpon the instrument quhairon she playis,  
 And never thinkis that she can play too much,  
 Hir pleaffouris ar disperfd so many wayis; 10  
 She hath such judgement, both in tyme and mude, Fol.211.a.  
 That for to play with hir wald do yow guid.

And quhen ye win hir heart, bot theres the spight,  
 Yow cannot gett hir for to play alone,  
 Bot play your pairt and she will play all night, 15  
 And nixt day too or ellis its ten till one,  
 And run devoue with yow in such fort,  
 But never so far she will mak yow com short.

Also she sent for me to come and play,  
 Quhilk I did take for ane exceiding grace, 20  
 Bot she so tyred me or I went away,  
 I wished I had bein in some vther place;  
 She loved the tune far better then I did, Fol.211.b.  
 And still she keiped tyme for heart and bluid.

I loue my mistres and I loue to play, 25  
 So she will let me play with intermeafour,  
 Bot quhen she tyis me to it all the day,  
 I hate and vgg hir greedie dispositioun;

Let hir keip tyme as nature does requyre,  
And I will play as muche as she'll defyre.

30

*Finis.*

VII.

[*Go sweet Lynes, Loue will not take them.*]

**G**O sweet lynes, loue will not take them,  
Sche will not fanſie althouge my ſelfe do make them;  
But will fay, Fy, awaye, apray the come not neere me;  
To whome I did reply and fay, I pray the, ſweet, to heere me.

Fol. 355. a.

Tuch, tuch, wanton, I cannot byd your talking,  
Words are but winde, I gladly would ſee walking;  
But to fay more by the waye, louers muſt be tatling;<sup>1</sup>  
Go to, good fir, you ar ane foole, yow dull me with your pratling.

5

No, loue, yes, lou're, what doethe that avayle yow?  
No ſueet, yes ſowre, wat a Deuels name als yow?  
It is a littill prettie thing, it is of eſtimation,  
To take it in it is no blot vnto your reputatioun.

10

O, ſweet fir, I thinck yow meane to hearme me;  
What doeth your hand ther, ſwet? It doeth but warme.  
Tuch, away, let be I pray; In faith, ſweet hert, I will not;  
Gif ſuch ane oathe cannot be broke, weill then, come to and kill not.

15

He ane in, hould cloſe, good fir, yow prik me;  
What, ar yow deſperate, are yow meand to ſtike me?  
No, ſweet hert, that ame I not, I thinck to vſe the kyndly,  
And houns to liue the faife and ſound, and ſo ſhall vſe the friendly.

20

Hout, hout, it is in, or els truſt me never;  
Fy, fy, faith, fir, I ame vndone for ever;  
No, ſweet hert, etc.

*Fines.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *talking*.

## VIII.

[*Amongst the Monsters that we find.*]

**A**MONGST the monsters that we find  
 Thers nane belowed off woman keind,  
 Renowned for antiquity,  
 From Adame drivs his pedogree.

[*Finis.*]

## IX.

[*Once slumbring as I lay.*]

**O**NCE slumbring as I lay within my bed,  
 No creature with me but my maidenheid;  
 And lying al along, as maidens vse,  
 Me dreamd ane dream which maidens oft doe chvfe,  
 And in my dreame me thought it to much wrong 5  
 A louely maid should ly so long alone.  
 At lenthe ane gallant comes as gallants can doe,  
 Much with yong maids and ould wyves toe;  
 He owed, he shewed, at last he sped,  
 Me thought me married were and went to bed. 10  
 He turnd me thus, and so my legs he parted,

Fol. 356. b.

[Here follows a blank, three or five lines never having been written in.]

And being awake, O, then my bloode did burne  
 To be so neere, and misse so good a turne.

*Finis coronat opus.*

## X.

*A Songe in praise of Tobacco.*

Fol. 374. a.

MUTCHE meat doethe Gluttonye procure  
 To feid men fat lyk fwyn,  
 Bot he's a frugall man indeid  
 That with a leif can dyn;  
 He neids no napkin for his handis  
 His finger end to wipe,  
 That hathe his kitchin in a box,  
 His roift<sup>1</sup> meat in a pipe.

5

[Finis.]

## XI.

*Meditatiouns on Tobacco.*

[1.]

WHY fould we so mutche despyfe  
 So good and holy ane excercyse,  
 As dailie and late  
 To meditate,  
 When ere we drink to tobacco.

5

2.

The earthen pype, fo lillie whyte,  
 Doeth show thow art a mortall wighte,  
 Yea, even fuche  
 Breck with a tuche;  
 Thus think, than drink tobacco.

10

<sup>1</sup> This word is very indistinct, having been written over.

3.

And when the smoak ascends on hye,  
 Think on this earthlie vanitye,  
     Of wordlie stuff,  
     Thou with a puff  
 Thus think, than drink tobacco.

15

4.

Lastlie, the ashes left behind  
 Doe daylie serve to move the wind,  
     That [to] ashes and duft  
     Returne we must;  
 Thus think, than drink tobacco.

20

[Finis.]

## XII.

*A Songe.*

I FF thou canst not leive chaff,  
 Than tak a wyff in haist,  
     Tempus est.

Bot, for feare of stryff,  
 Be advyfit off a wyff,  
     Bonum est.

5

For this is true and plaine,  
 Iff thou matche for lucre and gain,  
     Cavendum est.

That she fall in the end  
 Prove bot a fickle freind,  
     Suspectum est.

10



And iff thou once canst prove  
 She doethe another love,  
                                 Signum est, 15

She meanethe to adorne  
 Thy forehead with a horne,  
                                 Certum est.

And when a man dothe grow  
 Muche lyk a buck, yow know, 20  
                                 Monstrum est.

Eache boy will in disgrace  
 Deryd him to his face,  
                                 Reiectum est.

And when that he doethe dye, 25  
 And on his biere doethe lye,  
                                 Horrendum est.

Eache boy will then in jest,  
 Than wrytt vpoun his crest,  
                                 Cornutus est. 30

And he that alwayes will  
 Be ruled be his wyf still,  
                                 Stultus est.

For this he fine fall fynd,  
 Iff she alwayes have hir mynd, 35  
                                 Confutus est.

He that will neids be wed,  
 And being a shaw to bed,  
                                 Infamis est.

Who leids a fingle lyff, 40  
 He lyvethe void of stryff,  
 Quietus est.  
 [Finis.]

## XIII.

*On the Ever Green's being gathered out of this Manuscript by Allan Ramsay, who had the Loan of it from the Honourable Mr. William Carmichael, Advocat, Brother german to the Earl of Hynford.* Fol. 374. b.

I N Seventeen hundred twenty-four,  
 Did Allan Ramsay keen-  
 ly gather from this BOOK that store,  
 Which fills his EVER GREEN.

Thrice fifty and sax Towmonds neat, 5  
 Frae when it was colected;  
 Let worthy Poets hope good fate,  
 Throw Time they'll be respected.

Fashions of words and witt may change,  
 And rob in part their fame, 10  
 And make them to dull fops look strange,  
 But fence is still the fame,

And will bleez bright to that clear mind,  
 That loves the antient strains,  
 Like good CARMICHAEL, patron kind, 15  
 To whom this BOOK pertains.

*Finis quod* Allan Ramsay.

July 6th, 1726.

## APPENDIX, No. II.

[The following six pieces have been written by George Bannatyne at the end of the Duplicate Text, apparently at a later date than the rest of its contents:—]

### XIV.

*Ane godly Ballat maid be the Poet M[ontgomery<sup>1</sup>].*

<p><b>P</b>ECCAUI, Pater, miserere mei;          I am not worthy to be cald thy chylde,          Quho stubbornely hes went so longe estry,          Not lyk thy sone, bot as the prodigue wylde;          My silly fawle with synnis is so defylde          That Sathan feikis to cache it as a prey,          God grant me grace that he may be begylde;          Peccaui, Pater, miserere mei.</p>	<p>Page 49.</p> <p>5</p>
<p>I am abaifd how I dar be so bauld          Befoir thy Godly prefens till appeir,          Or hafard anis the hevinis for to behauld,          Quho am not worthy that the erth fould beir;          Yit dampne me nocht quhome thow hes bocht fa deir,          Sed saluum me fac, dulcis Fili Dei,          For owt of Lowik this leffone now I leir,          Peccaui, Pater, miserere mei.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>15</p>
<p>Gif thow, O Lord, with rigour wauld revenge,          Quhat flescche befoir the faltles fould be fund,          Or quho is he quhois conscience cowlde him clenge,          Bot by his birth to Sathan he is bund;          Yit of thy grace thow tuke away that grund,          And fend thy Sone oure penaltie to pay,          To faif ws frome that hiddoufs hellefch hund;          Peccaui, Pater, miserere mei.</p>	<p>20</p>

<sup>1</sup> Nearly illegible.

I howp for mercy thocht my fynnis be hudge, 25  
 I grant my guilt, and gronis to the for grace;  
 Thocht I wauld fle, quhair fould I find reffuge,  
 Till hevin, O Lord, thair is thy dwelling place,  
 The erth thy futstule, ye in hell allace,  
 Doun with the deid; bot all moft thee obey, 30  
 Thairfoir I cry, quhill I haif tyme and space,  
 Peccaui, Pater, miserere mei.

O, gratius God, my giltines forgife,  
 In synnaris deth fen thow dois not delyte,  
 Bot rader that thay fould convert and leif, 35  
 As witneffith thy sacred holy wryte;  
 I pray the than thy promiseis to perfyte  
 In me, and I fall with the Pfalpmest say,  
 To pen thy prayifs and wondrous workis indyte,  
 Peccaui, Pater, miserere mei. 40

Suppoifs I slede, lett me nocht fleip in flewth, Page 50.  
 In stynkand sty with Sathanis synfull fwyne,  
 Bot mak my tung the trumpett of thy trewth,  
 And len my vers sic wingis as ar devyne;  
 Sen thow hes grantit me fa gud ingyne, 45  
 To love the, Lord, in galland style and gey,  
 Lett me no moir fa trym ane talent tyne,  
 Peccaui, Pater, miserere mei.

Thy spreit my spreit to speik with speid inspyre,  
 Help, Holy Gost, and be Montgomeris muse, 50  
 Fle doun on me in forkit tungis of fyre,  
 As thow did on thyne awin appostillis vfe;  
 And with thy fyre me fervently infuse  
 To love the, Lord, and langar not delay,  
 [My former folish fictiouns I refuse,<sup>1</sup>] 55  
 Peccaui, Pater, miserere mei.

<sup>1</sup> Omitted from the MS., and taken from Montgomery's  
 Poems, Edin., 1821.

60

65

70

\_\_\_\_\_

**XV.**

Page 51.

5

For he falbe lyk to ane tre,  
 That planttit by the rynnyng revar growis, 10  
 Quhilk fruct dois beir in tyme of yeir,  
 Quhais leivis fall nevir faid nor rute vnlowis.

His actionis all ay prosper fall,  
                                     So fall not fall  
 To wicket men, bot as the calf and fand, 15  
 Quhilk day be day wind dryvis away;  
                                     Thairfoir I fay  
 The wicket in thair judgement fall not stand,  
 Nor synnaris cum no mair, quhome God difdanis,  
 In the assembly quhair the just remanis. 20  
 For quhy? the Lord, quha beiris record,  
 He knawis the richteous conversationis ay,  
 And godles gaitis, quhilk [he] so haitis,  
 Sall quickly perreifs, and but dowe decay.

*Finis [quod] Montgumry.*

---

XVI.

*The xxiiij Sphalme, translatit be Montgumry.<sup>1</sup>*

THE Lord moft he, I knaw wilbe  
                                     Ane hird to me,  
 I can not lang haif strefs, nor stand in neid;  
 He makis my lair in feildis moft fair,  
                                     Quhair I, but cair, 5  
 Reposing at my plesour faifly feid.  
 He sweitly me convois to plesand springis,  
 Quhair nothing me annoyis, bot plesour bringis;

<sup>1</sup>MS. has *translatit be him*.



Birdis in thair boure watis on that oure,  
 And to thair king ane glaid gudmorrow geivis ; 10  
 Fra than that floure list not till loure,  
 Bot lawchis on Phebus lowfing owt his leivis.

Swa standis with me, except I be  
                                 Quhair I may fe  
 My lamp of licht, my lady and my luve, 15  
 Fra fche depairtis, ane thowfand dairtis,  
                                 In findry airtis,  
 Thirlis thruch my havy hart, but rest or ruve;  
 My countenance declairis my invard greif,  
 And howp almaist dispairis to find relieff; 20  
 I die, I dwyne, play dois me pyne,  
 I loth on every thing I luik, allace,  
 Till Titan myne vpoun me schyne,  
 That I reveif thruch favour of hir face.

Fra scho appeir in to hir fpheir, 25  
                                 Begynnis to cleir  
 The dawning of my lang defyrit day,  
 Than curage cryis on howp to ryis,  
                                 Quhen he aspyis  
 The noysum nicht of abfens went away. 30  
 No noyis fra I awalk can me impelche,  
 Bot on my staitly stalk I flurich fresche;  
 I fpring, I sprowt, my leivis lyis owt,  
 My cullour changis in ane hairtsum hew;  
 No moir I lowt, bot standis vp stowt, 35  
 As glaid of hir, for quhome I only grew.

O, happy day, go not away;  
                                 Appollo, stay  
 Thy chair frome going down wnto the west;  
 Off me thow mak thy zodiak, 40  
                                 That I may tak



My plefour, to behald quhome I luvè best.  
 Thy prefens me restoris to lyfe frome deth,  
 Thy abfens lykwayis schoris to cutt my breth;  
 I wiſs in vane the to remane, 45  
 Sen primum mobile ſayis me alwayis nay,  
 At leiſt thy wane bring ſone agane;  
 Fairweill with patience perforſs till day.

*Finis, quod Montgomery.*

### XVIII.

[*In Vice moſt viciuſ he excellis.*]

**I**N vice moſt viciuſ he excellis,  
 That with the vice of treſſone mellis;  
 Thocht he remiſſioun haif for prodiſſioun,  
 Schame and fuſſpiſſioun ay with him dwellis.

And he evir odious as ane owle, 5  
 The falt ſa filthy is and fowle;  
 Horrible to natour is ane tratour,  
 As feind in fratour vndir a cowle.

Quha is a tratour or ane theif,  
 Vpoun him ſelff turnis the miſcheif; 10  
 His frawdfull wylis him ſelf begylis,  
 As in the ilis is now a preiff.

The fell ſtrong tratour, Donald Owyr,  
 Mair falſett had nor vdir fowyr;  
 Rowme ylſ and feyis in his ſuppleis, 15  
 On gallow treis yitt dois he glowir.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This and the following verſe are tranſpoſed in the MS.

Falsett no feit hes, nor deffence,  
 Be power, practik, nor puscence;  
 Thocht it fra licht be smord with flicht,  
 God schawis the richt with foir vengeance.

20

Off the falis fox dissimvlatour,  
 Kynd hes every theiff and tratour;  
 Eftir respyt to wirk dispyt  
 Moir appetyt he hes of natour.

Page 54.

War the fox tane a thousand fawd,  
 And grace him gevin als oft for frawd,  
 War he on plane all war in vane,  
 Frome hennis agane nicht non him hawd.

25

The murtherer ay mvrthour mais,  
 And evir quhill he be flane he flais;  
 Wyvis thus makis mokkis spynnand on rokkis;  
 Ay rynniss the fox quhill he fute hes.

30

*Finis, quod Dumbar, for Donald Ovre Epitaphie.*

---

# XIX.

## *Of Conquerouris.*

THAY quho to conqueir all the erth presume,  
 A littill airth schall thame at last consume.

## *Of Kingis.*

Mo kingis in chalmeris fall by flatterreris charmis,  
 Than in the feild by the aduerfareis armis.

*A Comparifone betuix heich and law Eflaitis.*

The bramble growis althocht it be obfcure, 5  
 Quhillis mighty cederis feilis the bufteous windis;  
 And myld plebeyan fpreitis may leif fecure,  
 Quhylis mighty tempeftis tofs imperiall myndis.

*Off an Ennemy.*

An ennemy, gif it be weill adwyfd, .  
 Thocht he feme waik fould nevir be difpyfd. 10

*Off Man.*

No woundir thocht men chainge and faid,  
 Quho of thir chengeing elementis ar maid.

*Off the Erth.*

We may compair the erthis glory to a floure,  
 That flurifche and faidith in an houre.

*Off Man.*

Quhat ar we bot a puff of braith, 15  
 Quho live affurd of nothing bot of deth.

*Finis quod William Alexander of Menftry.*

## A P P E N D I X ,

## No. III.

---

[This ballad has been written on two blank folios at the end of the Duplicate Text, probably after 1712, when the MS. was in Mr. Carmichaell's possession. A note on the margin of the first page says—"This poem is in the handwriting of the Honourable Mr. William Carmichaell, Advocate."]

## XX.

*The Song of the Rid Square.*

Page 55.

*Fought on the 7 of July, 1576.*

## 1.

THE seventh of July, the fuith to fay,  
 At the Rid Square the tryft was sett;  
 Our wardens they affixt a day,  
 And as th[e]y promised so they mett.

## 2.

Alace, that day I'le ne'er forgett,  
 Was sure so fear'd and than so faine,  
 They came their justice for to gett  
 Will never green to come again.

5

## 3.

Carmichaell was our warden then,  
 He cauf'd the countrie to conven;  
 The Lairds Watt, that worthie man,  
 Brought in his surname weell be seen.

10

4.

The Armeſtranges, that ay haſt been  
 A hardie houſe, but not a haile,  
 The Elliots honnors to mantaine,  
 Brought in the reſt of Liddiſdaile. 15

5.

Than Tividale came to, indeed;  
 The ſheriffe brought the Douglas down,  
 With Cranſtane, Gladſtain, good at need,  
 Baith Rewls water and Hawick town. 20

6.

Beangeddert baldely made him bown,  
 With all the Trumbels, ſtrong and ſtout;  
 The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,  
 Convoyed the town of Jedburgh out.

7.

With other clanns I cannot tell, 25  
 Becauſe our warning was not wide,  
 Be this our folks hes tane the fell,  
 And planted down palliones their to byde.

8.

We looked doun the other fyde,  
 And ſaw come breafing over the brae, 30  
 And Sir George Foſter was their guyde,  
 With fifteen hundred men and mae.

9.

It greived him ſare that day, I trow,  
 With Sir John Hinrome of Shipfyde houſe;  
 Becauſe we were not men enough, 35  
 He counted us not worth a lowce.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Altered in the MS. to *ſource*, probably by Allan Ramſay, who has  
 the word *fo* in the *Evergreen*.

10.

Page 56.

Sir George was gentile, meik and dowse,  
 But he was hail and hott as fire;  
 But yet, for all his cracking crouce,  
 He rew'd the raid of the Rid Squire.

40

11.

To deall with proud men is but pain,  
 For either must ye fight or flee,  
 Or else no answer make again,  
 But play the beaft, and lett him bee.

12.

It was no winder tho he was high,  
 Had Tindaill, Riddaill, at his hand,  
 With Cukfdaill, Gladfdaill if I lie,  
 Old Hebfrime,<sup>1</sup> and Northumberland.

45

13.

Yett was our meeting meik enough,  
 Began with mirrines and mowes,  
 And att the brae, above the heugh,  
 The clark fat down to call the rowes.

50

14.

And fome for kyn, and fome for ewes,  
 Call'd in of Dandrie, Hob and Jock,  
 I faw come marching our the knows  
 Five hundred Finnecks in a flock;

55

15.

With jack and spear, and bowes bent,  
 And warlike weapons att their will;  
 How be it we were not weill content,  
 Yet, be my trowth, we fear'd non ill.

60

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps *Hebfrune*.

16.

Some yeid to drink, and some stood still,  
 And some to cairds and dyce them speid;  
 While one ane Farstein they fylde a bill,  
 And he was fugitive and fled.

17.

Carmichaell bad them speik out plainlie,  
 And clock no caufe for ill nor good;  
 The other answ'er'd him as vainlie,  
 Began to reckon kin and blood.

65

18.

He rose, and rax'd him where he stood,  
 And bad him match him with his marrows;  
 Then Tindaill had these reasons rude,  
 And they loot off a flight of arrows.

70

19.

Then was there noght but bow and spear,  
 And every man pull'd out a brand;  
 A Shafter and a Fennick their;  
 Good Symington was slain frae hand.

75

20.

The Scotsmen cry'd on other to stand,  
 Frae time they saw John Robson slane.  
 What shoud they cry? The kings command  
 Could caufe no cowards turn again.

Page 57.

80

21.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,  
 Which would not be for all his boast;  
 What should we doe with such a number,  
 Five thousand men into ane hoast?

22.

Then Henrie Purdie prou'd hes coft,  
 And very narrowlie had mischeifd him.  
 And their we had our warden lost,  
 War't not the grit God he releiv'd him.

85

23.

Another threw the breikes him bair,  
 Whill flatlies to the ground he fell;  
 Than thought I weill we had lost him thair,  
 Into my stomack struck a knell.

90

24.

[Yet<sup>1</sup>] up he rose, the treuth to tell [ye<sup>2</sup>].  
 And laid about him dunts [dour<sup>3</sup>];  
 [The<sup>1</sup>] horfemen they raid sturdilie,  
 Did stand about him in that flour.

95

25.

Than raif'd the slogan with ane shout,  
 Fy, Tindaill to it, Jedburgh here;  
 I trow he was not half fae stout,  
 But anis his stomack was asteir.

100

26.

With gun and genzie, bow and speir,  
 He might sie mony cracket crown;  
 But up amang the merchant geir  
 They were as buffie as we were down.

27.

The swallow taill from teckles flew  
 Fyve hundreth flain<sup>3</sup> into flicht,

105

<sup>1</sup> The MS. is here torn away.

<sup>2</sup> These words added in MS., the lines being left imperfect.

<sup>3</sup> MS. has *flain*, which is evidently an error.



But we had pesteleets anew,  
And shot amang thame as we might.

28.

With help of God the game gade right,  
The time the foremost of them fell;  
Then over the know, without good night,  
They went with many a shoutt and yell.

110

29.

And after they had turned backs,  
Yet Tindaill men they turn'd again,  
And, had not been the merchant packs,  
There had been mae of Scotland slain.

115

30.

But, Jesus, if the folks were fain  
To put the buffing one thair thies;  
And so they fled, with all their main,  
Doun over the brae, like clogged bees.

120

31.

Sir Francis Russell tane<sup>1</sup> was their,  
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;  
Proud Wallintown was woundit fare,  
Albeit he be a Fennick farce.

Pt

32.

But if ye wald a souldier searh,  
Amang thame all was tane that night,  
Was nane fa wordie to put in verse,  
As Colingwood, that cowrteous knight.

12

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *time*.

33-

Young Henrie skaipit home is hurt,  
A fouldier shot him with a bow;  
Scotland hes cause to make grit sturt,  
For laiming of the laird of Mow.

130

34-

The Lairds Watt did weill, indeed;  
His freinds stood stoutlie by him fell,  
With litle Gladstain, good in need,  
For Gretein knew not good be ill.

135

35-

The Sheriff wanted not gud will,  
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;  
Bean Jeadart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,  
Three on they laid weill at the last.

140

36-

Except the horsfemen of the guard,  
If I could put men to availe,  
None stoutlier stood out for their laird,  
Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

37-

But litle harnife had we theirre,  
Yet auld Badrewle had on a jack,  
And did right weell, I yow declare,  
With all the Trumbills at his back.

145

38-

Good Ederstane was not to lacke,  
With Kirktown, Newtown, noble men;  
Their's all the specialls I of speake,  
By others that I could not ken.

150

39.

Who did invent that day of play,  
We need not fear to find him soon;  
For Sir John Foster, I dare well say, 15  
Made us this noysome afternoon.

40.

Not that I speak preceislie owt,  
That he suppos'd it would be perrill;  
But pride and breaking out of feud <sup>1</sup>  
Gart Tindaill lads begin the quarrell. 16

*Finis.*

<sup>1</sup> Two words have been erased here, and *but doubt* written after. A subsequent note says, "*of fuid (or feuid) vera latio.*"



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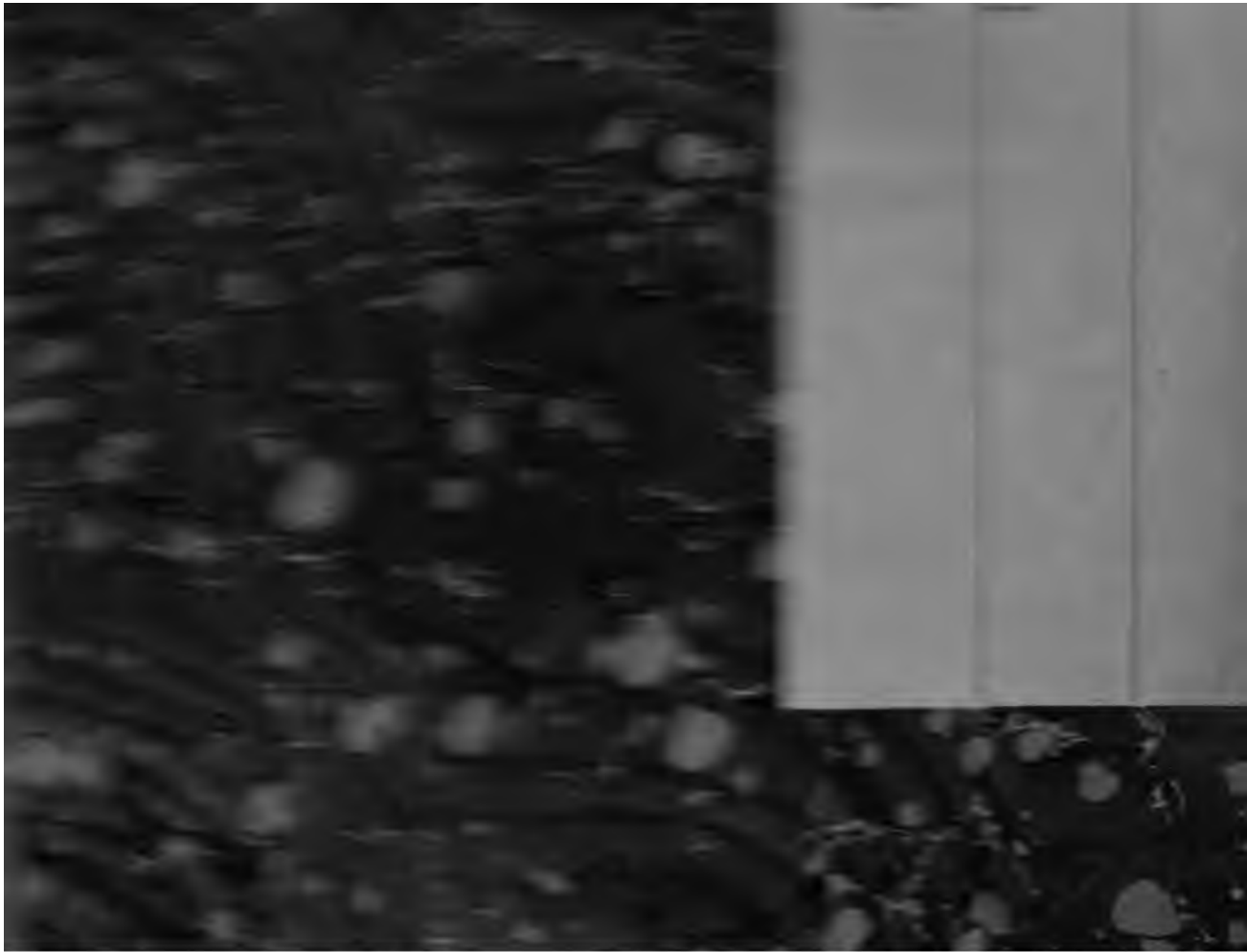








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